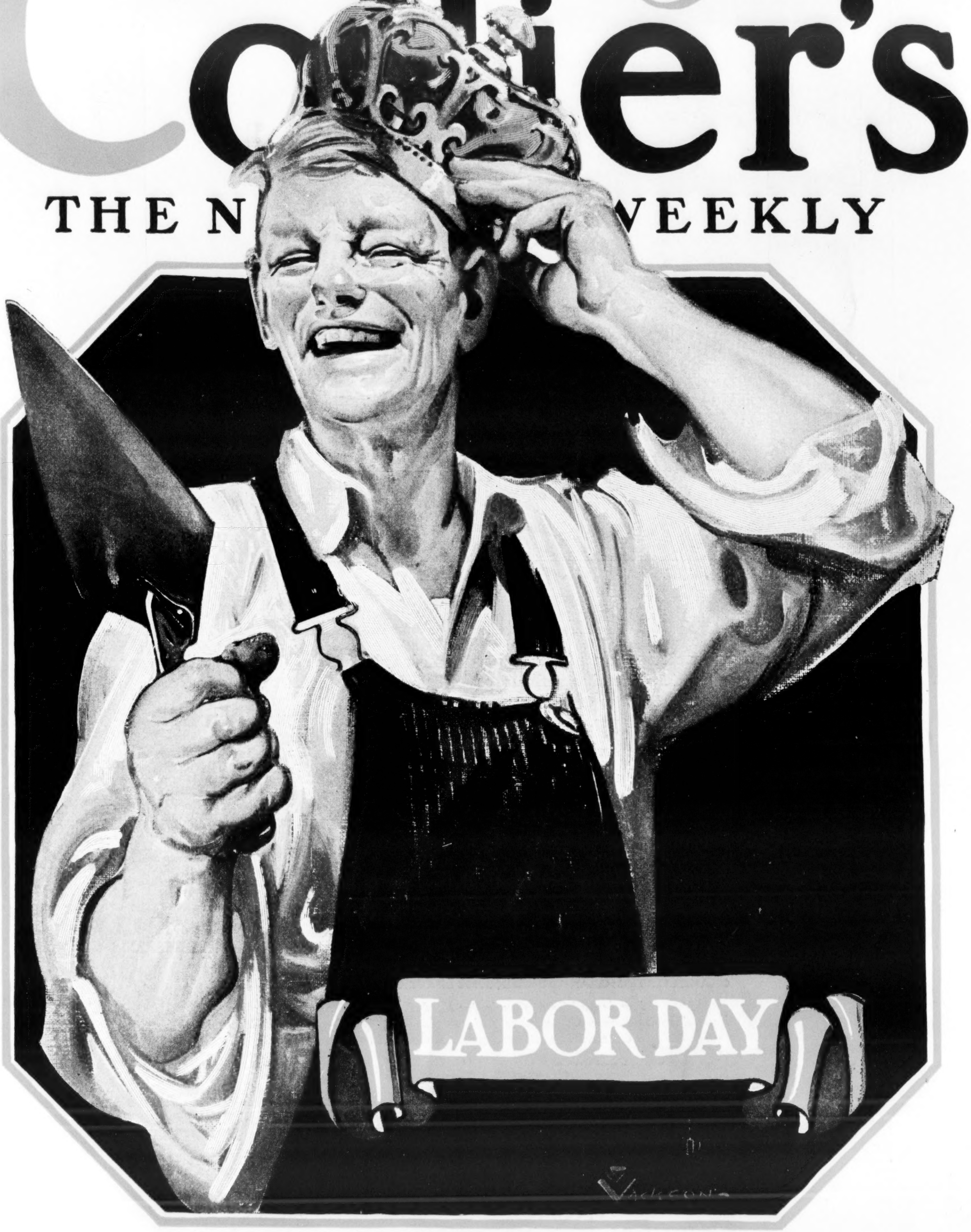
Vol 74 #10 74,10 Col O.K M.10

5¢ a copy
September 6, 1924

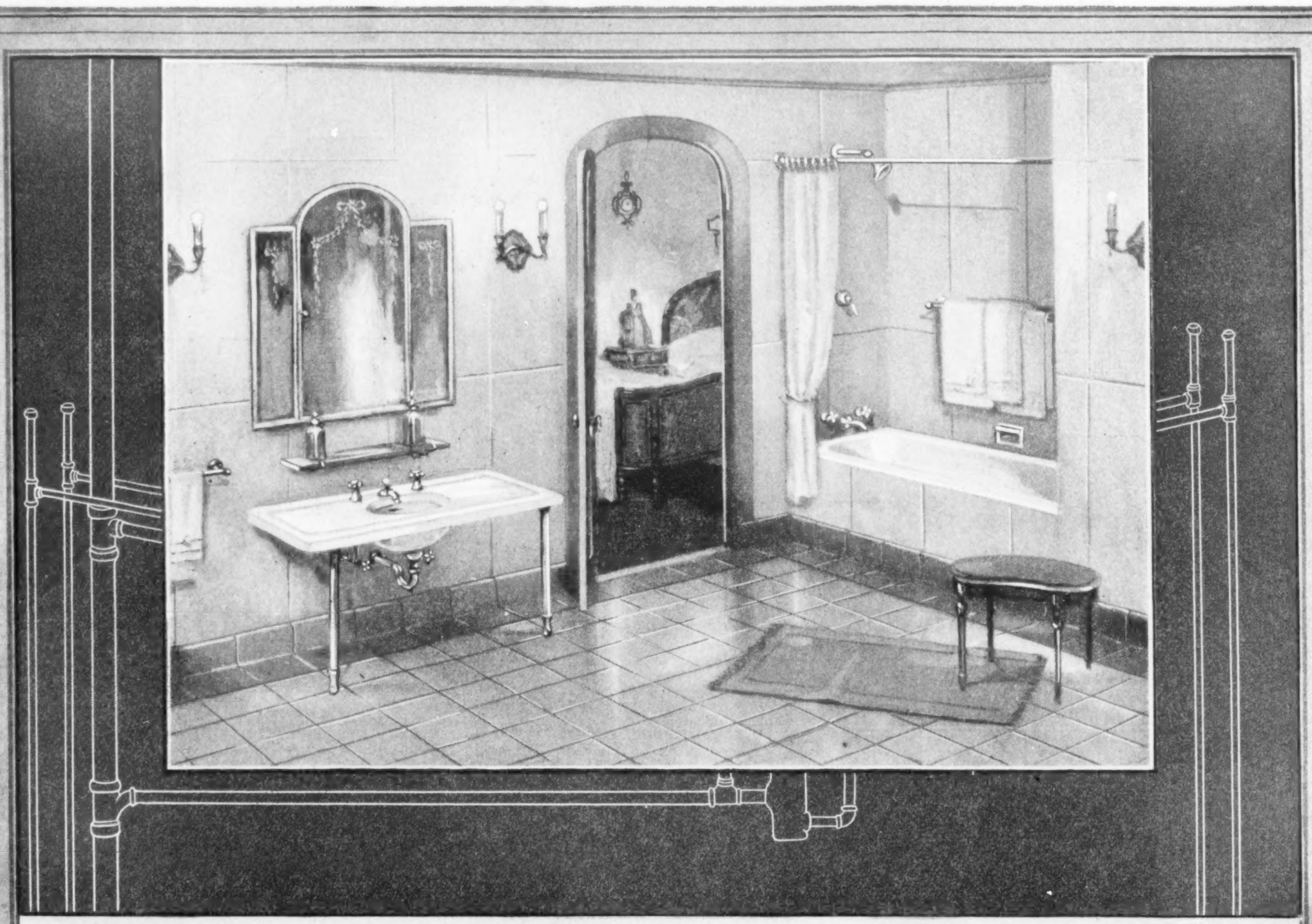
Collier's

THE N WEEKLY



EPINARD The Greatest Horse S
Black Beauty—and He's a

CLEMSON COLLEGE S CAR MI
CLEMSON COLLEGE LIBR
0 41972C 10JN25



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

Prompt answer to every service demand is the first essential provided for in the design and manufacture of Crane plumbing and heating fixtures of the simplest as well as of the most luxurious types.

Comfort, convenience, beauty are basic requirements never overlooked. But the big purpose guiding every step in production—both of visible units and of the valves, fittings and piping buried from view—is to insure long life and unfailing service under any condition encountered in modern use. True economy results.

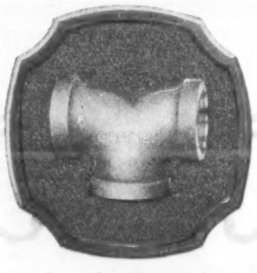
In bringing this dependable quality in plumbing materials within reach of everyone, Crane engineers are guided by a broad experience in industrial as well as domestic fields. Crane branches and sales offices in 135 cities put this experience and material at your disposal, through your own plumbing contractor. See him today.

CRANE

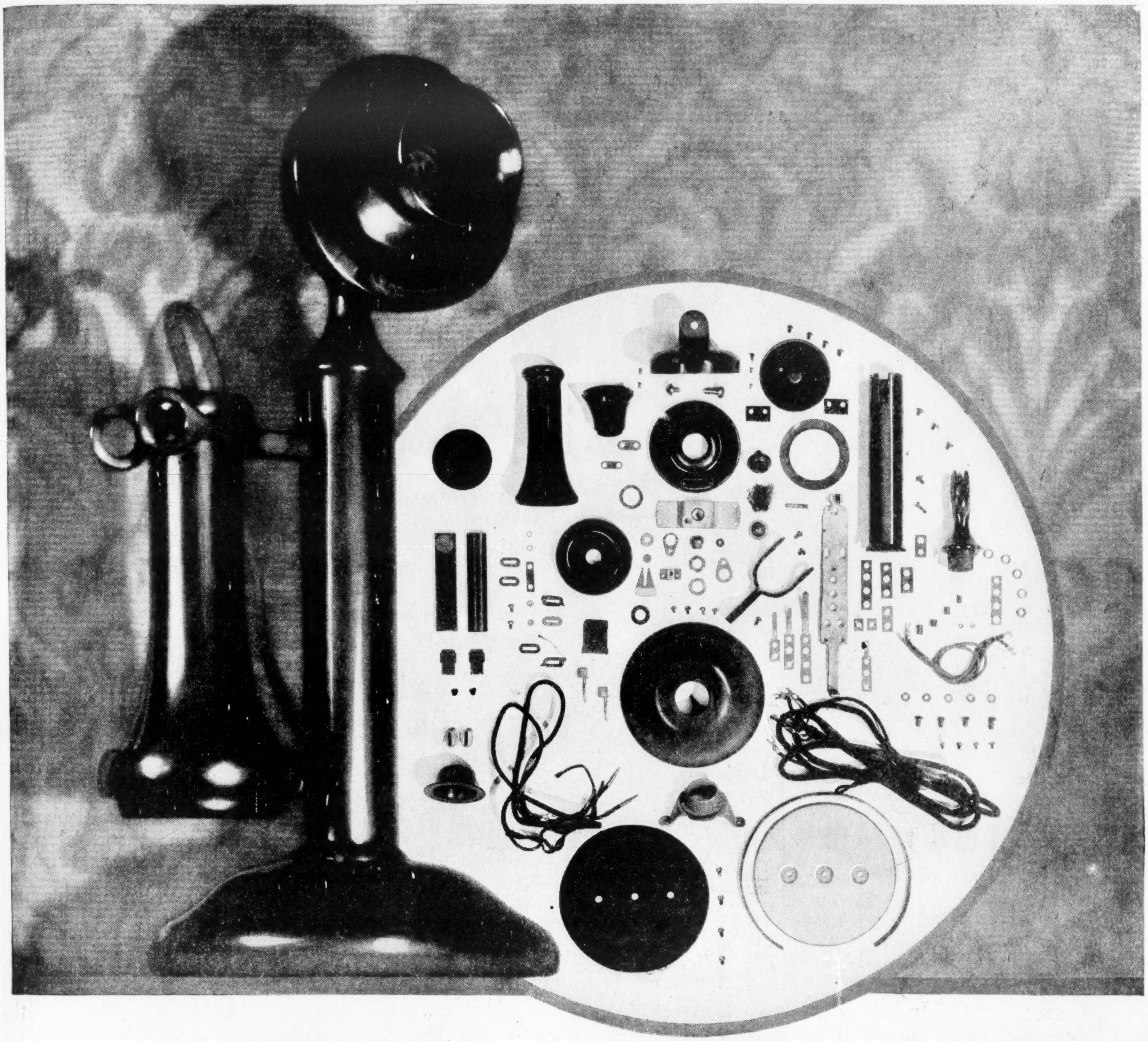
GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO
CRANE LIMITED: CRANE BUILDING, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL

Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty-five Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton and Montreal

CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO
CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON
CIE CRANE: PARIS, NANTES, BRUSSELS



Crane double branch elbow



Not so simple as it looks

Your telephone is made up of 201 parts, every one of which had to be planned, produced and assembled with an unusual degree of accuracy.

Such multiplicity of detail is unavoidable in the work of manufacturing telephones, cable, switchboards and other telephone apparatus. The number of separate parts entering into all these products is 110,000; the number of separate parts in a certain well known automobile is 3000.

To see that each of these many parts fits into its proper place calls for constant watchfulness and skill in the men and women whose life-work it is. This ability is just one of the things Western Electric has developed in fifty-five years of experience.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

At Open Car Cost

ESSEX COACH

Built by Hudson

Genuine Balloon Tires

Standard Equipment

The outstanding buying choice this year is "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost." The Coach alone provides them. It is exclusive to Hudson and Essex. Everyone knows it gives highest closed car value. And because no other type or car shares its position it is the largest selling 6-cylinder closed car in the world.

Genuine Balloon Tires Enhance World's Greatest Value

Naturally when balloon tires had established their superiority Hudson and Essex would adopt them. They are now standard equipment. They add an even greater measure of riding ease, steadiness and good looks to the notable values of the Coach.

In workmanship, materials and design both Hudson and Essex are of one quality—built in the same factories, under the same patents. Your choice between them will rest solely on the price you want to pay.

You see the Coach everywhere in increasing numbers. Everyone wants closed car comforts. They will no longer accept half-utility when all-year usefulness and comforts cost no more in the Coach.

Consider how the growing trend to closed cars affects resale values. The diminishing demand for open cars means far faster depreciation in that type. As the wanted type, the Coach maintains exceptionally high resale value.

ESSEX SIX COACH

$1000

HUDSON SUPER-SIX COACH

$1500

Freight and Tax Extra

Hudson and Essex are of One Quality

Be Sure to Get Parts Price List from Your Dealer

So Why Buy an Open Car?

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, 202-208 West High St., Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 416 West 13th St., New York, N. Y.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Copyright, 1924, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada

Volume Seventy-four
Number Ten

September 6, 1924

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year
10 cents a copy, $4.00 a year in Canada and foreign countries

To Mothers and Fathers

And to Every One of Our Readers, of Every Faith, of Every Denomination

BECAUSE of our differing beliefs, religious teaching has been barred from many of our public schools.

This has resulted—quite unwisely and unnecessarily, as it seems to us—in there being *little or no moral training* for our children in those schools.

Concerning supernatural religion, men differ and divide; but natural religion lives in every human being. It is evidenced in that moral guide which we call conscience—which may be crude or cultivated, but which is the essence of every system of morals because it is a part of the mind of every man.

No sane person will deny the necessity for all —regardless of creed— to aid in the development of that fundamental force.

An education solely in the material things of life is surely incomplete. The young mind must be impressed at the same time with the fundamentals of what constitutes right and wrong.

This moral code plan has been approved (page 26) by various religious leaders. These include Dr. Macfarland, Federal Council of Churches; Rabbi Silverman, Jewish; Dr. Huget, Congregational; Cardinals O'Connell and Hayes, Catholic; Bishop Manning, Episcopal; Dr. Straton and Dr. McDaniel, Baptist; Bishop McConnell, Methodist; Dr. S. A. Eliot and C. H. Strong, Unitarian; Dr. Knubel, Lutheran; C. P. Smith, Christian Science; Dr. Macartney and Dr. Keigwin, Presbyterian; Dr. Clark, Christian Endeavor.

These fundamentals are the same in all religions. These are the foundation of principles as distinguished from theology on which the Protestant, the Catholic, the Jew, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist have built their faith.

Why not carefully select these fundamentals and then submit them to persons of *all faiths*, and finally have such as are approved *by all* hung on the walls of every public schoolroom?

Who could possibly object to teaching our children the dishonorableness of lying and cheating and the wisdom of being truthful; the joy of service; the happiness in being kind to and thoughtful of others the rightness of honoring and obeying parents; the necessity for curbing vanity, greed, and rudeness; the strength—to borrow a phrase from David Starr Jordan—of being clean?

It is not enough to leave this training to parents and Sunday schools. This is particularly true in big cities where family conditions are often abnormal.

It is true that in many homes the moral code is taught, both by precept and, in the best of all ways, example of the parents. But in many others there has been a slackening—resulting in a growing moral dullness which bodes no good to the nation.

Our readers in small towns or the country may find it difficult to believe that there are millions of children who never see the inside of a Sunday school, but it is a fact.

Is it wise to leave these without any training in a moral code? Are the three R's more important than the knowledge of right and wrong?

How shall we select these Fundamentals? Here is our suggestion:

Let our readers, Protestant, Catholic, or Jew, or of other faiths, send to us the fundamental truths suitable in their opinion for this school code.

Send one suggestion or many. Word each exactly as you think it should be taught. Keep ever in mind that in the schools are children of other religions than the one you profess and therefore suggest *nothing* that can offend them.

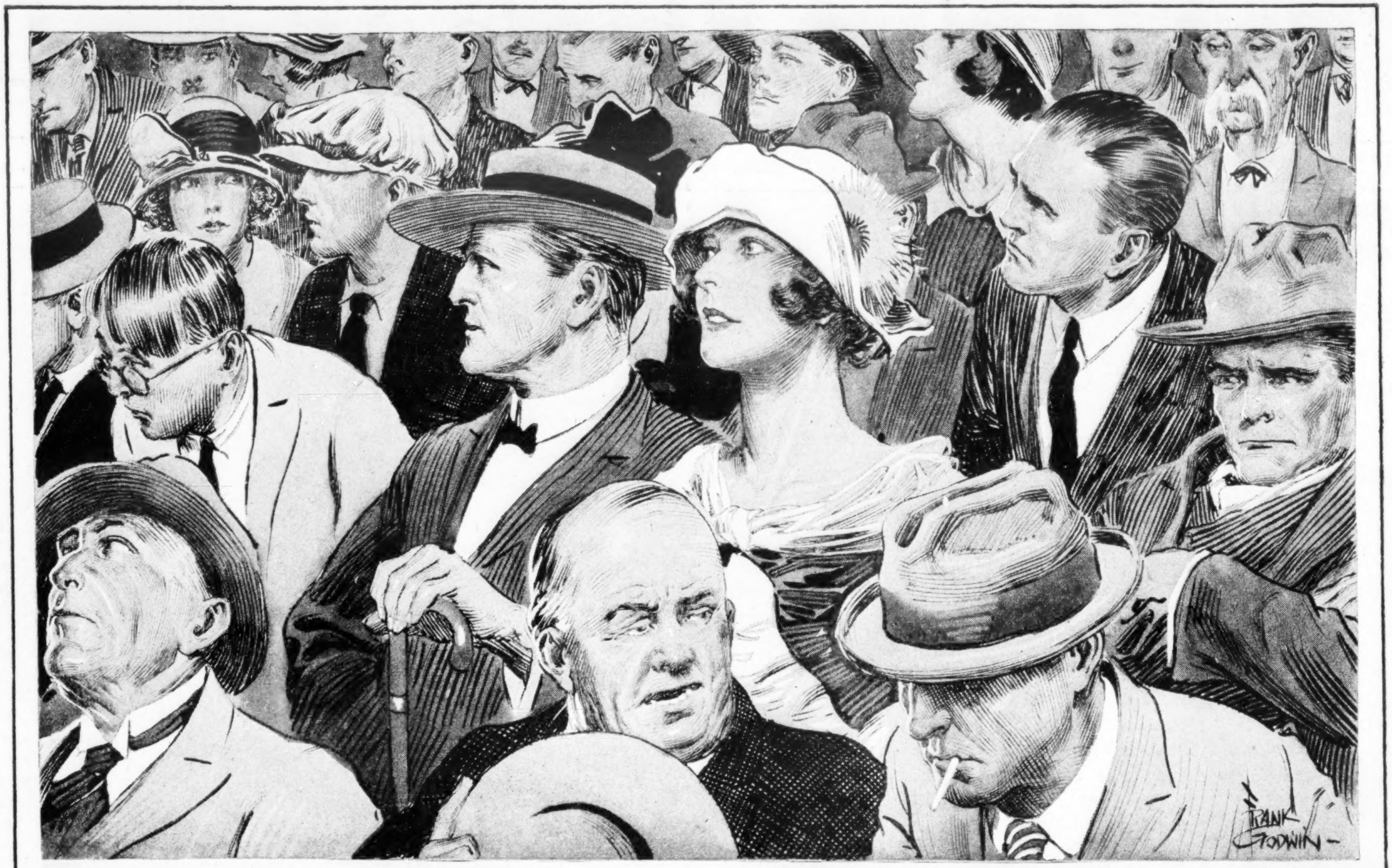
Let us of every creed lay aside for the moment all strife. Let us all concentrate on finding a universal moral code that will lead our children into upright, useful, and happy lives.

It is Collier's intention, after a first careful selection has been made from the suggestions sent in by our readers, to submit the selections to leaders of the Protestants, Catholics, and Jews.

What these men *unanimously* approve as being wise to teach to our children, we shall next offer to educational associations. Surely their members, ever earnest in well doing, will then carry the *Moral Code* into every school.

And Collier's will also print a few extra hundred thousand copies of that *Moral Code* for distribution in *other* places than schools.

We have a suspicion that it will hurt none of us to go once more, and often thereafter, to the school of righteousness and learn of its truths and its beauty and its human satisfaction as expressed in that Moral Code.



Baseball Betty was smiling eagerly. "We win," said Hamilton Cain. "I see it in her face"

Baseball Betty

By W. O. McGeehan

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

BASEBALL BETTY joined the Mastodons quite informally early in the season of the hectic pennant drive which had its climax in the Battle of St. Louis. Baseball draws more bugs than any bug bait ever invented. Needless to say, Betty was a lady bug and therefore more peculiar than the male indigenous to the Polo Grounds.

She invaded the press box. Not that the press box at the Polo Grounds is at all exclusive or tinged with any particular literary or journalistic atmosphere. Sometimes the actors and other bandar log of Broadway crowd out the drab and diffident baseball writers of which I was one. It was for this reason that Mr. Charles Dryden called it the pest box.

The Mastodons were going through their preliminary practice, and the Master Mind was batting them out. The Master Mind is one of the polite nicknames for the manager of the Mastodons. If you call him that to his face and smile, you fight your own way out of the park.

"I would like to speak to the official scorer," said Baseball Betty.

They pointed out Mr. William J. Tanner of the "Sun," who was glowering at the green infield.

Baseball Betty tripped up to Mr. Tanner, who rose and uncovered, a truculently defensive expression glinting through his horn-rimmed spectacles. "Why did you give Heinie Slammerman an error on that one in the eighth yesterday? It was a hard one to handle. I don't think anyone could have held it."

Mr. William J. Tanner spluttered. Most of his colleagues had to hold their hands to their mouths or show unusual interest in the baseball practice.

"Madam," said Mr. Tanner. "I have been scoring for twenty-five years. It was my opinion that the play was an error, and I scored it as such. My scoring never has been questioned—"

"Of course there may be room for argument, but I thought it was a hit," she said sweetly and passed out of the pest box.

"My whole afternoon is spoiled," complained Mr. Tanner. "I feel like resigning this scoring job. It is a most ungrateful task, anyhow." There was no comment. Mr. Tanner, by virtue of long service, was not to be twitted in the pest box.

In the seventh inning that afternoon Wheat rapped one right at Heinie Slammerman. Heinie should have held it, but the ball got away. It seemed a palpable error, but one of the younger writers shouted to the official scorer, "Hit or error, Mr. Tanner?"

"A hit," said Mr. Tanner, holding up one finger. The sign of an error is the formation of a zero with the thumb and forefinger. There was no comment, but it was seen that the advent of the lady bug had distorted the judgment of the most meticulously correct scorer in either league.

After that the presence of Baseball Betty became noticed not only by the baseball writers attached to the Mastodons, but by the players themselves.

"Do you suppose," asked Merton of the "Globe" one day, "that she is smitten by the charms of Heinie Slammerman? That Brigham Young of the National Pastime already has married at least one wife in all of the boroughs of greater New York and has been in more divorce courts than Casey Stengel has been on ball clubs."

THIS speculation proved unfounded. On her second invasion of the pest box Baseball Betty demanded to be shown the "Tribune" man. This writer used to handle baseball players without gloves. Some of them used to threaten his life.

"You ought to quit this picking on poor Bennie Kauffman," she said. "It's getting a bit cruel. He's in a slump, and nobody feels worse about it than he does. You're making him worse. That stuff is driving him crazy, and you do not have to do it."

"Well, if you are that much interested in Kauffman—" began the "Tribune" man.

"I'm interested in the Mastodons, that's all," she said. That declaration seemed to be correct. She was interested in no particular baseball player, and she certainly was not interested in any of the camp followers in the pest box.

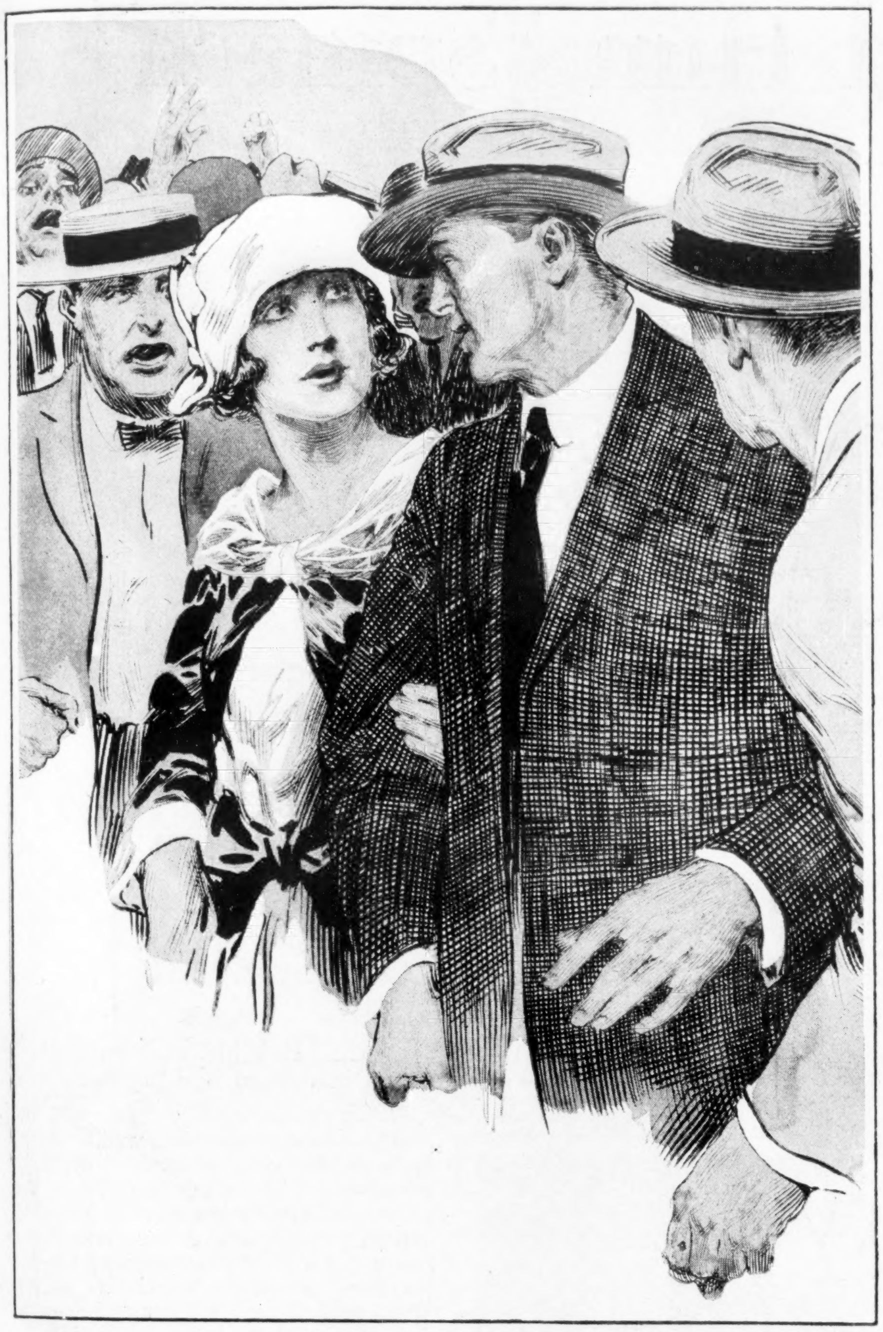
On the third visit she asked to talk to Mr. Hamilton Cain, the dean of all the baseball writers. In the days of his youth and agility Mr. Cain had been an infielder on the Mastodons and one of the most graceful athletes ever in the game. He claimed the invention of the hook slide and the squeeze play, and few disputed him.

A gallant and affable gentleman was Mr. Hamilton Cain, loved by ball players and newspaper men alike. His chief conviction was that all umpires were bad. When the Mastodons were not going so well Mr. Cain would attribute it to the bad umpiring. His pet hate was Jimmy Burkett, the umpire. The players called him Catfish, but not to his face. The price for that would be fifty or a hundred in fines.

"I just wanted to thank you, Mr. Cain," said Baseball Betty, "for that splendid denunciation of Umpire Burkett. He seems to have it in for the Mastodons. That was a wonderful epigram of yours, 'The Mastodons can beat any nine man ball team in America. But they can't beat a ten-man team when one of them is the umpire.' Mr. Cain, that was real baseball literature."

Mr. Cain flushed under his Panama to the roots of his silvery hair. "Lady," he said, "you speak with authority. Player and writer, I never knew an umpire who wouldn't blackjack an infant and steal its candy. But Catfish Burkett is the worst of them all."

When Betty had departed Mr. Cain observed, "Now there is a lady who knows something about baseball. There is only one other who can boast as



"Hurry, dear," she said sweetly. "We'll be late for dinner"

much, she being Mrs. Wilbert Robinson."

The Mastodons hit the road for the invasion of the west, an invasion that was somewhat disastrous. The Mastodons lost the lead before they left Pittsburgh. They were battered about by the Reds in Cincinnati, they left St. Louis with a big hospital list, and the chances for cinching a pennant looking fairly slim.

"Mastodons!" the Master Mind addressed his players. "You're a flock of pink-eyed white rabbits." And that was his mildest comment.

THE team rallied for a desperate stand at the Polo Grounds, but things were in bad shape. Beauty Bannon sprung a Charley Horse and the infield had to be juggled. Even the Master Mind did not seem to be adequate to this task. The Dodgers came over from the other side of East River and took three out of four.

Baseball Betty came into the pest box and addressed Hamilton Cain. "Why don't you tell the Master Mind to try Fitz at short and leave the rest of the infield the way it was? Heinie Slammerman is the best third baseman in the league, but he can't play short, and you know it."

"But Fitz is only a rookie just out of the seminary," objected Mr. Cain.

"But he is a natural shortstop, and you know it," persisted Baseball Betty. "The Mastodons have got to do something desperate to break the bad luck."

"Maybe you're right," admitted Mr. Cain.

"I know I'm right," she said firmly. "You can talk to the Master Mind. Talk to him now."

Mr. Cain bearded the Master Mind in the dugout with his suggestion. "Ham," said the Master Mind. "I think you're silly, but it looks as though these rabbits have blown the pennant, anyhow, and I'll take a chance. Oh, if I only had a few of the old Orioles instead of these seminary girls that call themselves Mastodons and ball players."

The Master Mind sent Fitz to second, and the boy started two double plays and wound up with two hits, the last being a double that brought in two runs. He was just nicked trying to make it a triple, but the Master Mind loved him all the more for trying to stretch it. This was according to his own personal policies. He liked his players to take chances—when they made good on them.

The infield held up all right for the time being, but then the pitching staff seemed to collapse all at once like the One-Hoss Shay. Rube Watkins' bunions annoyed him and he got wild. Two right handers developed sore arms. Jess Timmins, the veteran, began to show his age all at once. The young ones were erratic and terrible. The Master Mind assumed all the responsibility and directed the pitching of every ball from the dugout. Not infrequently the Mastodons used five pitchers to a game. The only thing that saved them for fighting it out with the Phillies for the cellar was their hitting.

They still could hit. The Master Mind finally calmed down. "Boys," he said, "the infield is in purgatory and the pitching staff is in hell. But you've still got the pennant in your bats. We've got to bat our way through from here to the Mississippi."

With this dubious cheering résumé and prediction the Mastodons started west on their final drive for the pennant. That trip was just one "crucial series" after another and getting more crucial with every game. The pitching was insane, but the bats held out and battered through, mostly in the ninth or tenth inning.

They broke even in Pittsburgh. They made it two to one in Chicago after two near-riots. They beat the Reds and increased the number of indigestion patients in Cincinnati.

The Mastodons had become imbued with the same spirit that drove Stallings' Braves through to a pennant and a world's championship when they had nothing visible to the naked eye of the experts. The team just went along with the momentum of its attack. Baseball teams and troops get that way. When they do, barbed wire cannot stop the troops and air-tight pitching cannot stop the ball players.

THAT was the status of the Mastodons when the train spewed the expedition into the Union Depot at the City of Hard Losers. The populace were there to meet it, and they signified their joy with raspberries, as the saying is.

Normally this city is a kindly and pleasant place. It is hospitable, and it used to have very good beer. The residents are fairly repressed excepting at a ball game. I make allowance now for the state of mind of the Hard Losers at the time. The city had not seen a pennant since Pop Anson was a rookie. The Chamber of Commerce had impressed upon the citizens that the winning of a pennant by the Scarletinas that year meant prosperity, taller buildings, and a million population. The winning of the pennant by the Mastodons meant bank failures, one-story buildings, and the practical depopulation of the city.

The loyal citizens, so the civic organizations hinted through the papers, could help by supporting the team vocally, and it seemed to be intimated that no harm would be done by the razzing of the Mastodons. How chambers of commerce get that way, I do not know, but they do. If some of them are not suppressed by act of Congress, there will be another civil war some day.

The greeters of the place started by making personal remarks about the Mastodons. They called the Master Mind by an ancient nickname that made him turn purple. They passed some insulting comment about the non-combatant correspondents. Mr. Hamilton Cain flared at some especially personal criticism.

Finally the demonstration became slightly physical. Mr. William J. Tanner's face was obliterated momentarily by a lemon-meringue pie which had been aimed at the Master Mind. But the Master Mind had ducked in truly masterful fashion and Mr. William J. Tanner was covered with lemon meringue and indignation. They dug him out on the way to the hotel and he sent a scathing denunciation of the city to his paper.

It was quite evident that the Mastodons and their camp followers were in for the most crucial of all their crucial series. There were three games to be played. If the Mastodons took two out of three, the pennant was theirs, and—what was more important to the athletes—a cut in the world series.

Ordinarily the correspondents were only mildly interested in this phase of it. Most of the New York baseball writers are from other cities and never quite get that home-town feeling for the metropolis. But that greeting at the Union Depot had made out of all of them Mastodon rooters to the bitter end.

Even the reserved William J. Tanner said, "We'll beat them. We must beat them," with sincere emphasis on the plural pronoun.

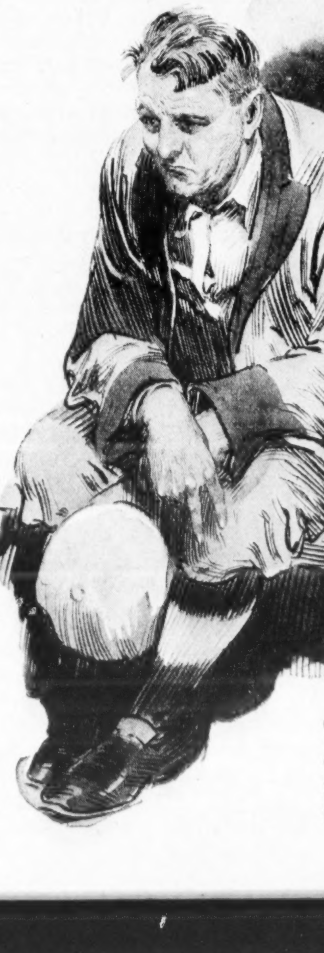
"We're in for a stormy series," mused Hamilton Cain. "It will be like the brotherhood days, when we had to fight our way out of Boston with our bats. The police here are no protection. They hand up fresh pop bottles and direct the fire."

Every seat in the park had been sold for the series. They jammed some of the noisiest of the loyal rooters down close to the pest box. During the practice they eyed the visiting correspondents with hostile glances. One of the lady fans remarked in very audible tones, "And they are just as bad as the Mastodon players. Probably they are in their pay. The Mastodons would do anything to buy a pennant. That old reprobate with the white hair ought to be ashamed of himself."

This open and uncomplimentary remark about Mr. Hamilton Cain caused the dean of the baseball writers no little annoyance. But he had the polish of a John Drew and continued to dictate his "lead" to the telegrapher without even glancing around.

"Look up to the left," said William J. Tanner. "There's Baseball Betty."

Simultaneously the ten-odd correspondents turned. She was sitting just a few yards back of the pest box, a slim and jaunty-looking figure in that hostile background. *(Continued on page 28)*



The Master Mind directed the pitching of every ball from the dugout

And They Named Him "Spinach"!

The Idyllic Story of Epinard, the Great French Horse Now Racing Against Our Best

By Robert Forrest Wilson

FOR one now so celebrated he was born a surprisingly short time ago. The war had been over two years, when, in a part of France that had always been far out of earshot of even the heaviest cannonading, he first saw the light of day.

Foaled, the word is—in his circles. He stood beside his mother propped up on four shaggy legs set at crazy angles and with mild interest surveyed a universe into which fate had dropped him—a meadow stretching away to infinity, gray walls of a château looming over the trees. The château belonged to his master, a handsome young Parisian who was also master of nearly everything else in the immediate neighborhood.

Closer at hand was a long, low structure of brick divided into compartments bedded deep with bright straw. One of these compartments he shared at night with his mother. About the long building numerous men in breeches and leggins went coatless with rolled-up sleeves, carrying brushes or pails of water and sponges.

Around the valley the hills were terraced with vineyards dusty blue from the insect poisons sprayed upon their leaves. The grapes from these vines would in the autumn be pressed into the wine known as Medoc, a Bordeaux vintage. For this Château de Bessan, whose gray walls he saw, was only thirty miles from Bordeaux and in the heart of the "château" wine region.

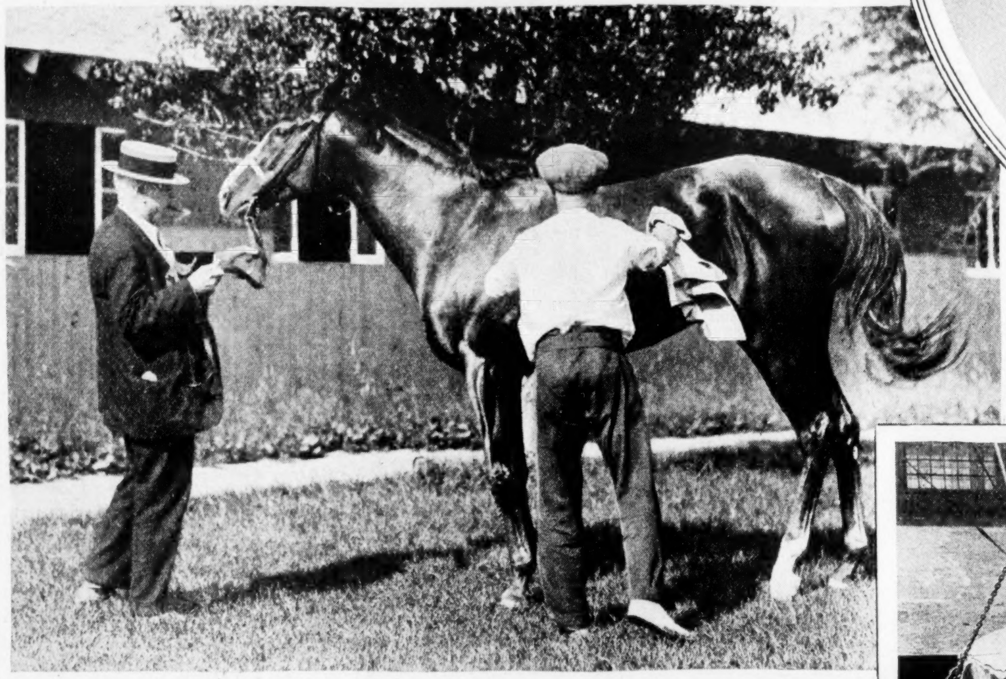
An idyllic valley it was he stood in. Bees drowsed in the clover blossoms under his feet. To his questing ears came the calls of peasants on the hillsides. This ought to have contented him—just to stand there and let the sun warm his back, to cut an experimental caper now and then, and pester his mother for milk—but he was of an inquiring nature.

On one of his first days therefore (a gate having been left open) he tottered around to the front of the stables. The cook had left a panful of spinach on the doorstep. A coltish nose came poking into the cool green stuff, and a coltish digestive apparatus behind the nose felt a new thrill—appetite. He nibbled, he ate; and when the indignant cook found the culprit, about half the camp's mess of spinach had miraculously disappeared within that furry hide.

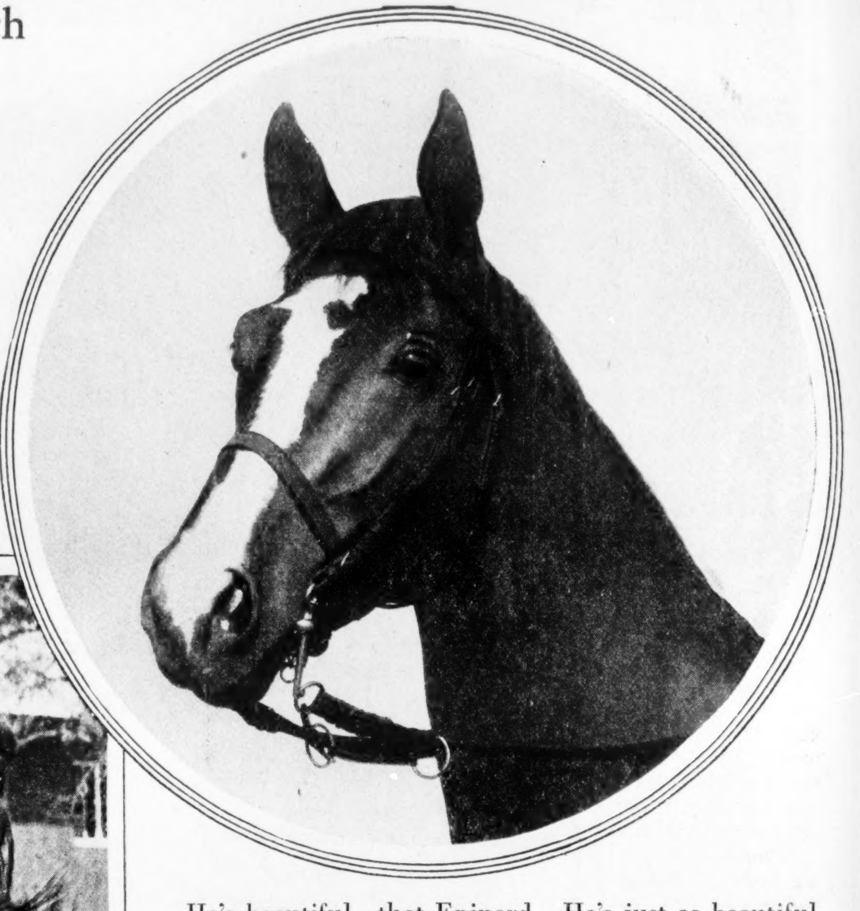
Shortly after this it came time to name him. His mother was Epine Blanche, and in his circles it is customary to continue name similarities. But, Epine—Epine-what?

Somebody remembered the spinach episode, and there was a shout of laughter at the patness of it. The French word for spinach is *epinard.*

And they named him Epinard.



Trainer Leigh and Dick, the groom, give the French beauty a rub-down



He's beautiful—that Epinard. He's just as beautiful as his name—when it isn't translated into "spinach"

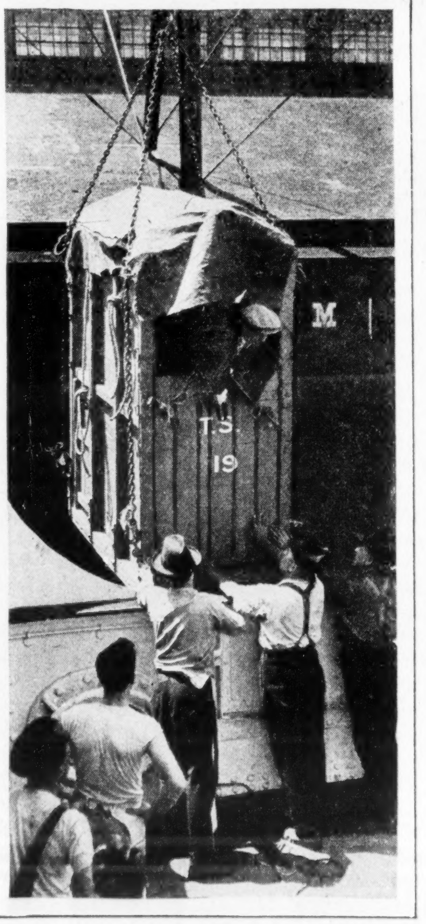
Concerning His Family Tree

HE WAS by birth quite of the gentry of his own circles—indeed, with something like royal descent on the distaff side. His mother was own daughter to Rock Sand, who won the English Derby in 1903; and only kings among horses win that race.

But second-generation descendants of Derby winners are likely to be numerous, and moreover not so much was to be said for Epinard's father, Badajoz. Badajoz had been a fair performer on the track, but none of his children had distinguished themselves.

Therefore nothing was really expected of the little spinach-eater. His owner, M. Pierre Wertheimer, who had just turned thirty in years, was enormously rich, and had taken up horse-breeding as a pastime, scarcely knew of his existence, possessing a dozen other colts in whom he was more interested.

Had there been any thought that this foal embodied possibilities out of the ordinary, his owner would have selected some other birthplace for him. Bessan as a stock farm was just then an experiment with M. Pierre Wertheimer. The great French horses had always been born and reared in the north of France; the warm Bordeaux region, while it produced strong draft horses, had never sent many turf winners to the post.



Thus did the world's most famous horse reach America!

His owner therefore wrote down Epinard for none of those "futurity" events to which horsemen dedicate the progeny of their more hopeful breeding experiments. Epinard was, indeed, the product of a family convenience (Badajoz being owned by a relative of M. Wertheimer), and his owner hoped to get a few thousand francs for him at the yearling sales.

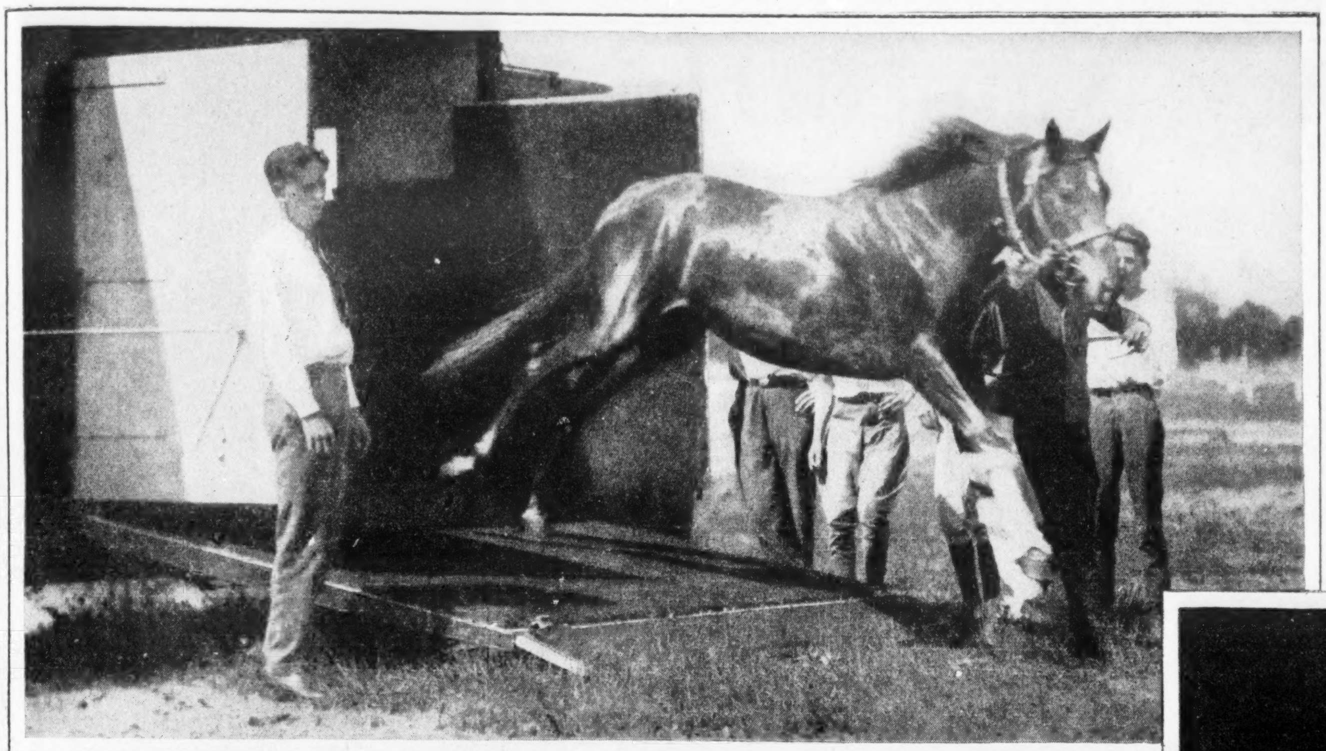
What All Kentuckians Know

THE shaggy little colt in the Bessan meadow was a warm chestnut color—the hue of milk chocolate. He had an irregular white patch on his face, as though he had stood under a painter's ladder when the whitewash spilled. There was a white anklet above his left hind hoof.

Eight centuries looked down upon him from the gray walls of the Château de Bessan, but he knew this no more than he knew that the grass he ate grew in soil resting upon limestone so close to the surface that here and there it cropped out into view. Still less did he know that this is precisely the formation of those Kentucky blue-grass counties which have produced so many of America's famous race horses.

The Kentucky breeder's theory is that the limestone exhausts into the soil quantities of bone-building salts. This makes strong big-boned animals of the horses that eat the grass; and your veteran breeder will tell you (for these horsemen are always appallingly frank in carrying their heredity analogues over into the human family) that it makes strong men and handsome women of the people who eat meat fed on such grass.

However that may be, Epinard thrived enormously on the lime-fed grass of Medoc and grew big, stanch bones. He developed a more rugged constitution than most thoroughbreds possess. Bounding health made him active; activity muscled him up and



Oh, it's good to be young! "Spinach's" first American test comes at Belmont Park on Labor Day. Later he races at Aqueduct and Latonia

France's fleetest and his pals: Eugene Leigh (circle); Peter, the airedale; and Dick, the groom

kept him lean despite his capacity for food. The other colts with whom he ran had sleek sides from the rich living; Epinard's ribs could always be counted by sight.

When he was nine days old his training began. The groom slipped a little halter over his head. He did not like it, but Epine Blanche looked on calmly, and so after a protesting shake of his nose he trotted stiff-leggedly behind the leading rein.

Thus it went. The halter came to be left on all the time. Then every day the groom began lifting the colt's feet one after the other, getting him used to the touch of men's hands. He had been taken from his mother when one day the groom, offering a carrot, slipped a bit into Epinard's mouth instead and held it there for a minute. The astonished colt backed away, nose in air, tonguing the cool metal, slobbering, a little frightened. Every day the experience was repeated; and then the bitted bridle was put on and fastened, and he was led about that way.

When He Was One Year Old

SO ALSO was the saddle. First merely the surcingle belted on tightly for a few minutes. He bucked a little at that, but iterated experience soon accustomed him to it. Next the saddle was cinched on; and one day, when Epinard was about a year old, a stable boy was lifted upon his back.

Not so is the common horse treated. He is allowed to run free during colthood. Then must come the bitter experience of the "breaking"—when by whatever harshnesses necessary the horse-will is bent to the man-will.

In that sense the thoroughbred is never broken. Next to his speed itself his spirit—his sense of his own invincibility—is his most valuable quality. No wise trainer will ever shake that. The race horse is gently taught by habit from the beginning to obey the man-masters about him. He comes up through his education so gradually that he seldom throws his first rider. Epinard did not throw his.

Epinard's second summer was ending when in his office in Paris, an environment of leather chairs, Eastern rugs, and carved furniture, M. Pierre Wertheimer took stock of the yearlings he could put up at the forthcoming sales. M. Wertheimer was then thirty-three years of age; and it was hard to tell in which he was the more interested—in his business (as represented by the central desk) which was that of being one of France's chief manufacturers of perfumes; or in his pastime (as represented by the little corner desk, the desk of his betting commissioner), which was that of racing fast horses

Well, he had several youngsters to dispose of—Bessan ought to send three or four—none of his choicer stuff there—that colt, now, of Epine Blanche's....

M. Wertheimer had been lately hearing some puzzling things from Bessan. Old Man Sibé, the trainer there, had been galloping the yearlings and writing favorably about this—this Epinard, wasn't it?—amusing name, *n'est ce pas?*—Spinach.

"What does a Bordeaux man know about a fast horse?" exclaimed M. Pierre Wertheimer. "If this mess of spinach will bring back at sale some of the money I invested in that Belmont cast-off who foaled him, I will be satisfied."

But old Sibé kept writing—more trial sprints, and always the same story—Epinard off like an arrow from a crossbow—the other colts discouraged by the preliminary speed—Epinard thereupon refusing to do more than canter on ahead—never any fast time to report over a whole distance—but hadn't M. Pierre better look him over himself?

So it happened that two strangers appeared at the stables behind the Château de Bessan: M. Pierre Wertheimer, and a wire of a man with the drawn look of an overtrained athlete—the American jockey Everett Haynes.

Epinard was less interested in the elegant young Parisian with the dark incisive face and the fastidious clothes than in the wiry man—the jockey—and his muscles flickered when the latter put his hand on them. The heritage of many generations of racing flesh answered instinctively to the touch of the racing expert.

Up to the starting post of the practice track came the farm colts, Haynes on Epinard. All the yearlings knew by now what was expected of them on these occasions. The barrier dropped and they were off like darts.

But now for Epinard there was a different feel about the thing. This rider was not mere dead weight, but something that seemed to waft him along. Energy flowed into him from the knees gripping his neck.

Spinach and Mint

HE RESPONDED with a blinding gust of speed, flattening down to it like a whippet, nose stretched far forward splitting the air, ears laid back. In a few seconds the other colts were back beyond hearing. Then some streak of equine perversity interposed, and he obeyed no longer the liftings of his jockey, content to stay out in front four or five lengths and to lead home by that margin.

"Mmh, might have something here—don't know," said Haynes after the trial, talking to Pierre Wertheimer. "Powerful brute—good action, too. But he quit halfway in—notice that?—couldn't get a thing from him. Still—didn't have to run to beat those dogs. You timed us, didn't you? Nothing to write home about, I bet. But that getaway—whew!—pretty near blew the hair off me. Think you ought to have Leigh look him over."

So Epinard was not sold. Instead, he took his first railway journey. From the padded end of his car he could see through the open door the dun November landscape of France passing by as the train moved northward toward Paris.

The horse-training establishment of Eugene Leigh is at Maisons-Laffitte on the Seine a few miles northwest of Paris. There is a race course at Maisons-Laffitte and a number of training establishments, of which that of Eugene Leigh is not the least celebrated.

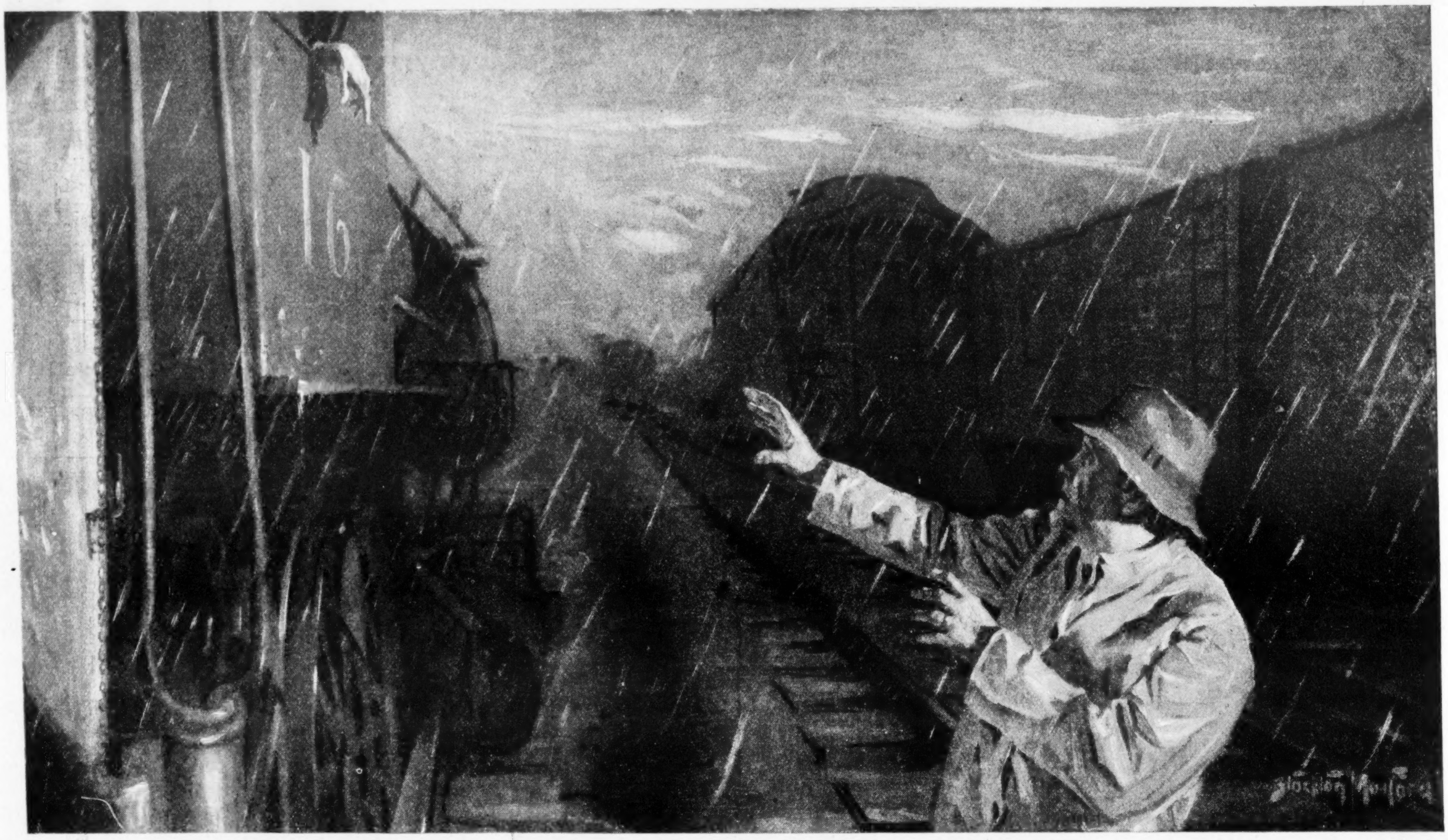
Leigh is a Virginian by birth and a Kentuckian by adoption. He lives across the road from his stables in a modern half-timbered mansion that is probably unique in France but like hundreds of comfortable country homes in the United States.

Here Mr. Leigh, a thick-set man of middle height with a pink face and silvery hair, and who (as a good racing man should) wears a hard-boiled black derby hat whether he goes coatless or not, dwells with his American wife and three healthy daughters, all of whom, having been born in France, speak French as well as they do their mother tongue. And although Mr. Leigh has lived in France long enough to have had his oldest daughter reach the age of thirteen, it has not been long enough to make him forget his native Virginian gallantry of saying "ma'am" when addressing his wife.

Here dwells Mr. Leigh also with a few of earth's remaining extant bottles of 108-proof bourbon whisky. There is a genuine mint bed in his garden, plenty of sugar on the sideboard, and even ice in the refrigerator—nothing indeed is lacking for a certain ritual except perhaps a beaming black man.

Still—like the beefsteak and the setter dog in the typical breakfast of Mr. Leigh's adopted state—it is quite possible to dispense with the African ministry.

(Continued on page 25)



O'Hanon looked back at the haunted cab. What he saw there made him throw up his hands in terror

The Ghost in the Headlight

By Calvin Johnston

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

BY THE apse of the roundhouse the night yard crew had settled down for a smoke during the dull hour of the midsummer night. Whatever reflections the locomotive graveyard near by may have inspired, there was no conversation till the call boy came up, his lantern tucked under his arm. The boy gazed with considerable awe at a mogul with cab torn away and boiler pipes protruding through the sheathing. He had known the mogul in its lusty splendor: now it was a wreck, dead, blind, eaten with rust. It seemed incredible that he should have outlived this giant outlaw of the rail, that had the stain of blood on the cab floor. He became brusquely conscious of the grim fates that overhung all railroad things, and ventured questioningly that ghosts might well haunt such a spot.

Denny, the old switchman, sent a ring of smoke at the moon and shook his head. "Ghosts there be on a railroad," he conceded, "but mainly those of superindendents who, having haunted the wires alive, to rawhide their employees, are condemned to haunt them when dead. A roundhouse may be haunted too, but 'tis only by engineers who would quarrel with the timekeeper about their overtime for all eternity."

The boy ventured: "Seems like engines would have ghosts," for to him they were creatures of soul.

"In that guess you are approaching a fact of history," replied Denny, "there having been a goblin locomotive at large on the Foothills Division of the old P. D. for nearly a week."

The foreman extended his pipe like a scepter, an act which silences all debate while the holder speaks. "Witches and banshees there may be," he said deliberately, "and my grandfather in Galway knew a wizard he consulted for private and personal reasons on the serpent which came to hiss at him out of the bog forninst his estate. But a goblin steam engine, I deny."

"History has a way of concealing her facts till they may be proven," Denny replied; "and 'tis plain she depends on myself to prove the fact of the ghost locomotive of the departed Dan Hennesy, by telling you of it."

Young Tam Calloway was one of the best engineers that ever pulled a lever, but having quarreled with the superintendent of his division he asked for transfer to the Foothills—O'Hanon superintendent, with whom it was expected any employee would quarrel.

"Not me," said Tam when warned of the superintendent's disposition; "one quarrel will last me a lifetime."

IT WAS the morning he was bound into Barlow, headquarters for the Foothills Division, and he was talking at the time to the conductor of the local. They had stopped at a tank twenty miles east of Barlow, and from the back platform of the last coach Tam looked upon a siding and a rusty track leading back into the range, and up a tall hill to a cabin built at the mouth of a tunnel. It was some hundred yards away, but the air was so clear he could see that a man in the tunnel mouth was stooped and graybearded. As the graybeard vanished, a boy stepped from the cabin door, and Tam, as was his way, gave the high sign, a greeting with the top of the morning.

The boy did not answer, but stood still, and Tam felt rather than saw his mistake. "Faith, 'tis a girl," he thought. And then she raised her hand.

"The boys wave at her sometimes," said the conductor, "but she never answered before." As the train went on, he said that the girl and the stooped old man had been working a year at the mine tunnel without striking it. "She wears an old suit of man's corduroys up there, but once she caught my train here at the tank and looked pretty as you please in a neat blue suit and hat with a red feather," related the conductor.

Tam leaned on the rail watching the hill, now darkened by clouds, fade away. "A lonely spot for a girl," he thought; "and she never waved at anybody before?" The reflection pleased him, for Tam, though a proper looking young man, was a shy one; now he took great credit for his boldness in raising his hand to greet the girl, though he had believed her a boy at the time and deserved no credit at all.

At Barlow he called first on an old friend, Chief Dispatcher Jones.

"I come here with the name of quarreling with my old superintendent, and O'Hanon may choose to make the quarrel his own. Has the man no human side to his nature?" Tam asked him.

Dispatcher Jones shook his head. "The only time he was ever touched by the miraculous was in the Dan Hennesy matter; a secret it is from all but myself, who am no gossip. But on the principle, d'ye get me, that nothing is secret which can be told, you may have the information."

THE information was this: Three years before the little yard engine 16 had fallen into the turntable pit and sprung her frame so that thereafter her center of gravity shifted with occasion. The occasions were so many that Dan Hennesy, her engineer, appointed himself a committee to old O'Hanon.

"As y'may understand at once, superintendent," said Hennesy, "I am no coward or I would not be here talking to you. But I am not one to fight a steam engine." The 16, he explained, was staggering at the curves and leaping along of the frogs and had been twice on the ties in two days.

"You call yourself an engineer," replied O'Hanon, "who take your engine staggering and leaping around the yard." And there was much more in the same strain, the outcome being that he refused to retire the 16 and sent Hennesy back to his job with a curse on him.

"I will go," said Hennesy, "because I must. But I will be killed, and when I have had time in the next world to put my affairs in order, I will come back and run an engine on the Foothills, a ghost being the only one who is safe in working for you."

With that he departed, the dispatcher Jones, who had stood unnoticed in the door, being the only outsider who had heard the conversation.

"To do O'Hanon justice," the dispatcher now told Tam Galloway, "he did order the 16 out of service that evening. But he was too late, Hennesy having been killed when she jumped while running light to Stockyard Junction. And when I took in the word to him, the big Juggernaut went pale and gave a quick glance at the window where Hennesy had stopped to look back at him. What he saw out there in the dark, 'tis not for me to say, who have no belief in ghosts. But he was startled to the soul of him.

Tam put off reporting to O'Hanon till late in the afternoon; then he learned that the superintendent, who was boss of all departments on the division, had gone down to the machine shops.

Near the shops and to one side was a rip track with several engines to be torn down, and Tam, who could never pass by an engine, went over to stare at them. Like a turfman among broken-down racers, who wonders if there is not still another mile left in them, Tam was inspecting when a quick black shower of rain drove him into one of the cabs. And as he seated himself, feeling for a cigar, a man came up through the dusk from the shop, a big man in a shining slicker who passed the cab and then halted to look back. And as he did so, one of the headlights from the roundhouse stalls swept the cab and the head and shoulders of a man in the engineer's seat sprang out from the dusk.

"O'Hanon," thought Tam.

"Hennesy!" thought O'Hanon.

FOR an instant Tam was astonished, y'understand, at the superintendent's tremendous stagger with hands thrown out. But as O'Hanon vanished he swung out the gangway and, with a lighted match, read on the side of the broken cab "16."

"Glory be; he is keeping his eye out for Hennesy's return to take out his ghost run," Tam guessed easily, and, his mind filled with the possibilities offered him, hastened after O'Hanon to his office.

Not a minute did he lose there, but introduced himself as the boss was throwing off his slicker. "You have had a letter about me, Mr. O'Hanon, and the quarrel—"

"What of it?" snarled O'Hanon.

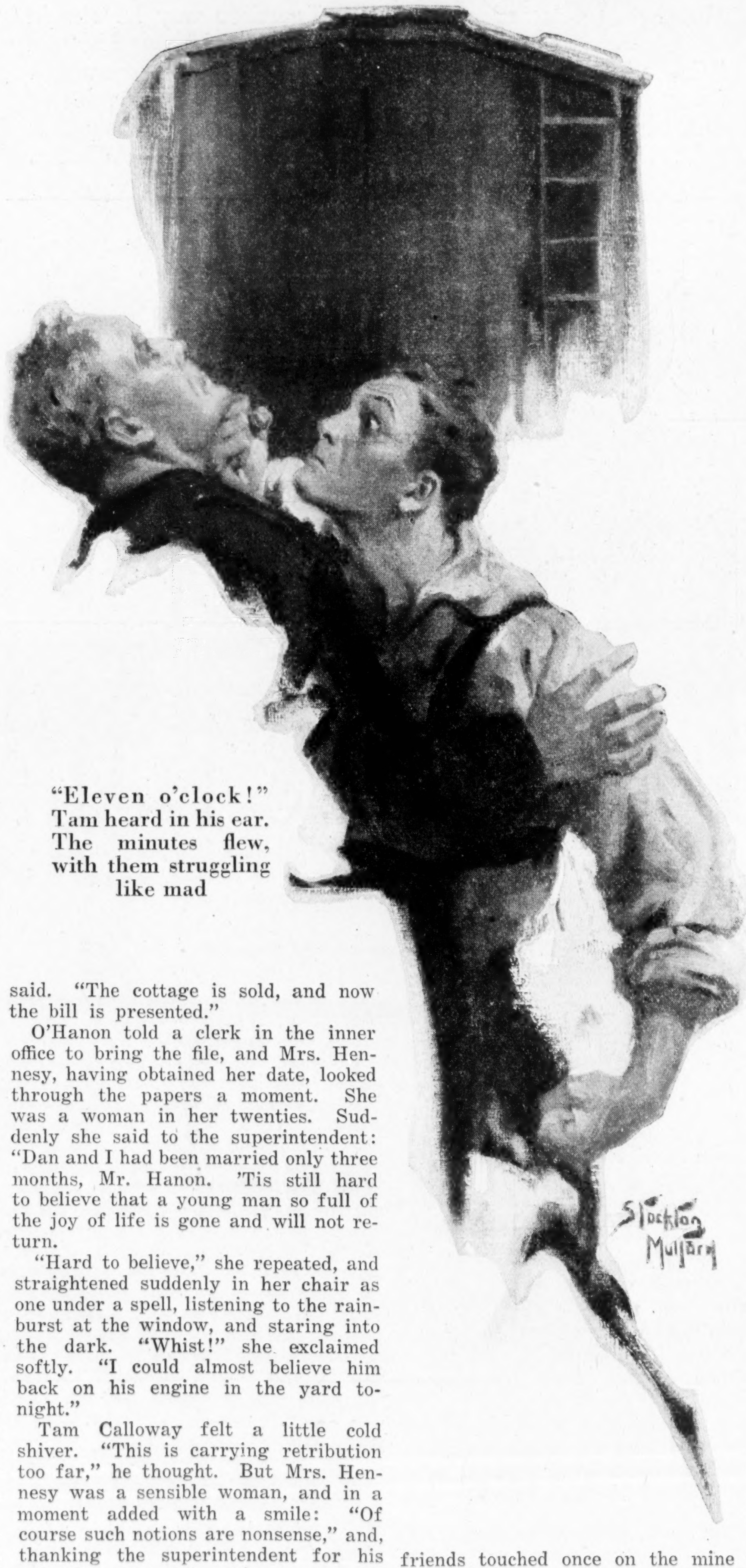
"This," answered Tam, looking about him with an air of mystery. "I forced the quarrel and got my transfer, for reasons of superstition, though I would not say so and be laughed at. But twice, Mr. O'Hanon, I saw a strange headlight on my run and called for brakes. But devil a train was there, and who am I to expect the saints to warn me a third time to get off that division?"

O'Hanon, as he moved to his desk and fumbled for pipe and tobacco, kept his eyes on the man who had come out of that dusky yard where the dead 16 stood with a ghost at the throttle.

"A strange headlight," he repeated; "and didn't you believe it would follow you to this division?"

"Haunted houses there be," answered Tam; "and bogs and woods, but never before a haunted railroad, so 'tis little authority I had to go by. But I have never heard of a ghost changing its residence unless evicted by a holy man; and 'tis not at all like that one of them given a certain run would think of asking for a transfer—"

"Hell! What was that?" exclaimed O'Hanon; and, as if at a signal, the door swung in a cold draft and a slender figure glided inside.



"Eleven o'clock!" Tam heard in his ear. The minutes flew, with them struggling like mad

"You will remember me, Mr. O'Hanon," said the young woman with an instant's hesitation—"Mrs. Hennesy, the widow of Dan, who was killed on 16."

Mrs. Hennesy explained that she had called to see her husband's old record file. "With the date he was made an engineer, I can decide the payment of an old tax bill on our cottage," she said. "The cottage is sold, and now the bill is presented."

O'Hanon told a clerk in the inner office to bring the file, and Mrs. Hennesy, having obtained her date, looked through the papers a moment. She was a woman in her twenties. Suddenly she said to the superintendent: "Dan and I had been married only three months, Mr. Hanon. 'Tis still hard to believe that a young man so full of the joy of life is gone and will not return.

"Hard to believe," she repeated, and straightened suddenly in her chair as one under a spell, listening to the rainburst at the window, and staring into the dark. "Whist!" she exclaimed softly. "I could almost believe him back on his engine in the yard tonight."

Tam Calloway felt a little cold shiver. "This is carrying retribution too far," he thought. But Mrs. Hennesy was a sensible woman, and in a moment added with a smile: "Of course such notions are nonsense," and, thanking the superintendent for his courtesy, went out again.

Not a word had O'Hanon said in answer, but watched her out, and after meditation told Tam to report to the roundhouse foreman for extra duty till a regular run turned up.

TAM went out thinking that he had reason to be proud of the strategy that had gained him consideration from the bullying O'Hanon. "'Twill make a good tale for Dispatcher Jones," he thought. He took his friend to dinner at the little hotel where he was staying till he found a boarding place, and yet when the tale of his strategy was on his lips, he held it up. "After all," he reflected with wisdom, "I had better let sleeping ghosts lie."

The conversation between the two friends touched once on the mine in the hillside near the water tank. "The track you saw branching off there leads into the range where the Gold Core mines are located," he said. "I can tell you something about Ballard, the Gold Core manager, if 'twill interest you," he added—"bad scran to him." And he told Tam of Ballard's villainies, which the young engineer was later to recall; but at the time he was only thinking of the graybeard and the slim figure in corduroy who had answered the wave of his hand from the cabin door and let Jones talk about anything he pleased.

It was while Jones talked on that Tam, gazing through his cigar smoke, began painting in fancy the maid of the hillside mine. A lovely creature to be exiled in old corduroys to so desolate a spot.

During his first two weeks as extra, Tam took out several freight runs which passed the cabin in daylight, but the return runs, when he stopped at the tank, had been at night. Twice on the outbound run in the morning, he woke the echoes with his blasts of hail and farewell, without a sign in response. Then the girl stepped into the open and raised her hand in answer; something in the pose of her convinced Tam she was laughing, and he sent back a howl of farewell in protest.

At this point there was a siding or transfer track for the handling of cars to and from the Gold Core. This company had built the track into the back range and had its own locomotive, but at present the mines were closed and the transfer empty.

The engineer whose run Tam had taken came back on the job, and during several days' loafing and watching the board, Tam found a boarding place where he met a young woman he had seen before—Mrs. Hennesy, widow of the engineer of 16.

She taught school, he learned, was a woman of unusual calm and resource, y'understand, so that what had been refused her by lot, she engaged to secure by industry.

"She would be pretty too," thought Tam, "if her hair and eyes were not black; and though she has a soft voice, 'tis not like the bells of Shandon."

These were lonesome days for Tam when he could not see the colleen on the hillside, and he moped by himself, and would have run down the line to call at the cabin, but for the thought: "Suppose she should not care for me at all? And what would I say to her face to face!"

SITTING alone one evening in the corner of the parlor, he felt the clear, dark eyes of Nora Hennesy fixed on him over the top of her book.

The two had made friends during the few days together at the boarding house and, strangely enough, Tam forgot his shyness and told of the girl at the mine.

"So you are going to visit her?" said Nora.

"To tell the truth," answered Tam, "I only know her in passing. And what would I say?"

"That depends on the sort of person she is entirely," said Nora Hennesy. "Living as she does, I should guess her to be big and well muscled, and not given to sentiment."

"Faith, she is slim and light as a fay," protested Tam.

"And you mean to tell me she is not tanned black, with a voice rough as a man's—"

"I do," replied Tam warmly. "She is fair as a rose and has the voice of a bell."

"There you have it," said Nora, "tell her what you have told me and that will be all you need say," and she returned to her book.

Tam could but marvel at the intelligence of her, and gratefully going over in mind all that he had been saying about his sweetheart, committed it to memory. Filled with confidence he went down to the dispatcher's office to see his friend Jones.

"If you know what I mean," said Jones, leaning over a train sheet and talking out of the corner of his mouth, "there is a (*Continued on page 34*)

He Goes Sherlock One Better

By George C. Henderson

He's a super-detective. Out San Francisco way he sits in his laboratory and traps criminals. Once, with three human hairs as his only clue, he cleared a man charged with murder. Once, by merely examining some chips of wood and a bit of dirt, he saved a man accused of train robbery. His name is E. O. Heinrich, and—but let Mr. Henderson be his Dr. Watson.

IT WAS midnight. Sitting in a laboratory in the Berkeley hills, amid retorts, scales, photographic enlarging apparatus, samples of handwriting, finger-print exemplars, powder smudges, revolvers, and vials of chemicals, I listened to strange speech over the telephone in the adjoining room.

My host was telling how to take a dead man's finger prints. The body of a man killed by a shotgun had been found in an orchard. The sheriff did not know how to take his finger prints, so he was receiving a long-distance lesson from E. O. Heinrich, chemist-criminologist, instructor at the University of California, and crime expert for a dozen city, state, and federal departments.

Earlier in the evening Heinrich had disclosed to me some of the secrets held in this cloistered laboratory overlooking San Francisco Bay and the twinkling lights of the bay cities.

With three human hairs he had proved a taxicab driver innocent of murder. With a few drops of acid he had restored $8,000 to an old couple. With a few chips of wood, bits of dirt, and a pair of old overalls as his clues he had freed an innocent man charged with robbery and identified the real offender.

Equally fascinating had been his work in the Hindu Ghadr case, when he studied three East Indian dialects under tutors furnished by the British Government in order to decipher handwriting and code messages of the plotters.

Newsboy, drug store clerk, pharmacist, university student, graduate chemist, University instructor, city chemist of Tacoma, Wash., captain of engineers during the war, chief of police of Alameda, Cal., city manager of Boulder, Col., and now a college lecturer on scientific criminology—these were the steps by which Heinrich had risen. With only $18 in his pocket, he entered the University of California to round out his career. He worked his way through and became a student instructor in chemistry in his junior year. His work in all these capacities contributed to fit him for his present profession.

The Siskiyou Holdup Case

TO THE lay mind it seems incredible that a few chips of wood and bits of dirt found in the pockets of a pair of overalls could be used to free a man from jail and identify a gang of train robbers. Yet Heinrich so used them in the Siskiyou train holdup case.

Bandits shot down the engineer, fireman, and brakeman of the train, and in dynamiting the cars set fire to the mail coach and burned the clerk to death. They escaped, leaving no clues except a set of batteries used in setting off the dynamite charge, a pair of canvas overshoes covered with creosote to prevent bloodhounds from following their trail and an old pair of greasy overalls.

The batteries were trailed to a garage and a mechanic was arrested. The overalls, which appeared to be covered with motor oil and grime, exactly fitted the mechanic. The man was held on suspicion of murder.

Heinrich scraped some of the dirt off the overalls, examined the particles of dust in the pockets with a stereoscopic microscope, scrutinized a button with particular care, and then delivered himself of the following verdict:

"The man under arrest is not the owner of these overalls. The man who wore these is a left-handed lumberjack, white-skinned, brown-haired, dark-eyed, of medium height, rather heavy set, fastidious in his personal habits, probably well shaved, about twenty-five years old and an inhabitant of the Pacific Northwest."

The Federal authorities laughed at these Sherlockian deductions. But after Heinrich explained his methods they were sufficiently impressed to release the mechanic and begin a search for the man answering the description given, with the result that the D'Autremont brothers were definitely charged with the crime. The brothers are still fugitives from justice. Heinrich's deductions proved correct to the minutest detail.

"It was all very simple," the university instructor told me. "I saw at a glance that the grime on the overalls was not oil at all but pitch. That eliminated the garage mechanic. Closer examination under the microscope proved that the 'oil' was fir pitch. Under the stereoscopic microscope the particles of dust in the pockets, magnified 500 times, were resolved into bits of Douglas fir needles, finger-nail cuttings, and leaves of the 'kinnikinnick,' and salal, which are peculiar to the Pacific Northwest. There were pine chips in the right hand pocket. I got the color of the hair from a strand caught on a button."

It's Easy—for Heinrich

EVEN after going over the case with Heinrich, I was still mystified by some of his conclusions.

"How could you tell he was left-handed?" I asked.

"Chips in the right-hand pocket," was the quick answer. "A left-handed man stands with his right side to the tree while chopping. Flying chips enter his right-hand pocket, not his left."

"And his fastidiousness?"

"Finger-nail cuttings. Unless a lumberjack is fastidious he does not cut his finger nails as neatly as those cuttings in the pocket indicated. That caused me to believe that he would be equally careful about his hair being cut.

"The creases on his overalls, betraying the way he rolled the legs of the garment to fit into a lumberman's shoe, as well as the things found in his pockets, told me he was a lumberjack. Plant specimens peculiar to the Northwest indicated his abode. The size of his overalls gave his approximate weight and height. Does that satisfy you?"

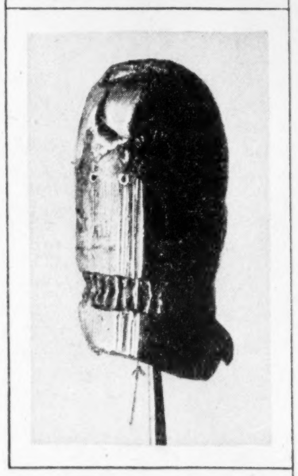
"No," I replied. "How did you know his age? Or that he was not a negro or an Indian?"

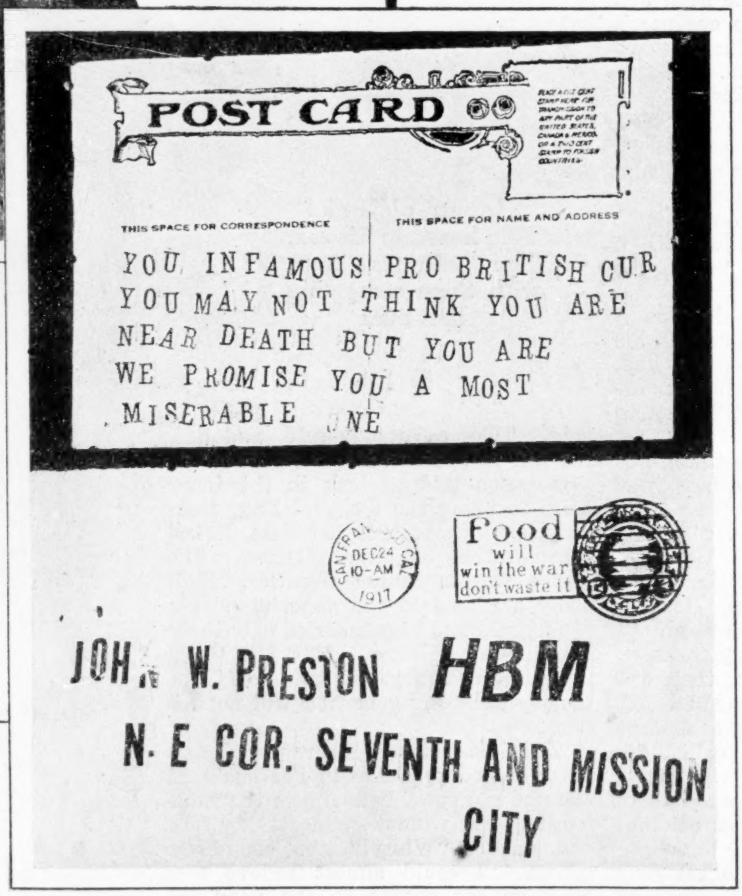
Heinrich laughed.

"Now that sounds difficult, but it was not. Examination of the hair gave me the age. We have charts showing the condition of the pith of hair at various ages. Comparing a magnified cross section of this man's hair with the chart, I found it belonged to a man between twenty and twenty-five. The cross section of a negro's hair is elliptical. An Indian's is coarse and straight. By its general appearance and the character of the scales, I knew the hair in question belonged to a white man."

The science of microscopy in the hands of Heinrich recently saved a taxicab driver from the gallows. The driver asserted that he had shot a passenger only after the latter had hit him over the head with a blackjack. The passenger's companion swore it was unprovoked murder. It looked bad for the driver until Heinrich discovered a blackjack about sixty feet from the scene of the holdup and demonstrated that several hairs sticking to it were those of the cabman.

In the Hindu Ghadr case the sender of a message threatening death avoided possible detection of his handwriting by pasting letters, clipped from a newspaper on a (*Continued on page 38*)





POST CARD

THIS SPACE FOR CORRESPONDENCE

THIS SPACE FOR NAME AND ADDRESS

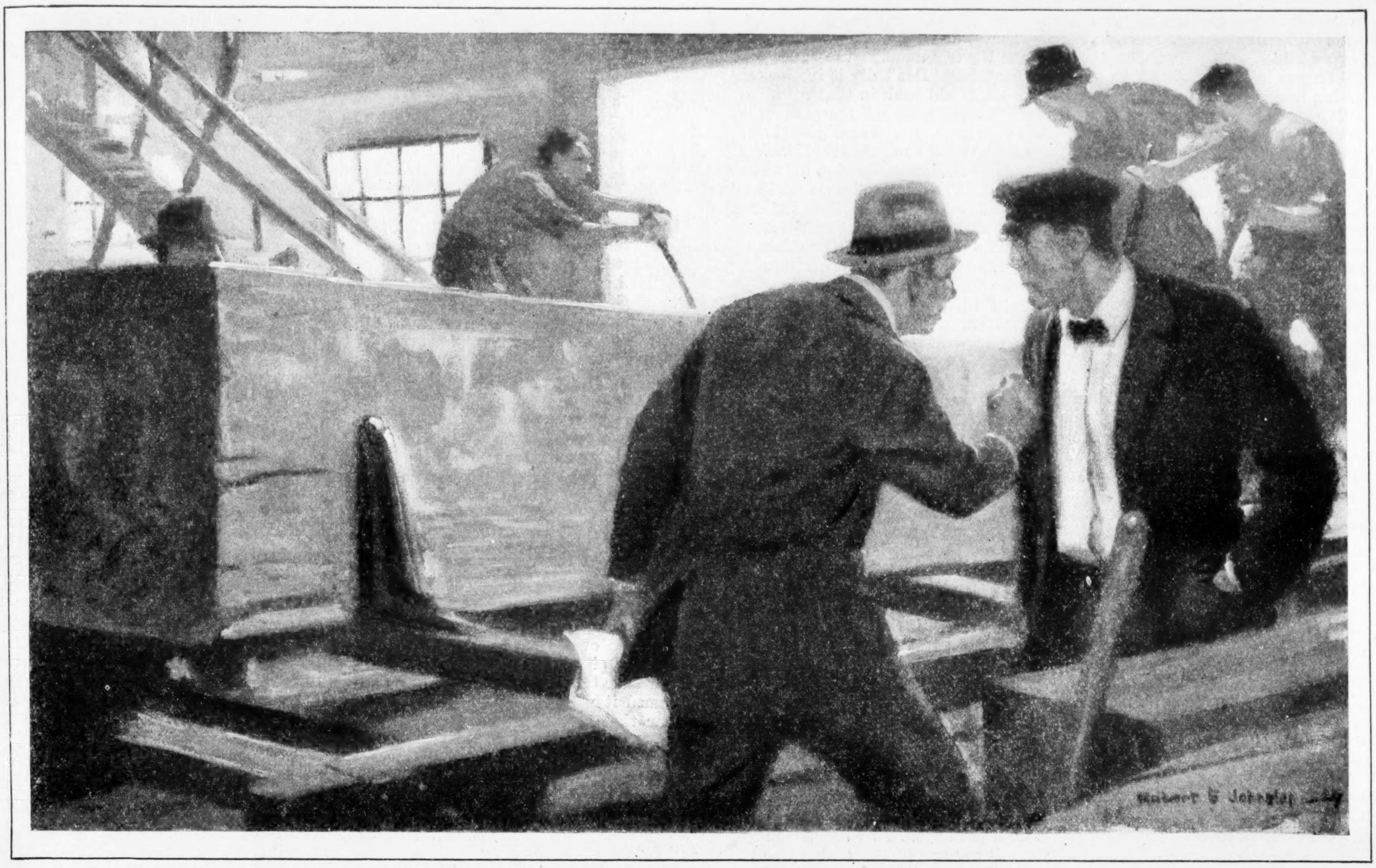
YOU INFAMOUS PRO BRITISH CUR
YOU MAY NOT THINK YOU ARE
NEAR DEATH BUT YOU ARE
WE PROMISE YOU A MOST
. MISERABLE ONE

SAN FRANCISCO
DEC 24
10-AM
1917

Food
will
win the war
don't waste it

JOHN W. PRESTON HBM
N. E COR. SEVENTH AND MISSION
CITY

The post card at the right was received by Heinrich during the Hindu Ghadr case. He discovered the sender's identity from bits of fiber off his coat caught on the card. The bullet enabled him to prove an important point in a murder case. Heinrich is shown above firing a pistol to determine the trajectory of the powder particles



"Own sixty per cent of the stock," the lumber man shouted at the sailor. "Could sell out for half a million"

Resurrection

By Albert R. Wetjen

Illustrated by R. E. Johnston

THE air carried a vague scent of ink and clean paper. There was a clatter of typewriters. In one corner an adding machine made harsh noises. Once a man called from a low desk: "The Esmond files, please," and a tall blonde rose and swayed toward taller steel cabinets. The stranger closed the door behind him and waited at the barrier.

After a while a boy came forward and impudently demanded information. The stranger looked at the hat he held in one hand and smiled queerly. He said: "I want Mr. Derrick."

The boy squinted: "Got an appointment?"

"I guess not." The stranger smiled again. He was silent for a moment while the boy fidgeted. His eyes were startlingly gray in his tanned face. His neck was a dull red hue above his new white soft collar. He said at last: "Say Ballard's here. That's enough. Just Ballard. And ask if he remembers Funafuti."

"Funafuti?" The boy scratched his head. The stranger smiled again and nodded, looking at the boy with eyes that seemed to compel. Two minutes later he was ushered into the president's office and the door had closed behind him. There was a long silence.

The stranger said: "Hello, Billy."

"Hello, Joe."

The man behind the broad desk rose to his feet and smiled. He held out his hand. The other met it with a harder, thicker palm, and they shook. They sat down, and the stranger placed his hat on the desk.

There was another silence. Then: "I've got the Tiafara in Portland."

"Still sailing the old tub?"

"Aye."

The man behind the desk leaned forward and his eyes clouded. He was broad and thick, rather fat-padded, but still with a fine physique. There were lines around his mouth and across his brow. His hair was white at the temples. He wore a neat suit of tweed and a stiff, high, white collar. He was three years younger than the stranger, but he looked ten years older.

He spoke again at last, dreamily: "The Tiafara." The stranger leaned forward and his eyes clouded too.

It had been twelve years since they parted. They were both reckoning back. Twelve years! Lord, it seemed longer! And yet it was only twelve years since they had shaken hands on the beach at Papeete and said good-by. Twelve years. Now William Derrick owned the Capitol City Lumber Company. And Joseph Ballard . . . But he was speaking.

"I'm still trading, poking about, Billy. First time I've hit Portland. Ran up from Hilo with a cargo of copra."

"Twelve years," murmured the other, staring into the distance.

"I'm running alone. Never could get on with a partner after you quit." The stranger added: "Thought I'd drop in."

The lumber man roused himself then. He stood up. He fumbled with a box of cigars and offered them to the other. When they had lighted up he said genially: "I'm doing fine, Joe. Must show you around. Glad you came."

They left the office together and threaded between stenographers and clerks. Some one opened the door that led to the mills. Noise burst on them. They walked together, the one upright and sturdy, moving with the rolling gait of the sea; the other slightly sagging, florid-faced, walking awkwardly as though unused to such exercise.

The sailor observed, apparently not disturbed by the noise: "Fine plant you've got here."

The lumber man answered, shouting because he had forgotten the knack of making his voice carry: "You bet I have. Own 60 per cent of the stock. Could sell out for half a million any day." He swelled with pride, and they passed between tall piles of lumber and between crashing saws and swearing men. The stench of sawdust was in the air, nearly drowning the vague odor of forest pine brought in with the leveled logs.

WHEN they returned to the office a sleek-haired secretary was waiting. There were papers to be signed. The president had already wasted two precious hours. He waved his visitor to a chair and seized a pen. After a while the secretary left. The sailor was watching his old partner closely. In a tree on the sidewalk outside a bird sang. Vague and very faint was the hum from the mills.

The lumber man laid down the pen and sighed. He stared at his visitor and said: "You'll have lunch with me? I'm very busy, but I want you to stay." The other nodded gravely and rolled a cigarette in brown paper.

They left the office, and a blue limousine was waiting by the curb. The engine sang. The hum of the mill faded and the roar of the business streets broke in on them through the glass windows. The car halted beside a hotel, and they walked up broad steps to a restaurant. The lumber man looked at his watch: "I've half an hour, and then there's a conference."

The sailor's eyes twinkled. He placed his hat in the hands of a girl who motioned for it. He followed his friend between white tables and gleaming silver. A waiter came.

"Chicken," said the lumber man. "A glass of milk. Quickly as possible." The sailor ordered soup and coffee. The waiter disappeared. The two men smoked and looked out of the broad window at their side on to the teeming sidewalk.

The sailor said: "I'll be heading south in two days. Taking trade goods. I'm figuring on running through the Bismarcks."

The name stirred the lumber man to outland things. Visions came and went: Broad, white beaches under the moon. Long, lazy, surf-covered reefs. Brown men that waved and swam like sea-horses. Girls with flowers in their hair. The lift and surge of the ground swell under a throbbing hull. Trade winds sweet through the rigging and booming low in the arch of the worn canvas. Smoking and drinking under the awnings with men of the gray waters, good men, lean, able men, men with clear eyes and laughing lips and jaws that could tighten and grow grim on occasion.

Better still, nights of rain and driving spume: his blood quickened and he drummed unconsciously on the tablecloth with his fingers. Nights when the canvas bellied stiff as wood in the gale and fingers bled with the effort to get it in: his fingers took a fold in the tablecloth as though he were on a yard, bending over to reach for the sail, his feet swinging in the foot ropes. He leaned forward, breathless.

The sailor spoke thoughtfully: "There'll be Bobbie Sims at Catherine Bay waiting on the beach, with his boy opening schnapps on his veranda. Bobbie's still trading and going strong. And Minnie's married now and works with her husband on Nauna, raising nuts and sago. It isn't much of a life but there's lots of fun. No hurrying and we all make a living."

"Minnie's married," repeated the lumber man, and a smile hovered on his lips. The waiter came, disturbing thought. The two men ate, the sailor slowly and with appreciation. The lumber man gulped his food, nervous, glancing at his watch every moment or or so.

"You don't have much time," the sailor observed.

"Not much," the other laughed. "When you've got money it keeps you jumping to hold it."

The sailor nodded and drank water without haste. Then he rolled another brown-paper cigarette. They got up and paid the bill, leaving the restaurant. The limousine was waiting. The engine sang, and they moved through stifling streets where the dust clogged the air. They stopped again before a squat house sprawling immensely over an area of parklike grounds, fenced in and quiet after the streets.

"I'll leave you here, Joe," said the lumber man. "Make yourself at home. I'll get back as soon as I can."

THE sailor stood by the gate and watched the car purr away. A man touched his arm. "This way, sir." He followed the man along a gravel drive and up long steps. The house was cool and dim. There were carpets in which the feet sank. There was a smell of flowers. The man left him, and the sailor moved through immense rooms, pausing and smiling now and then, smoking always his brown-paper cigarettes.

Once he came to a tiny room leading from the library. It was locked, but he found a key in his pocket that fit the lock. He breathed deeply when he was inside. The manservant stood behind him coughing apologetically: "Mr. Derrick allows no one in here, sir."

"All right," said the sailor. He closed the door and crossed the library toward a big chair. The manservant withdrew again. The sailor laughed, once, very softly. He seemed to sleep.

The lumber man came in later, when the shadows were slanting over the grounds, purple under the trees, dust colored along the grass. The sailor awoke and opened his eyes. He rolled a cigarette. The lumber man sank to a chair and rang for a drink. They sipped from long glasses against which ice tinkled.

The lumber man said: "Sorry I had to leave you, Joe. Important conference. Bought up fifty square miles of spruce to-day. Did you get everything you wanted?"

The sailor nodded. "I opened that door over there, and your man told me to come away."

The other shot a quick look at the door and laughed awkwardly, his face reddening.

"The order didn't apply to you. But of course Hamlin didn't know that."

"No." The sailor blew smoke through his nostrils. He added, after a pause: "A sea bag in one corner, marlinespikes and fids on a table. Rope matting on the floor—I guess you made it yourself. That old fish-spear Kaufu gave you—"

"Never mind." the lumber man laughed. "Don't dig it in, Joe. I keep a lot of old junk in that room."

"I need a mate," the sailor went on, apparently not hearing. "I need a mate who can handle Kanakas and knows enough navigation to keep off the coral. The Tiafara leaves port at dawn two days from now. Heading south to the Bismarcks."

The other gestured impatiently. He frowned and finished his liquor. He rose and beckoned to the sailor.

"I'd like to come, Joe, but I've other matters in hand. I'll show you round."

They went out into the grounds and walked the cool pathways. Every patch of grass was clipped and rolled, every tree was clean-looking and erect. It seemed even the birds had forsaken this exactly kept place.

"I'm aiming to clean up a million and quit," the lumber man was saying. "Ought to make it in five years more. Costs a lot to keep this place up."

"Million's a lot of money," the sailor murmured. "You're looking old, Billy. Hitting the pace too hard. . . . I don't mean women and that. Money's as bad. You've no wind left, no muscle. You've got a swell car and a home, though, and 60 per cent of the stock. . . . But you couldn't pull me out of the lagoon at Funafuti again."

"No," said the other man flatly. He appeared to be absorbed in an earthworm forcing its way between two stones.

"An' I don't know as I'd want to pull you out of another mess, same as I did in Montague Bay that time old chief Su'u had you. . . . Still, you got a swell car and 60 per cent of the stock."

"That's it," and the lumber man laughed briefly.

"I guess it's worth it."

"I—guess it is," but the tone held no meaning.

The sailor blew a smoke ring into the violet dusk and smiled at the young stars.

"I heard from Clemens you were getting fat and gray."

"Clemens came in to see me once, about three years ago," the other admitted.

"So I thought I'd drop down," the sailor concluded.

"I'm glad you did. Always pleased to see you. . . . You say you couldn't get on with a partner?"

"Most of 'em drank too much or talked too much. I hire a mate now. Did I tell you? I need one for this Bismarck trip."

"I'd like to get away and come with you. Can't be managed, though. I'm running down to 'Frisco Saturday to join Karl Winslow on his yacht. He's taking a cruise along the coast. It's really a business discussion away from everybody. And you sail Saturday morning?"

"At dawn."

"Well, I'm glad you dropped in. You'll stay as long as you can, anyway?"

The sailor did not answer.

THEY went back to the house and had dinner, and sat for a long time over the port. Somehow it seemed the dim dining-room faded and became the saloon of the little Tiafara that the men had once owned together. The carpet rose and pitched like the deck of a ship. When the tall clock in the hall struck it seemed it was the bell from the stand near the helmsman. And the solemn butler, moving silently about, was a dark-skinned Kanaka with a perpetual grin and a red loin-cloth in the place of a cutaway jacket. The phone rang two or three times to disturb. Business calls about the mills, which ran all night.

The sailor said once: "You never married, Billy?"

"I came ashore to get a million. I'll marry then and raise a family perhaps. . . . I was sick of the sea. You knew that."

"You quit, Billy. First time I ever knew you to quit. Because Mary Owens was going to marry that young schooner man out of Singapore. . . ."

"Well?" There was a trace of hostility now in the lumber man's voice. His blue eyes were stony.

"She never did. She didn't want him. She keeps her dad's junk shop off Malay Street."

"She never did?"

"Never. I tried to find you, but no one knew where you'd gone. Then I met Clemens three years back, and he said he'd run across you down here. . . . I take it hard, Billy, you never let me know."

"Business, Joe. Pretty much occupies all the time. . . . How is Mary?"

"She's thirty now, but she don't look it. Two years since I seen her. Still laughing and has them cool, gray eyes. She's a woman, Billy."

The lumber man's jaw set. He said, in a strained voice, "I'd like to go back and see her. . . . Maybe ask her again."

"She wouldn't have you now." The sailor studied his half-burned cigarette. "She's like her father, a hard judge of men. . . . An' I guess you wouldn't measure up."

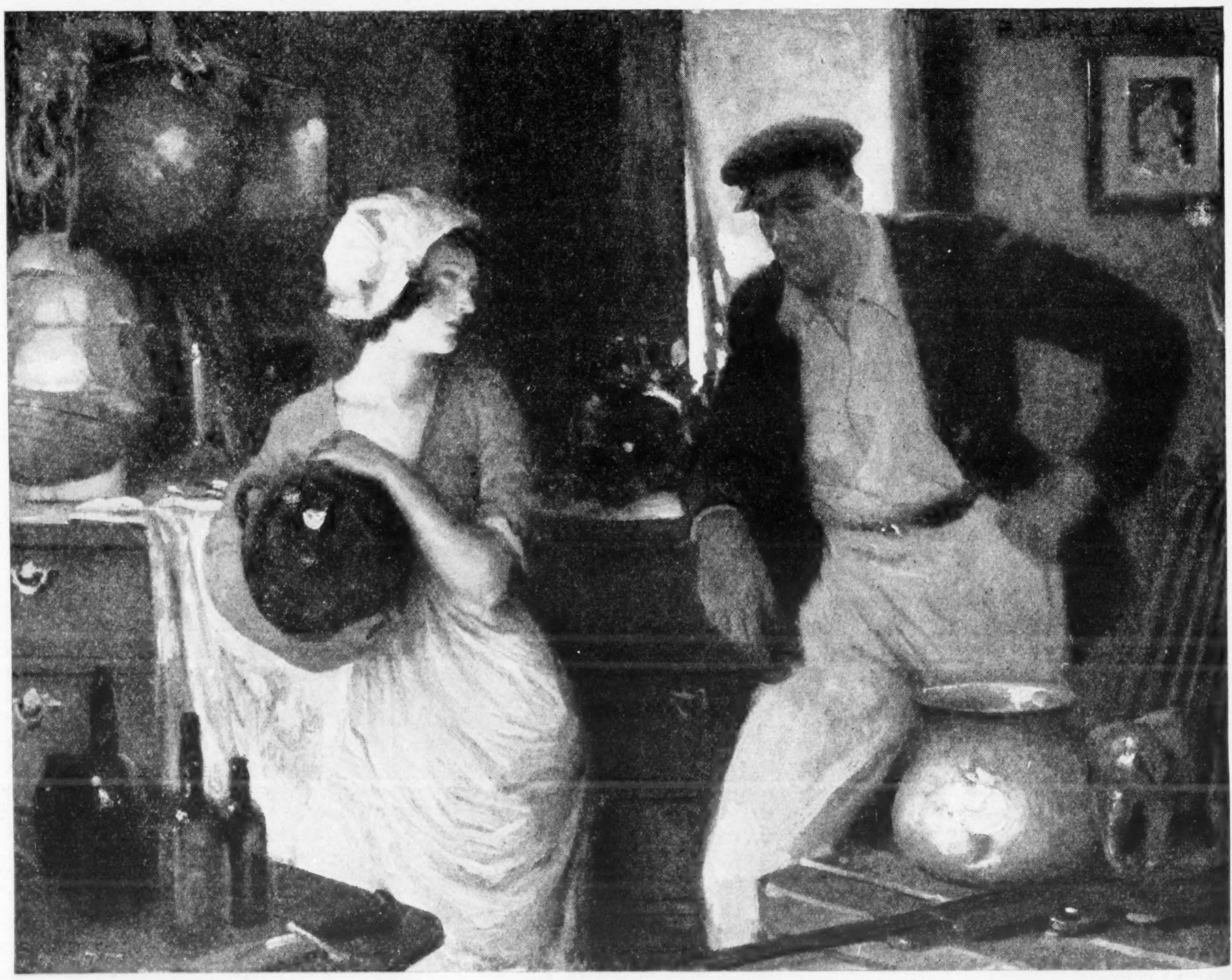
"Measure up. What's wrong with me now?"

"You ain't the old Billy Derrick. You're fat and sloppy, and you got too much money to be healthy. . . . You want a million and you ain't got time to live. . . . No, you ain't the old Billy Derrick who pulled me out of Funafuti lagoon."

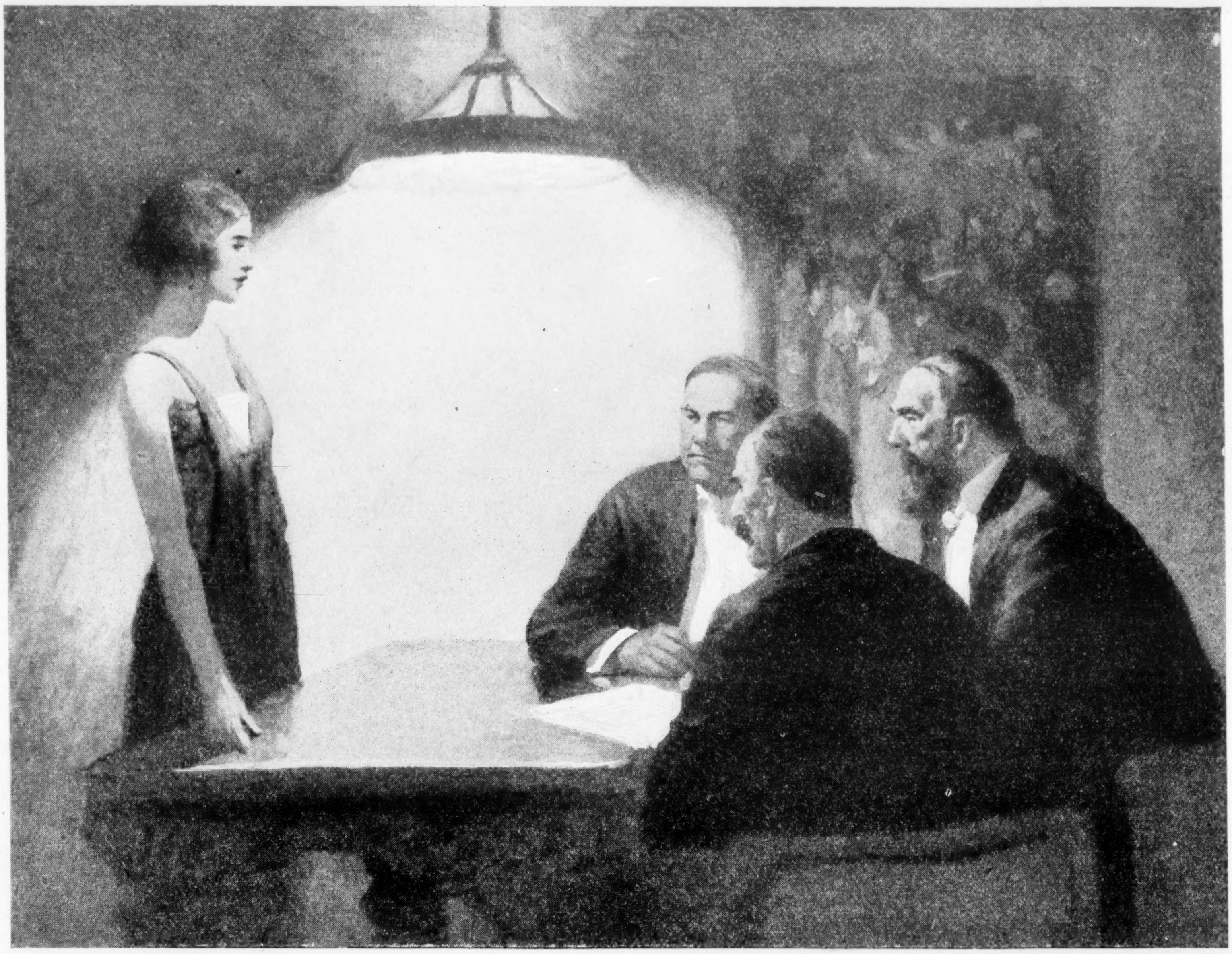
"I can train a bit and get back in shape."

"Maybe. But what I know of Mary she wouldn't want a million. She always liked that other schooner man because he'd come tearing in over the reef with his canvas set and his Kanakas grinning with the fear of God. A reckless young dare-devil; and with his soul already half in hell. But he was man. . . . You couldn't take a chance now."

Anger surged in the lumber man. He half rose to his (*Continued on page 29*)



So Mary Owens kept a junk shop off Malay Street. And the schooner man made love to her



The princess shrugged. "That you should go to jail would be a pity; but what could I do to prevent it?"

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

Chapter II

AS RIXEY'S first bottle of champagne arrived a noble waitress came to Brumbaugh's table and whispered that Count Tekloff would like to speak to the princess in one of the private dining-rooms above. She added a few words in her own language, and the princess got up with a start. "It is about our cause," she explained to Brumbaugh.

"If there's anything I can do to help—" he began eagerly.

"No, it is just a matter of the—what you call—administration. I shall be back soon."

She was hardly out of sight before Brumbaugh got up, trembling with a guilty uneasiness which his conscience told him was beyond all reason, and went over to speak to Holliday.

But the princess, disturbed by the ominous message, hurried upstairs to a small room where the bearded Count Tekloff, who had been the brains, in so far as there were any, of the lately extinguished revolutionary conspiracy, sat in conference with the Hon. Stephen Prime, whom she knew, and a suave, slender, gray-mustached man whom she didn't know but instinctively distrusted. Mr. Cramer was introduced. Tekloff told her of the threatened exposure of the relief fund. To the Hon. Stephen's disquiet, she didn't seem worried at all.

"Pooh!" she said. "That Dubnitzky! It was not a serious man—a mere professor. Who would believe him?"

"Only small-minded people," the Hon. Stephen conceded, "but there are an awful lot of them."

"But since the revolution has failed," she protested, "and there is nothing to use the relief fund for but relief, what matters it if we must give it up?"

"You do not understand, Olga Andreyevna," Tekloff interrupted impatiently. "By the laws of this country what we have done is a crime. We might go to jail."

The princess shrugged—a charming movement which employed every muscle from shoulders to toes. The Hon. Stephen, watching in admiration, found it like the lazy stretching of an aristocratic cat.

"I have nothing to do with the relief fund," she murmured. "That you should go to jail, Count Tekloff, would be a pity; but what could I do to prevent?"

"You could persuade Mr. Brumbaugh to make Mr. Folsom leave it out of his magazine."

"Would it need my persuasion? Mr. Brumbaugh does not know this yet—I am sure of that. He cannot conceal what you call the guilty knowledge. If he knew, his manner would be different to-night. So let us tell him first, before the editor can tell it, and then he loves our cause so much he would not have it printed."

THE Hon. Stephen shook his head. "Mr. Brumbaugh," he said, "is actuated by the sense of duty. I am told that you were not much troubled by the sense of duty in Dragovina, which is one reason why Dragovina was such a pleasant place to live before the revolution. Nevertheless, the sense of duty is epidemic in the United States, and Brumbaugh has got it bad. Also he'll be angry because you never let him know the real business of the relief fund, and because he wasn't clever enough to find it out himself."

Olga nodded; this man knew Brumbaugh.

"So," Prime concluded, "he'll print it unless you talk him out of it."

The princess leaned back and studied the Hon. Stephen with tantalizing, provocative eyes. "Why should I talk him out of it?" she asked serenely. "It would be too bad if Count Tekloff should go to jail, but—"

"It would be worse," Cramer interrupted, "if Mr. Prime should go to jail. If he is ruined, this restaurant, which supports most of the exiled nobility of Dragovina, will be ruined too. Without his protection you can't sell champagne. Without champagne, and the prices that go with it, you can't make money. If this story is printed, the exiled nobility of Dragovina will presently be out on the curbstone looking for a job."

The princess glanced doubtfully at Tekloff; he nodded. But the weak point in Cramer's argument, they all knew, was that perhaps the friend of Brumbaugh, his platonic antidote against an unappreciative wife, might not be out of a job . . . . She sat and pondered, her hands twisting nervously, the light flashing from the emeralds of her rings.

"Beautiful rings," said Cramer softly. "Part of the famous Araxine family jewels, I suppose."

"All that my pig of a husband left me."

"You're lucky he left you that much. For they're very old, and of course very valuable. If you ever came to the extreme of misfortune, you could sell them for enough to live on for years. They're your reserve capital, your margin of safety in a strange land . . . But you didn't pay any duty on them when you brought them in."

With a furious gesture she swept her hands behind her. "How did you know?"

Cramer smiled in silence.

"But I couldn't pay duty. I had no money."

"No, and you haven't any now. And, aside from other considerations, smuggling—refusal to contribute what you owe to the support of the government—is the sort of thing that Brumbaugh most detests. So don't you think it would be better all around for you to keep the relief-fund story from the public, and us to keep the smuggling story from him?"

She was a realist. "Well—what am I to do?"

"We leave that to you," said Cramer, "in entire confidence. We don't care about methods—only results."

"Where is this manuscript?"

"Undoubtedly in the safe at the magazine office. Folsom would lock it up, of course."

"And Mr. Brumbaugh does not know it is there. Very well, gentlemen; I do my best."

"You'd better," said Cramer smoothly.

They rose and bowed as the left them, then settled back with three sighs of relief.

"It is well," remarked Count Tekloff. "Yet she is not what you would call a vamp, our Olga Andreyevna—"

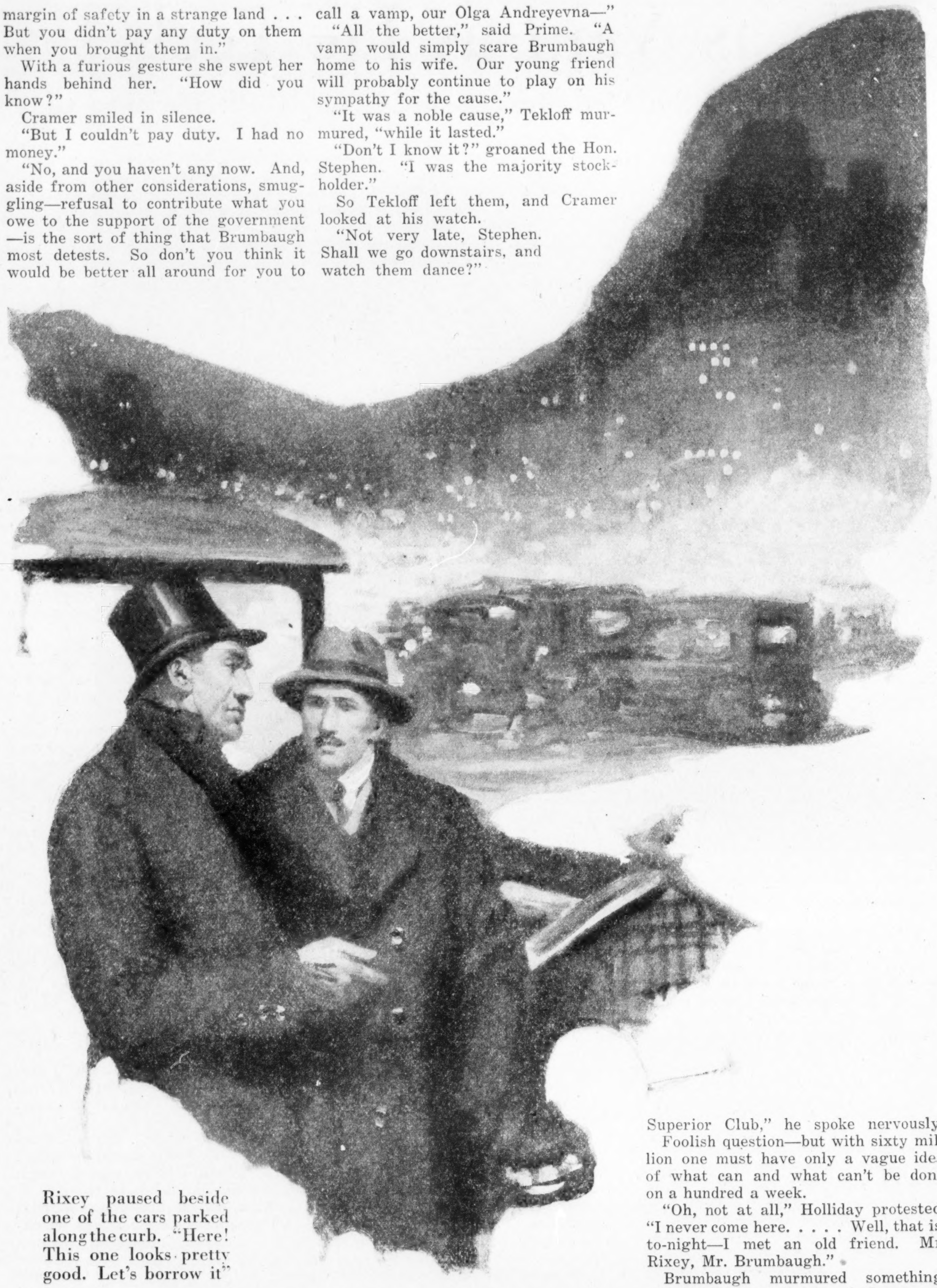
"All the better," said Prime. "A vamp would simply scare Brumbaugh home to his wife. Our young friend will probably continue to play on his sympathy for the cause."

"It was a noble cause," Tekloff murmured, "while it lasted."

"Don't I know it?" groaned the Hon. Stephen. "I was the majority stockholder."

So Tekloff left them, and Cramer looked at his watch.

"Not very late, Stephen. Shall we go downstairs, and watch them dance?"



Rixey paused beside one of the cars parked along the curb. "Here! This one looks pretty good. Let's borrow it"

"Might as well. Only, remember, I'm being prominently mentioned for public office. I can't afford to be seen drinking anything but coffee."

"Then I'll drink coffee with you, for the sake of our noble cause . . . . Well, Stephen, things look better."

"They certainly do. That's a remarkable woman, Charles! What a wife for a politician!"

"Stephen, Stephen! Business as usual till we've got our hands on the incriminating evidence."

BRUMBAUGH descended nervously on the more nervous Holliday: "Well, Holliday, I hardly expected to see you here. Are you one of the regulars?"

"Regulars, Mr. Brumbaugh?"

"Yes—a regular visitor here at the Superior Club," he spoke nervously.

Foolish question—but with sixty million one must have only a vague idea of what can and what can't be done on a hundred a week.

"Oh, not at all," Holliday protested. "I never come here. . . . . Well, that is, to-night—I met an old friend. Mr. Rixey, Mr. Brumbaugh."

Brumbaugh murmured something, and Rixey observed expansively:

"Ace and I were just prowling around, and happened to like the looks of this dump. I take it you're one of their steady clients—the waiters seem to know you—"

"I? Oh, I never come here. Well, that is, to-night—you know, Holliday, this place is under the patronage of the Dragovinian exiles, and I had to see Princess Araxine about the business of the relief fund. You've never met her, have you, Holliday? She was saying just this evening that she would like to make the acquaintance of the man who had written such splendid articles for the cause. A very fine woman—noble and self-sacrificing . . . . Well, I must be getting back; she's been called to the telephone, but she may return at any moment. Remember me to Mrs. Holliday."

"And me to Mrs. Brumbaugh," said Holliday with a malicious courage that only the inspiring presence of Rixey could have begotten.

"Well!" said Rixey. "Now that your friend has got his alibi off his mind, who is he? Not the Brumbaugh—Ashton W.?"

"The same. He puts up the money for our magazine, you know."

"Good gosh! Ashton W. Brumbaugh, here! I thought that bird never went out after dark except to mail a check to some charity. You can't believe what you see in the papers, can you? He's a good picker of blondes, anyway; and I see him ordering a quart of fizz against the return of his noble self-sacrificing woman. Let's do the same."

"Now, Win! A little of that goes a long way, with me."

"Why, Ace, you used to soak it up like quicksand. I'm going to have some, anyway."

LITTLE by little, as they finished their meal, Holliday absorbed something of the confident superiority that Rixey diffused all around him. By the time they got to coffee and cigars he thought better of himself than he or anybody else had thought for years.

It wasn't the champagne. Mr. Holliday, out of practice, had soon given it up, though Rixey poured it in like a reclamation engineer irrigating the great American desert, and with no more visible effect than the sprouting of luxuriant crops of reminiscences. Redheaded, pink-faced, he loomed like one of the painted mountains of his own country; and he talked well, for he had a noble theme—the epic of Rixey.

It was no mean epic, at that—the story of mountains torn asunder, of alterations and improvements in the face of nature, and all with a visible and tangible result, the addition of so many thousand tons to the world's stock of metals. While Rixey had been doing these great and profitable things, Holliday had been sitting at a desk, writing about the things that other people did. A puny and pious life . . . .

And its clutch was still on him.

"It's getting late," he said apprehensively, "and I've got to get down to the office some time this evening to finish that article on the European situation."

"Plenty of time for that," said Rixey easily. "I'll have another chartreuse and you have another cigar. Do you remember that Cornell game—"

The princess came back to Brumbaugh's table with an apologetic smile. "I was so long away," she murmured.

"You were," he nodded eagerly. "But on such an errand—the good cause—"

No, he couldn't be deceiving her. Evidently Folsom hadn't told him yet.

"What could we have done without you," she asked—"you and your splendid magazine? Can you know how much the gratitude of a suffering exiled people means?"

"I'm proud to have been able to serve your people, princess."

She smiled wistfully.

"You should call me Olga Andreyevna, as our own people do. For I feel as if you were one of us—except that you are so great and strong, and we are a poor lost people dependent on your favor."

"Olga Andreyevna," he repeated. "It's a pretty name, but so long. I"—he felt that he was very bold—"I wonder if you'd let me call you just Olga, as if we were old friends."

"But certainly you shall call me Olga!" She laid her hand on his for an instant, and the steady Mr. Brumbaugh's pulse began to do strange things. "But I—I must still call you Mr. Brumbaugh, for I cannot be familiar with one (*Continued on page 31*)

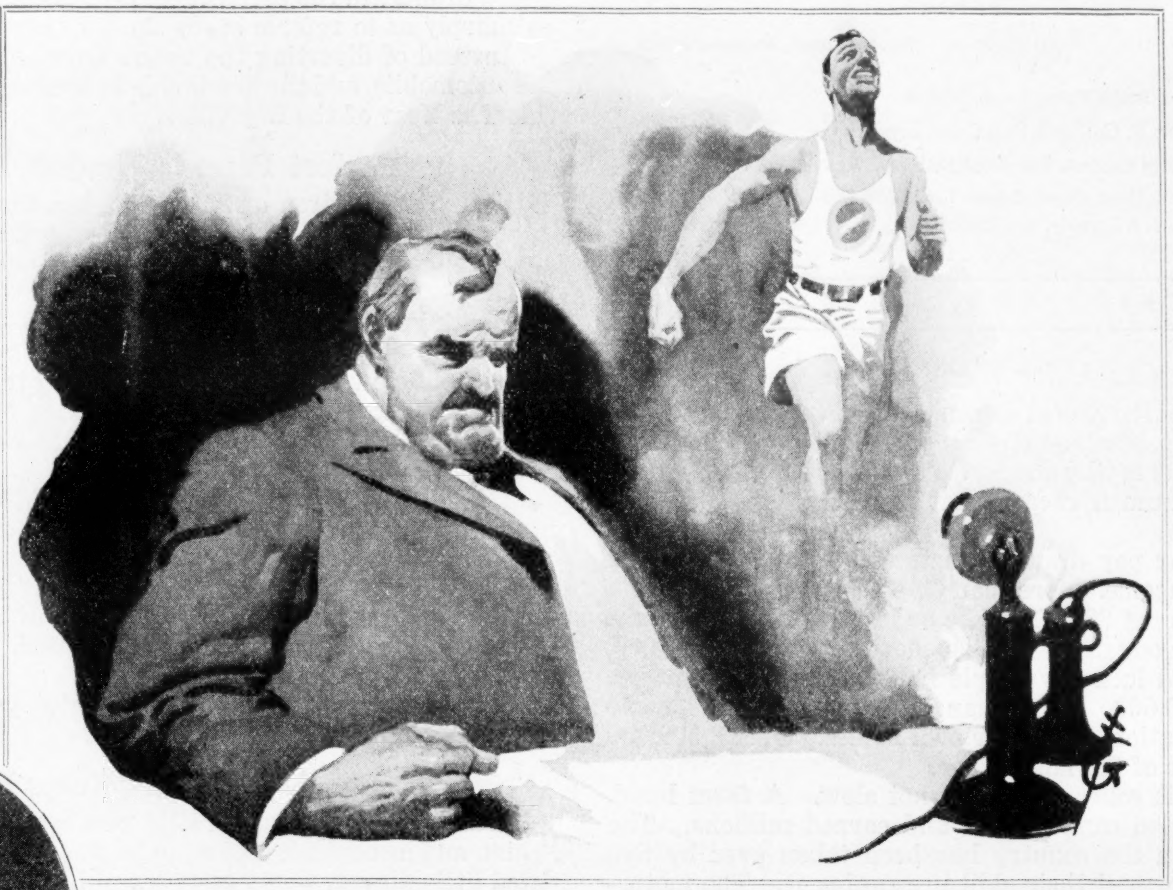
A Man Is as Vain as He Feels

Uncle Henry Says Women May Prink, But Men Must Steal Glances in the Elevator Mirror

"WELL, sir, what do you think of that there forty-year-old Finn winnin' the Marathon from a passel of youngsters?" asked Mr. Stubbs with a joyous chuckle.

"Terrible!" groaned Uncle Henry. "Simply terrible. I'm surprised that the newspapers had so little sense as to print such a thing, for what with toupees, abdominal belts, facial surgery, an' other operations, a middle-aged man has already got enough temptations to make a fool out of himself.

"Only last night I saw Jim Blodgett, who's fifty if he's a day, runnin' around the back yard in a union suit, his stomach hittin' his chin at every step, his wife sobbin' in her apron on the porch an' implorin' the children to keep in the house an' not look at Papa. An' this mornin' Bill Lyons broke his leg in two places walkin' off the sidewalk into a ditch. He'd sucked himself in so hard that he couldn't see over his chest.



"A portly captain of industry leans back an' sees himself finishin' a hundred-yard sprint four miles ahead of the nearest competitor"

"If I had anything to do with insurance companies I'd cancel the policies on all men over thirty-five, for it's only a matter of weeks before they'll be lyin' along every country road, waitin' for the nearest garage to come out with an air pump an' a vulcanizin' outfit. Why, it's been all of fifteen years since arches played any part in my life, yet no sooner had I read about that crazy Finn than I dashed out back of the house myself an' tried a jump over the fence, clearin' all but the four top boards.

"As I've often told you, 'Lonzo, the vanity of the male is a fearsome thing. Women get rid of theirs easily, naturally an' normally, what with rouge, lipsticks, powder puffs, an' permanent waves, but man's only relief is the elevator mirror or the casual show window, an' these looks are usually so hurried an' fleetin' that they are really more of an irritation than a satisfaction.

"As a consequence, male vanity dams up an' surges ceaselessly from head to heels, boomin' against insteps an' cranial bones like some vast inland sea. Sometimes I think we ought to be patrolled like they do dikes, or put under the flood prevention bureau in the War Department.

"Even the merest mention of anything athletic is liable to bring about an inundation, for an implicit confidence in his physical prowess is the largest of the many springs that feed the vanity of the average man. None of us is ever vain about his intelligence, keepin' a copy of the National Geographic on the center table bein' generally regarded as an all-sufficient gesture. It's only with respect to games requirin' strength an' skill that our vanity begins to boil an' bubble, doin' away with what little sense of humor the comic supplements have left us.

Dreams That Go by Opposites

"WOMEN, of course, are entirely responsible for it, for even centuries of civilization haven't been able to make 'em forget the days when the course of true love could be traced by locks of hair, scattered teeth, an' the marks left on the rocks by the lady's hips as she was dragged along. Did you ever see crowds of women followin' a chess champion or the winner of a college debate? There's no record that Darwin was ever mobbed by female admirers, an' I'll bet you that Doc Eliot never got a mash note in his life.

"Every popular novelist knows this an' trades on it. That's why he's a popular novelist. You don't see Jeffrey Farnol or Phil Oppenheim havin' their heroes distinguish themselves by winnin' croquet tournaments or comin' to the rescue of the heroine when she's havin' trouble with her examination papers. No, sirree! They're always ridin' Black Demon, the hellish stallion that killed two grooms only the day before, or rollin' back their cuffs to knock the daylights out of some collie-coated bruiser, for with all their slim grace they've got muscles of steel, not to mention a gay courage that is never happy except in the presence of danger.

"It's this feminine attitude of mind that makes us the absurb creatures we are. Why, 'Lonzo, there isn't a man that lives, no matter how bandy-legged, pigeon-chested, flat-footed, or knock-kneed, that doesn't dream his dream of athletic glory. The conviction that he has the makin's of a Greek god is planted in the average male almost as deep an' firm as his fond belief that he understands women.

"Nothin' dies harder in man than this naïve, pathetic faith in his grace an' strength an' skill. Its death struggles make the lashin's of a dyin' python look like the languid tossin' of wind-blown yarn. Women are different. They're always on the lookout for Father Time, an' when he rolls a hostile eye in their direction they let loose with cold cream jars, wrinkle removers, an' rouge pots until the poor old dub decides to pick on somethin' easy an' turns his attention to man exclusively.

"A man always fools himself. He may measure eighteen feet from hip to hip, an' not have seen his feet for years, but in his own mind's eye he's still lithe an' sinuous, swift as the wind an' strong with the effortless strength of a tiger. When you see a portly captain of industry leanin' back in his chair, brow all corrugated an' jaw like granite, don't make the mistake of thinkin' that he's plannin' some Napoleonic coup that will crush his rivals an' earn him the title of the Clothespin King. He's jes' beatin' Hagen in a golf game, or finishin' a hundred-yard sprint four miles ahead of the nearest competitor, or takin' Tilden by the hand over the net an' sayin', 'You were off your game today, Bill. Better luck next time, my boy.'

"Why, 'Lonzo, I was all worn out after those Olympic games, what with winnin' every event. Sprints, hammer throw, shot put, broad jump, hurdles, discus, pole vault—I went from one to the other, establishin' a new world's record every time, while the stunned entrants from other nations gathered in frenzied groups an' muttered, 'Mon Doo! Can nothin' be done to stop the demon Henri?' The only competitions I didn't win were the decathlon an' pentathlon, an' I couldn't make out whether you ran 'em, jumped 'em, or swam 'em.

"As a usual thing we've got sense enough to stick to secret imaginin's, winnin' most of our athletic triumphs jes' before we fall asleep at night or down at the office when we are supposed to be in conference. Every now an' then, however, somethin' miraculous happens like Zbyszko capturin' the wrestlin' championship at fifty, or this forty-year-old Finn winnin' a Marathon,, and that spills the beans. On the instant, every armchair athlete in the country begins to think he really *can,* an' the next thing you know he's in a hospital tryin' to have his pluribus untangled from his unum. Honest, they ought to arrest freaks like that Finn. But for such as him we could go to our graves happy in our illusions.

The Pop Heard Round the World

"THEY ought to stop these Olympic games anyway, for they constitute entirely too great a strain on international relations. The Japanese exclusion act, the Ruhr, Russia, an' proletarian uprisin's are comparatively simple to settle, but there's no human power that can soothe the wounded feelin's of a nation that goes home from the Olympic competitions with nothin' more than one first in the candy pull. Suzanne Lenglen can't keep on bein' ill the rest of her life, for even the worst tonsils have a way of failin' you in a pinch, an' when she's beat, there's no tellin' what the French will do. Already the Latin races have learned how to razz, an' it's only a question of time when they'll progress to the higher realms of sportsmanship an' acquire facility in the art of throwin' benches an' cushions.

"The responsibility for the next world war is goin' to revolve around the question of who hurled the first pop bottle."

"That Finn is certainly a wonder," muttered Mr. Stubbs, essentially a one-track mind. "An' the papers say he never eats nothin' but black bread an' dried fish."

"No wonder he won the Marathon," said Uncle Henry. "I'd run twenty-five miles myself to get away from a meal like that."

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Published at Springfield, Ohio
Loren Palmer, Editor
Thoreau Cronyn, Managing Editor
Charles T. Brennan, Art Editor
P. F. Collier & Son Company
Executive and Editorial Offices: 416 West 13th St., New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2
Thos. H. Beck, President G. J. Kennedy, Vice President W. P. Larkin, Vice President
A. E. Winger, Treasurer A. B. Casey, Secretary

SEPTEMBER 6, 1924

It's a Cinch for the Workers

THIS country leads the world because the average man here works nearly three hundred days a year and at a job of his own choosing. That is why the United States is something new in the history of the human race. That is what our Labor Day means.

Those who work for pay draw as their wages over half Uncle Sam's entire national income. More than 60 per cent of that total income goes to those who get $2,000 apiece or less per annum. Some 13,000,000 folks have in our savings banks more than $7,500,000,000. Against death and hard luck our people hold 72,000,000 insurance policies for $55,000,000,000. More than 11,000,000 families, some 50,000,000 of the population, own their own homes. Over 3,500,000 farmers own two thirds of the land in use.

The United States is solid. But it is not slow. A farm hand, forty years old, perfected canned milk and earned millions. The oldest paint business in the country has been taken over by five young employees who proved their skill in running it. The motorcoach magnate, forty-five years old, began at eleven as a newspaper copy boy. It's the workers who win in our country.

Such stories are endless, and true. The way up is open. The United States has spread out ownership. Nearly 2,000,000 persons own the railroads; 1,500,000 own the electric light business; some 500,000 own the telephone and telegraph systems. Scores or hundreds of thousands of these owners work for wages.

Stock ownership by employees in the company that employs them is now an ordinary and expanding fact in every line of American business.

And we are also bringing up the rear guard. By every test of misfortune, such as suicide, illiteracy, help from charity, confinement in all kinds of institutions, the huge mass of working people here (and that means virtually every one of us) is better off than in any other nation of importance.

With more skill and more fun, more power, more of sense and good will, that progress goes on. Yes, Labor Day is a great day.

Broadcasting for Votes

AUTOMOBILES, the movies, radio, and other diverting instruments of the existing civilization have been blamed by some diagnosticians of nonvoting for this disturbing tendency in our democracy. What seems to be a sounder view is that taken by H. P. Davis, widely known as the father of broadcasting, and who is vice president of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

"Radio," predicted Mr. Davis recently, "will bring a greater number of people to the polls. The natural result of broadcasting the keynote and nominating speeches from the conventions, the cheers of the delegates and their songs, the casting of the votes and the final selection of the candidates, is to excite the interest of the people in the forthcoming Presidential race. Having had their interest piqued by their intimate association with the details of the nominating conventions, it is but natural to expect the voters to go to the polls in great numbers next November."

Mr. Davis has logic on his side. Radio should be one of the most valuable instruments of those patriots of peace who devote themselves to the task of getting out the vote. If the dry farmer out in Idaho picks up WCAP some night when his crop is under cover and hears the President of the United States make a nonpartisan appeal to him to vote, why, then it is likely that he will vote when the time comes. The thing has been brought home to him. And if he has an automobile that will take him to the polls and back in two hours where a team of mules would require ten hours, it is more than likely. The pressure of farm work and the distance separating farmhouses from country polling places account for the fact that the country vote is harder to get to the polls than the city vote. The automobile, plus the call of the radio, should do more than even the score.

As for the motion picture, a Griffith could prepare a movie that would dramatize the perils that threaten our nation from nonvoting so sharply as to reform every slacker citizen who saw it.

Instead of diverting the voters from their obligation, the radio, the automobile, and the movie should be most effective aids to making this The Year of the Big Vote.

Perfect Parents Needn't Read This

WITH your children once more on the threshold of school, all the way from primary to high-school grades, we again make our annual suggestion, plea, request, demand—call it what you will. And that is:

Check yourself up with regard to what you are really doing—or going to do—to coöperate in your children's schooling.

Do you know just what they are going to study?

Do you know their teachers other than by name, if that?

How many of those teachers have you ever met, and talked with about your children?

How do you know the teachers would consider this a bore or imposition, if you've never tried?

How many teachers have you encouraged to talk with you, in case they find your child difficult?

If you find fault with the school methods in your community, what have you ever done to improve them? What are you going to do?

In short, as regards the education of your children, are you a faultfinder, a drifter, or a coöperator?

Jim Cummins Keeps Busy

JIM CUMMINS of Kansas City was broke. His health had failed him, and he couldn't find a job he was able to do. He had a dilapidated little flivver, worth almost nothing. He decided he'd get busy and fix it up and then sell it. Cleaning out the engine, he used a home-made cleanser on the copper gasket. Lo and behold! the copper became highly tempered—and Jim Cummins, the working man who was about at the point where he'd have to call on the neighbors for help, had discovered the long-lost formula for tempering copper. A few days later he sold his formula for a fortune.

Fairy stuff? You say it couldn't happen again in a million years? Maybe so. But it isn't fairy stuff that Jim kept busy and tried to make the best of what he had. He was playing out his hand and found an ace he hadn't seen before.

Playing a "pore hand"? Well, that's what piles up the horseshoes in your front yard.

American Kings

SOME declare that they came to America to get rid of kings. But America is not without its kings. The American king was defined by Thomas Carlyle, who said, "The king is the man who can."

Such a king was present at a slight accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad. An express train from New York to Philadelphia stopped suddenly. After some delay the passengers alighted and came up to find the engine crew attempting to make a minor repair. The job was baffling to the crew. Just then there stepped forth from the crowd a commanding gray-haired gentleman, who demanded peremptorily:

"Give me a hammer!"

He went to work, and in a short time the trouble was rectified.

"Who's that man?" asked a passenger.

"That is Sam Vauclain," was the reply.

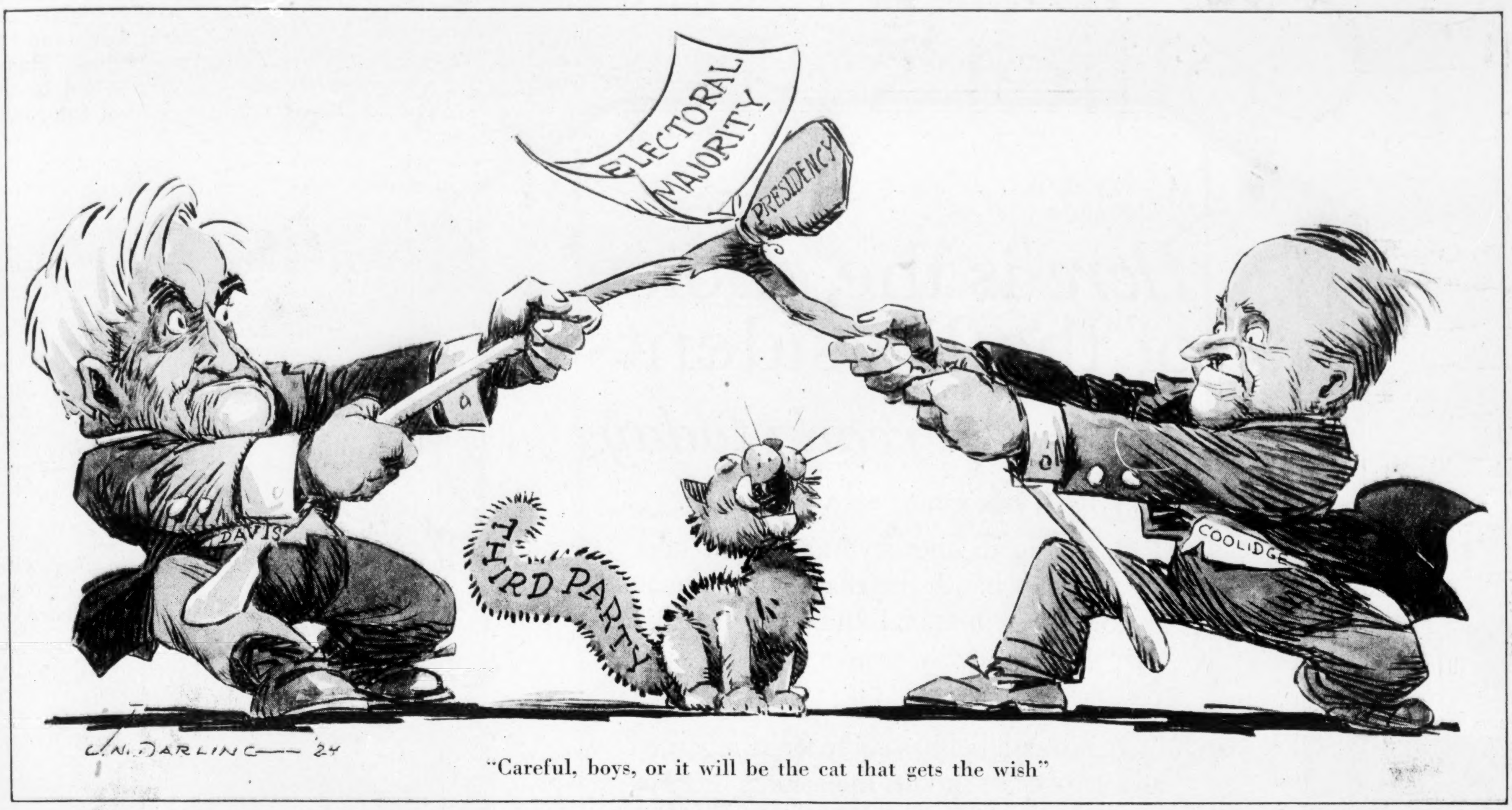
The volunteer repairman was president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, a man who had come up from the bottom to be the head of the greatest locomotive plant. He was a true American king, ruling by the divine right of "the man who can."

The dynasties of the West remain with those who come to power by the gift of talent, rather than by gift of blood.

Citizenship Doesn't Argue

IN NEW JERSEY a man who lived by the side of a great national highway was seen out in the thoroughfare filling up a small hole. "Only took me a minute," he said, "and I probably saved hundreds of dollars for the motorists who went by, as well as something for the state. It just needed to be done, and I wasn't busy."

And that man doesn't own a motor car himself.



"Careful, boys, or it will be the cat that gets the wish"

The Devil is a Fool

By E. W. Howe

IN TEACHING morals one of the common arguments is that sin is pleasant, and righteousness a heavy task. Being a worthy man is likened to carrying a cross.

Such teaching isn't experience or real life. The most wretched people we have are the evildoers.

The man with a reasonable amount of success to his credit gets along easier and more comfortably than his neighbor who is a failure. There is more pleasure in thrift and work than in idleness, waste, and dissipation, and honest and industrious men always have most money.

I am not much interested in the great things we have long worked at with little result, but I wish I might somehow induce people to realize the importance of the simple virtues, which are also comforts, and profitable.

During a long life I have learned to esteem my fellow men, but so many of them neglect little necessities and conveniences while marching to mass meetings which adjourn without accomplishing anything. I scarcely know a man who is not neglecting himself, in one way or another; and he would be a better soldier in every good cause by prinking up a little, in his home and business place as well as in his person.

The saying I hear most frequently is: "The people are funny"—meaning they are guilty of many surprising acts not in accord with their own intelligent self-interest. And the "funniest" thing we all do is to waste time on joy that is not joyous, while neglecting simple duties more promising.

Many people on expensive vacations, out of which they get little pleasure, dread to return home and face the bill collectors. There would be more profit and pleasure in remaining at home, wrestling with the bill collectors, and routing them.

I think we should all get more out of life than we do. Nature has provided more than we get; and there is nothing in the story that the best way is the hard way. I've been up and down the road many times and wriggled out of all sorts of places where I didn't belong, and my final conclusion is that the devil is a fool and imposes many hard and unnecessary tasks on his disciples.

This isn't preaching: it is the confession of a man of many years who has followed the devil around too much because of the rumor that he had pleasures to offer, and found the old rogue hasn't even joy to recommend him. I've hit the sawdust trail in the Church of Experience, and recommend that others join me on the mourners' bench, as I find it very comfortable.

I've been noting a good many years that a danger sign pretty generally means danger, and that the signposts pretty generally point in the right direction. And I find it easiest to pay attention to both.

How few have really convenient and pleasant homes! And a man with a pleasant and convenient home will stay in it a good deal, instead of hunting up more dangerous places.

I was visiting a man the other day, and he took me out to see his kitchen. A quite wonderful place. I have been familiar with kitchens all my life, but this one was so convenient and clean that it attracted more of my enthusiasm than I have shown in some art galleries. And everything else about the house had received equally intelligent attention, including the kitchen garden, in which a dozen vegetables were available as food that day, although millions of other homes were being desecrated with canned goods out of season. I noted also that my friend seemed to be very much admired by his wife and children: another agreeable thing to the credit of a good provider.

I lately saw an impressive tribute to a good bathroom. My friend had one: it included a Turkish bath, said to be agreeable and unusual in this country. His affairs downtown were in as perfect order as at home: he found pleasure in his work, in making his reputation good at the bank and in the community; in worsting those who would harm him with worthless sayings and contrivances. And while about it he had managed to acquire a good education, good manners, and considerable fame.

There is sufficient preaching, but too little of it impresses us. Here was a man who didn't talk much, but he was "a good actor."

I came home feeling as though I had heard a great sermon by a noted and eloquent bishop.

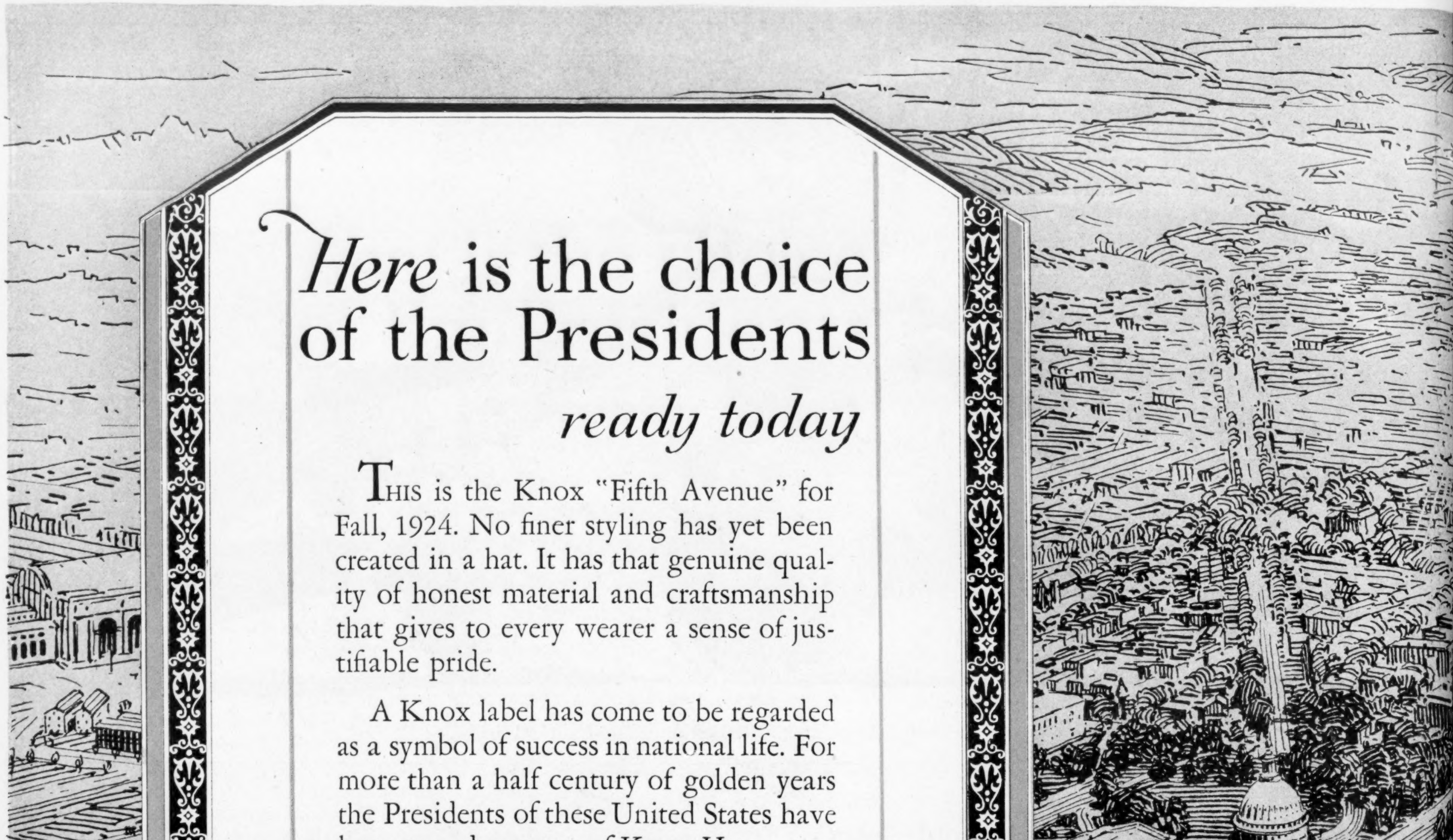
Romance and Invention

WE SEE by the papers that an English nightingale, tempted by a cellist seated in a wood, burst into song for the benefit of the radio enthusiasts of the tight little island.

Imagine the Britisher with his headpieces on sitting in Brompton Road or in his cottage on the rolling downs of Devonshire and hearing the notes which inspired John Keats to write his immortal ode!

The same day's news carried the story of the successful sending of pictures over the telephone wire. In a short time the American Telephone and Telegraph Company expects to be sending them by radio across the Atlantic, so that the old wheeze of taking down the receiver and saying: "Hello, how well you are looking to-day!" may pass from the realm of a feeble joke into that of a diabolically clever fact.

Romance dead! Not while things such as these are in the world.



Here is the choice of the Presidents

ready today

THIS is the Knox "Fifth Avenue" for Fall, 1924. No finer styling has yet been created in a hat. It has that genuine quality of honest material and craftsmanship that gives to every wearer a sense of justifiable pride.

A Knox label has come to be regarded as a symbol of success in national life. For more than a half century of golden years the Presidents of these United States have been proud wearers of Knox Hats.

But not one of the Presidents received better style or more quality than you can buy in any shop where Knox Hats are sold today. Knox Hats hold their shape, and their style will still be correct long after your original investment of seven dollars will have been forgotten. Knox Hats are truly sensible economy!

KNOX HAT COMPANY
New York City: 452 FIFTH AVENUE
161 BROADWAY
(Singer Building)
HOTEL ROOSEVELT
(Madison Avenue at 46th Street)
San Francisco: 51 GRANT AVENUE

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

KNOX HA

Knox "Fifth Avenue" for Fall. In six special colors. Priced at $7

EXTRA QUALITY
REGISTERED
MOVEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX
NEW YORK

ATS FOR MEN & WOMEN

From the East to the West and from the North to the South, wherever you find the Knox coat-of-arms displayed, you are assured of style, quality and courteous attention.

Walter Camp's Sport Page

Are There More Like These?

AT NINETEEN, Helen Wills is the American and Olympic tennis champion and a Krafts Scholarship prize winner at Berkeley. At twenty-two, Bobby Jones was a civil engineer, a bachelor of arts, and open golf champion of the United States. Here, obviously, are two entrants whose education has not suffered through too great an attention to championship sport. It is possible to be a champion and a successful student at the same time.

How Bobby Became "Junior"

When one sees the name Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., marked on a score board one naturally assumes that the name of Bobby's father is R. T. Jones. The assumption is wrong. R. T. Jones is the name of Bobby's grandfather and thereby hangs a tale.

Grandfather Jones is a gentleman of the old school who once entirely disapproved of athletics. When Bobby took up golf the grandfatherly disapproval of athletics was voiced and he refused to watch his grandson indulge in sport.

At fourteen, Bobby played in his first national golf championship. He won his first two matches and— Well, Grandfather Jones fell for the Bobby he had never watched on a golf course and for sport with a terrific crash. He sent his fourteen-year-old grandson a telegram.

"Hit all the putts at the back of the cup," the telegram read, "and give 'em hell, boy."

Since the dispatch of that telegram Robert Tyre Jones, at the request of Grandfather Robert Tyre Jones, has been known to the world as Robert Tyre Jones, JUNIOR!

The Royal Amateur

"Unless we are careful," M. M. C. writes, "the snob is liable to control American sport. As proof of the assertion I refer you to the system of distinguishing between the amateur and the professional in golf on score boards and advance literature concerning tournaments. On the score boards the professional is Tommy Smith. The amateur is MISTER Tommy Smith. Why not a simple, more explanatory, and certainly a less absurdly snobbish amateur or professional after each name? Because a man happens to make a thoroughly decent and honest living as a professional athlete does he lose the right to be known as Mr. Tommy Smith? In the literature referred to the amateur is spelled with a capital A. The word professional is spelled as it should be. Since when has a man's happy accident in being an amateur entitled him to the royal designation of a capital letter. In addressing letters to such fine figures in American sport as Knute Rockne, Fielding H. Yost, Christy Mathewson, Ty Cobb, and others is one courteous enough to write Mr. Knute Rockne and Mr. Christy Mathewson, or isn't one? A little less hypocrisy on the part of the administrators of amateur sport might help considerably in the development of more truly simon pures."

Broun's "Perfect Game"

There is considerable comment on the sport pages these days concerning the time consumed in playing American League games. My own theory is that a long game is much more irksome to the baseball writers who must attend 154 games a year than it is to the fan. The sports writers have always extolled the 1-0 pitching duel that was played in an hour and a half. Yet I think Heywood Broun once expressed a more average fan reaction when he said: "My idea of a perfect game is to have the Yankees leading by seven runs and then to make ten more in their last time at bat."

Why Not Try This?

The suggestion has been made that the Olympic Games be abandoned because they promote international ill feeling. The noncombatant can always generate more spleen than the men whose respect for each other grows on the field of battle.

I should like to see a development of the Olympic Games along the lines suggested for English-American competitions by Terry McGovern of Cornell and Bevil Rudd, the great English runner and sports idealist. The McGovern-Rudd plan is to have both British and American teams split up into halves. One half of the American team would live and train with one half of the British team for a special race against the other two sections.

As roommates and teammates fighting for a common cause an understanding and mutual appreciation would develop that would be possible under no other plan. Through the years a growing band of men in each country would develop a friendly interest and understanding of the other's citizens.

An "Attaboy" from Joie Ray to Paavo Nurmi as a teammate and some encouraging Finnish retort from Nurmi such as "Skblfkghk" might have a more vital influence on the future peace of the world than a dozen diplomatic exchanges.

Here's Glory!

John W. Davis is a serene and untroubled Presidential candidate. His average golf score is "around 100" and yet on the day on which he completed his speech of acceptance he covered nine holes in 44 strokes! All century-plant golfers know that the nation now has no honor to offer him that will inspire a thrill comparable to the one he received on the Tarrantine golf course.

Let's Include Municipal Champs

America's best golfers soon will defend the Walker Cup against an English team handicapped by the absence of such stars as Wethered and Holderness. A fourth straight victory for the United States team is a practical certainty. In the meantime it is pertinent to inquire if the United States Golf Association has made any move to include on this year's team one Joe Coble, a Philadelphia waiter and the 1924 public links champion.

Some time ago I suggested that the public tennis and golf champions should automatically be included on Davis Cup and Walker Cup teams. The suggestion has evoked enthusiastic response among the readers of this page who believe in democracy in sport and encouragement of municipal athletics. Have the selection committees for the tennis and golf teams heard this response, and if they have do they intend to respond in turn?

The Bad News Came Too Late

On his return to the United States Walter Hagen ran into some good-natured spoofing for having allowed Cyril Tolley to win the French Open Championship. Hagen finished the final round of that championship with a 69 as a brilliant bid for victory. Observe now the uses to which this brilliant star puts his knowledge of psychology.

"I might have won the French championship," Hagen said, "if I could have finished early enough to get my score out to Tolley. I raced over the final holes, but when Tolley got my score he was at the 14th and needed only ordinary golf the rest of the way to beat me."

The knowledge of Hagen's dazzling finish might have upset Tolley or it might have made him play all the harder, but Hagen was betting on the first possibility.

Take It Easy

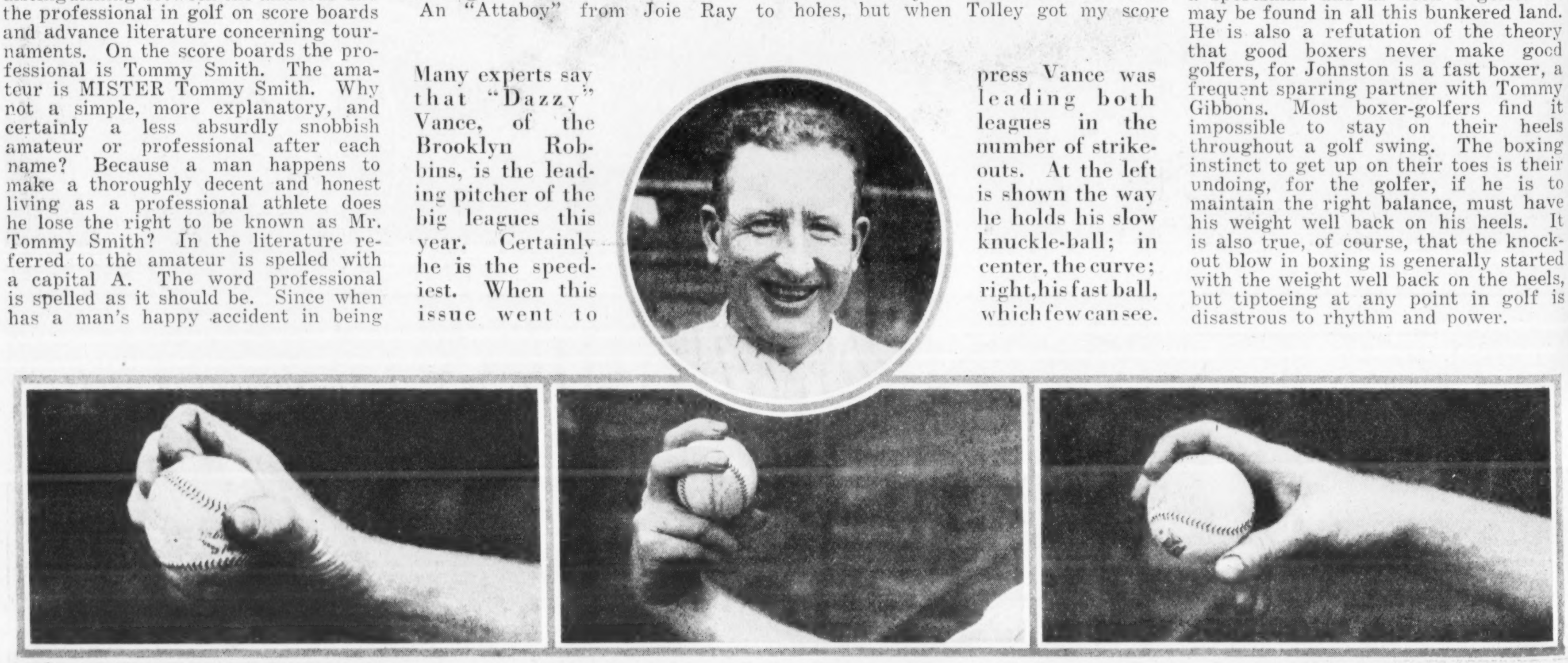
When Glenna Collett leads a qualifying field, as she did recently with an 81 over the difficult Shennecossett links, various despairing men throughout the land who can't better 95 may be seen Ending It All in quicksand traps. Yet the fact that so slender a girl as Miss Collett can score so brilliantly should be the greatest encouragement to the great army of duffers, for it proves that rhythm of the stroke, proper timing, and practice putting are the factors that produce good scoring. The 16th hole at Belleair, Florida, is over 500 yards long. Last winter Miss Collett got an "eagle" 3 there with a drive, a brassie, and a putt. Brute strength obviously had nothing to do with that score. The explanation was proper use of the wrists and true rhythm. Take it easy.

Boy, Page Youth!

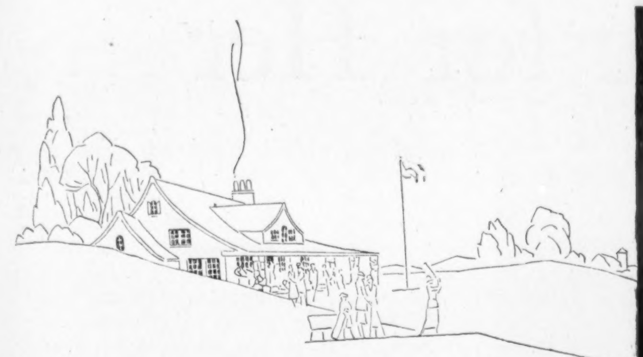
Ty Cobb is listed among the first five hitters in the American League. J. H. Taylor, at fifty-five, would have won the British open golf championship if the qualifying rounds and only the first two rounds of the championship had counted. Brookes, the Australian, beat Francis Hunter at Wimbledon. Stenroos was first in the Olympic Marathon, and Clarence De Mar third. All, with the exception of Taylor, are clustered close around the forty-year mark. What is the explanation? The answer is that the twentieth century is walking as per instructions, and not running, toward the exit light that shows the way out from active competition.

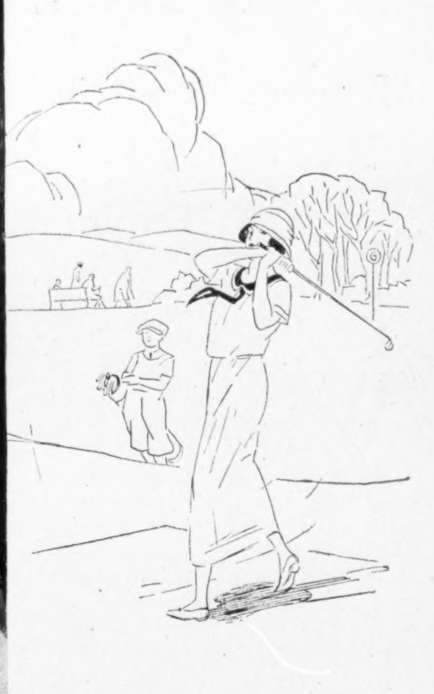
A Rare Bird

Harrison Johnston of St. Paul, recent winner of the Western amateur with some miraculous golf on the closing holes of his final match, is as fine a sportsman and as keen a golfer as may be found in all this bunkered land. He is also a refutation of the theory that good boxers never make good golfers, for Johnston is a fast boxer, a frequent sparring partner with Tommy Gibbons. Most boxer-golfers find it impossible to stay on their heels throughout a golf swing. The boxing instinct to get up on their toes is their undoing, for the golfer, if he is to maintain the right balance, must have his weight well back on his heels. It is also true, of course, that the knockout blow in boxing is generally started with the weight well back on the heels, but tiptoeing at any point in golf is disastrous to rhythm and power.



Many experts say that "Dazzy" Vance, of the Brooklyn Robbins, is the leading pitcher of the big leagues this year. Certainly he is the speediest. When this issue went to press Vance was leading both leagues in the number of strikeouts. At the left is shown the way he holds his slow knuckle-ball; in center, the curve; right, his fast ball, which few can see.





Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade (Main & Market)
Albany—Hewett's Silk Shop, 15 N. Pearl St.
Allentown—907 Hamilton St.
Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302-11th Ave.
Asheville—Pollock's
Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (near Shelburne)
Austin—Carl H. Mueller
Baltimore—325 No. Charles St. (2nd floor)
Bay City—D. Bendall Co.
Berkeley—The Booterie
Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
Boston—109 Newbury St., cor. Clarendon St.
Bridgeport—1025 Main St., (2nd floor)
Brockton—Model Shoe Store
Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (Primrose Bldg.)
Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Camden—R. J. Curran, 110 Broadway
Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
Chicago—162 N. State St. (opp. Chicago Theatre)
1050 Leland (near Broadway)
6410 Cottage Grove Ave. (Woodlawn)
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.
Colorado Springs—Wulff Shoe Co.
Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
Dallas—Volk Bros. Co.
Davenport—M. L. Parker Co.
Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Decatur—Raupp & Son
Denver—224 Foster Bldg.
Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
Detroit—41 E. Adams Ave.
Dubuque—J. F. Stampfer Co.
Duluth—107 W. First St. (near 1st Ave. W.)
Easton—Horace Mayer
Elizabeth—258 No. Broad St.
Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
Erie—Weschler Co., 910 State St
Evanston—North Shoe Bootery
Evansville—310 So. 3rd St. (near Main)
Fairmont—J. M. Hartley & Son
Fall River—D. F. Sullivan
Ft. Wayne—Mathias App's Sons
Ft. Worth—Washer Bros.
Galveston—Clark W. Thompson Co.
Grand Island—S. N. Wolbach Sons
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Greenville, S. C.—Pollock's
Hagerstown—Bikle's Shoe Shop
Harrisburg—26 No. 3rd St. (Second Floor)
Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.
Haverhill—McGregor's, 21 Washington Sq.
Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.
Houston—205 Foster-Bank Commerce Bldg.
Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Mich.—L. H. Field Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.—24 Hogan St. (opp. Seminole Hotel)
Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House
Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.
Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
Lancaster, Pa.—Boyd's, 5 E. King St.
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—Geo. Lord & Son
Lewiston, Me.—Lamey-Wellehan
Lima—The Sill Shoe Co.
Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
Little Rock—417 Main St. (Pugh Bldg.)
Long Beach, Cal.—536 Pine Ave.
Los Angeles—505 New Pantages Bldg.
Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
Lowell—The Bon Marche
Madison—Family Shoe Store
Manchester, N. H.—Wm. Marcotte Co.
Mansfield—Brownell Shoe Co.
McKeesport—Wm. F. Sullivan
Memphis—28 No. Second St.
Meriden, Conn.—Brown Shoe Co.
Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
Minneapolis—25 Eighth St., South
Missoula—Missoula Mercantile Co.
Mobile—E. H. Britton Shoe Co.
Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.
Montreal—Keefer Bldg. (St. Catherine, W.)
Muncie—Miller Shoe Co.
Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
Newark—897 Broad St. (2nd floor)
New Bedford—720 Pleasant St
New Britain—Sloan Bros.
New Brunswick, N. J.—A. V. Harding & Sons
New Castle, Pa.—229 E. Washington St.
New Haven—153 Court St. (2d floor)
New Orleans—109 Baronne St. (Room 200)
Newport, R. I.—Sullivan's, 226 Thames St.
New York—14 W. 40th St. (opp. Public Library)
2950 Third Ave. (152nd St.)
Norfolk—Ames & Brownley
Oakland—516-15th St. (Opp. City Hall)
Oklahoma City—Fezler's Boot Shop
Omaha—1708 Howard St.
Pasadena—378 E. Colorado St.
Passaic—37 Lexington Ave.
Paterson—10 Park Ave. (at Erie Depot)
Pawtucket—Evans & Young
Peoria—105 So. Jefferson St. (Lehmann Bldg.)
Philadelphia—1932 Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
Pittsfield—Wm. Fahey, 234 North St.
Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
Portland, Ore.—353 Alder St.
Providence—The Boston Store
Reading—Sig. S. Schweriner
Richmond, Va.—Seymour Sycle
Roanoke—I. Bachrach Shoe Co.
Rochester, N. Y.—257 Main St. E. (3rd floor)
Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
Rock Island—Boston Shoe Co.
St. Joseph, Mo.—216 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)
St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg., opp. P. O.
St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)
Sacramento—208 Ochsner Bldg., K near 7th
Saginaw—Goeschel-Kuiper Co.
Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
San Diego—The Marston Co.
San Francisco—127 Stockton St.
San Jose—Hoff & Kayser
Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery
Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.
Schenectady—445 State St.
Scranton—Lewis & Reilly
Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
South Bend—Ellsworth Store
Spokane—The Crescent
Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.
Tacoma—255 So. 11th St. (Fidelity Bldg.)
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
Toronto—7 Queen St. East (at Yonge)
Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
Troy—35 Third St. (2d floor)
Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store
Union Hill, N. J.—Star Shoe Store
Utica—28 & 30 Blandina St., cor. Union
Vancouver—Hudson's Bay Co.
Waco—Davis-Smith Booterie
Waltham—Rufus Warren & Sons
Washington, D. C.—1319 F Street (2d floor)
Waterloo—U. T. K. Shoe Co.
Watertown, N. Y.—Berow & Monroe
Wilkes-Barre—M. F. Murray
Wilmington, Del.—Kennard-Pyle Co.
Winnipeg—Hudson's Bay Co.
Woonsocket—Martin Shoe Co.
Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.
Yonkers—22 Main St.
York—The Bon Ton
Youngstown—B. McManus Co.
Zanesville—J. B. Hunter Co.

Agencies in 400 other cities

Staying Young—

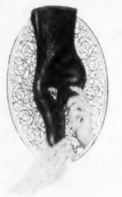
Some Mothers Find it Easy to Retain Youth

HOW wonderful to look like your daughter! (Reversing the usual process.) Freedom from trivial annoyances—freedom from strained nerves—a liking for outdoor exercise—these are the conditions that prolong the beauty and the feeling of youth.

The age of a mother is not fixed upon the age of her children but by the fewness of years that show in her face and the number of smiles that she uses each day to cling to her youth.

And the number of smiles that imitate youth may be many, indeed, if you wear just the right kind of shoes! For a comfortable foot means that important nerves are not pinched; there's no pesky annoyance to draw back those smiles, there is an acceptable invitation from every pleasant sky to go outdoors and walk and be healthy and happy.

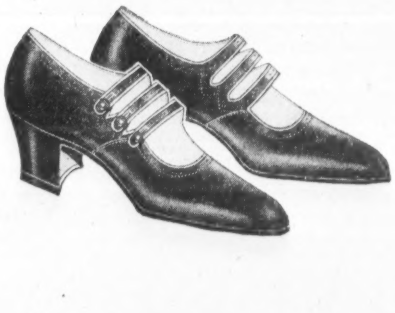
Such has been the successful mission of the Cantilever Shoe: to provide the true flexibility, the easeful contour and the hygienic balance essential for *comfort*—which produces a smiling spirit. To many a man and woman, the comfort and harmony of the Cantilever Shoe has brought a new enjoyment of activity, a surcease of the foot distortion which so many ordinary shoes compel with a reaction that shows unfavorably in a woman's face. (Ask the Beauty Doctors whether stiff and tight shoes bring on the lines of middle age and weariness.)



Others say that the Cantilever Shoe has given them a new disposition—more smiles per day, the fairy-like tendrils that bind you forever to youth and when you appear in public make some people wonder which is *your daughter* and which is *you*.

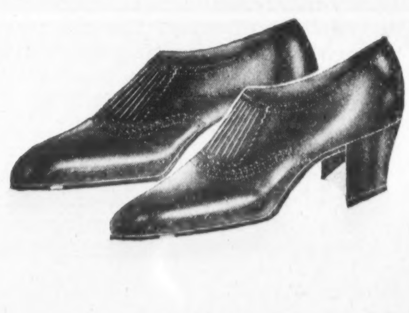
Cantilevers please the eye as well as the foot. Excellent workmanship, luxurious leathers and graceful lasts make these comfortable shoes distinctly good looking. There is a fine variety of modish strap pumps and trim oxfords to select from.

If none of the dealers listed at the left is near you, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 412 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address of a nearer store.



Cantilever Shoe

for Men and Women



They Stop the Traffic for Her

Margaret Bondfield, Minister of Labor, Says Political Life Does Not Lessen Feminine Charm

By Mary Stuart Cutting, Jr.

"WOULD you mind walking to the House of Commons with me? I'm rather pressed for time this morning."

My heart sank at her words, for the walk does not take five minutes. It could offer but a glimpse of Miss Bondfield. However, any chance to talk to this woman, who is unprecedentedly busy, and one of the most forceful personalities in the Labor Government, was an opportunity not to be missed.

We left the Ministry of Labor in Montagu House, to go slowly along Whitehall. My spirits rose at the pace. She seemed a friend at once, and I wanted to hear her speak of herself.

"Miss Bondfield," I began, "how does it feel to be a minister?"

She laughed. "I don't feel any different from the way I felt before."

She continued in explanation: "I have always been interested in the problems that are before me now as part of the Labor Government. The work is similar to that as chairman of the Trades Union General Council, from which I resigned to become a minister of the Government, only now the work is wider in scope. Before I dealt with certain phrases of unemployment, and could be partisan; now I must deal with it from all sides, international, civil, and industrial. My life has been a wide preparation for the work."

Enos B. Comstock

"Women must make sacrifices for political life," says Miss Bondfield. "A woman cannot be the mother of a family and do work properly too"

Her first job came at thirteen, as a supply teacher in a boys' school. At sixteen she was embarked on that work in the shop life of London and the provinces which sent her to the Trade Union Movement. Though this she became a prime factor in the formation of the Labor Government. I had heard her speak at a meeting for the oppressed, and knew her eloquence in appeals to conscience and good will.

I was thinking of all this as we stood on the "island" at the crossing that leads to the Houses of Parliament. Traffic was thick. The policeman saw Miss Bondfield. Instantly his hand went up, and every vehicle stopped.

As we entered the great gateway to New Palace Yard, and cut across the wide pavement, Miss Bondfield said simply: "That's one of the things you don't get used to."

"What?" I asked.

"Having traffic stopped for a minister."

She went on to speak of her only recollection of a state of feeling in connection with her new position, and cited it with interested introspection.

"I think I felt more during my maiden speech in the House of Commons than at any other time. I spoke from the Opposition benches, and directly after two members who left an atmosphere of all of the old way of thought. It was getting up into that atmosphere that made me more nervous than I have ever been before."

"Was it the feeling of being alone?"

"No," she said, "it was that atmosphere, and standing up with nothing in front of me to take hold of. I know no one knew it, and I have never felt it since. I sit now on the Treasury bench, with a box to speak from, and the long table to rest my hand on."

We were opposite the members' entrance, her hand was on the door.

"May I come in?" I asked.

"Yes, come right along. If you don't mind my going in and out, as I will have to do, I can talk to you here."

WE ENTERED her room, in line with those of the other ministers. She took off her coat and hat and sat down at the desk occupying the middle floor space. I took a seat facing her on a leather couch.

"Will you read this?" I asked, handing her a paper. "Your opinion of these points would interest America."

She read them through and then began to speak with brisk force.

"None at all, from my personal experience," she replied to the first, on what difficulties a woman experiences in dealing with men politically.

Her eye went rapidly to the second, which asked what advantages women have. Like a shot came the words, "Merely as a temporary novelty!"

To the third concerning the indication of a larger number of women becoming active in the government of England, she said only that the time was ripe for such an advance and that a very large number of women were capable of doing the work.

She seemed surprised at the next, in relation to women addressing political meetings, their attitude toward heckling, etc., her opening sentence told why. "Women share in all of these experiences equally with men—have for years. Heckling is regarded as a great test of the knowledge of a candidate, and he may lose his seat by his inability to stand it. Heckling does not mean rude interruptions, but intelligent and pointed questions. It has always been done, and women are good hecklers."

When it came to the effect of a political career on a home and family, Miss Bondfield spoke with promptness. "I cannot answer that," she said. "I have no family. Personally, I have no time for anything but my work. Occasionally there is a luncheon or a dinner that I must attend in connection with it, but there is no time for social life. You had better ask that question of the members who have families." But she went on: "It seems to me a matter of conflicting loyalties. Women must make sacrifices for political life. A woman cannot be the mother of a family and do work properly too. Of course where the children are grown that is a different matter."

Her manner changed to a different kind of interest when she came to the question: To what extent will women's points of view dominate political policies in the present Labor Government? She put the paper down.

"There is no women's point of view or men's point of view in the Labor party as such," she said. "There is a very strong human point of view. Inside it, women often disagree on details, so do men. Women do not all vote alike, neither do men. It's a good thing they don't. The answer is a majority vote of both men and women."

She was pleased at the query as to how the Labor Government was working out. "Magnificently! Splendid teamwork!" she said.

She went on immediately to show her nonpartisanship in answer to what she considered the most important phase of women's work in Parliament. "There is no most important work. It's like this, these women represent constituencies. I am a member of a big constituency, Northampton, a large boot-and-shoe trade center. I represent the towns in it as a whole, and every question that comes up in Parliament interests me. Of course," she added, "women exert special influence in the House of Commons on questions relating to women and children."

The next three points dealt with the effects of the franchise on women in politics. They were: (1) What is the attitude of Englishmen in general toward women in Parliament? (2) Do women have to work harder than men to gain recognition? (3) Is political life in England considered to make women less feminine?

At the first she laughed gently. "The Englishman," she said, "is a law-abiding citizen, and when a thing becomes an accomplished fact, a law, he accepts it without question and adheres to it!"

At the second she sobered. "Yes," she said slowly, "at first they have to, of course, but every new electorate will bring a growth of political consciousness, and women will grow."

The third she answered with the fire that is in the hearts of all women. "No, certainly not! Women are humanizing political life!"

MISS BONDFIELD knows America. American women are among her friends—I brought her a message from one of them—so I asked her if she would send a message back. "Yes," she said, "I am anxious that American women should do more in politics, especially in international affairs."

She left the room with that, but returned in a very few minutes.

"It's too bad," she said, "but I shan't be able to talk to you any more to-day. I have to go into the House of Commons now, instead of this afternoon. I'm sorry. I wanted to show you in there, but the door is closed, the Speaker has taken his seat. Stay here as long as you like, though."

I stayed on writing. By and by Miss Bondfield returned.

"You still here?" she asked smiling, and coming over to stand by me in a sweet little gesture of friendliness.

"Yes," I answered, "and I know I'll have to go, but may I hear you speak some time in the House?"

"Yes, of course," she replied, "but it takes time to get a ticket. I could not get you one to-day—not under a week at least."

As I left she was seated at her desk dictating rapidly to her secretary.

There is a short account of her life written by herself. In it she gives a picture of the days when, as a shop assistant and "living in," she aspired to write for a small newspaper. The only time she had was after her roommates were in bed asleep. Then she would rise, light a candle, protecting its flicker with a towel, to sit on the edge of her cot and work far into the night. She makes the story one of amusement, but when you look at her and hear her say, "I have no time for anything but my work," and know of the efficient energy that more than thirty years of effort have brought, and feel the thrill of interest in her position as first woman minister of the Labor Government, you see the same spirit that worked by candlelight.

Spinach

Continued from page 9

Running about the stable yards are numerous chickens of frying age. Mr. Leigh's garden produces corn on the cob of such quality that he cannot understand why it does not become the national vegetable of France. There is a buxom and bepetted Berkshire sow on the premises so fecund that her periodical progeny keep the Leigh smoke-house filled with ham and bacon.

From this focus have emanated those American training methods which, among other results, have swept from the French tracks the spurs and long whips once seen there—a consummation for which Leigh one year received the gold medal of the French Humane Society.

And to such an establishment, where even the excessive grooming of horses was forbidden, the proprietor being aware how easily irritated are those bundles of nerves called thoroughbreds, came the colt Epinard. He had just turned his second birthday.

When Leigh first saw him the animal still retained the raw gangliness of youth. The flat muscles lay on his shoulders and flanks like plates with channels between them. From his deep chest his body pinched in to a stomach lean as a hound's. Every rib stood out. He was not beautiful; but his bony white-fronted head carried a look of intelligence and fine breeding, and Leigh noted with approval a calm dark eye having none of that white outer gleam of fear or viciousness.

When They Learned He Was Great

BUT you can't read a horse's speed in his looks—you have to try him—a thing his trainer did on the stable's own track. It was the usual story: the pick of the stable's colts (and they were good ones) left behind by that first startled rush, and Epinard then galloping easily, satisfied with his lead and never clocking a record mile.

"I'm going to find out just how good this fellow is," quoth Trainer Leigh. From a neighboring stable he borrowed a horse that had completed its first season of racing—a fast animal and a proven winner. The owners and a few friends were invited to see the match; but not one of them, not even M. Pierre Wertheimer, was party to a secret which Leigh kept to himself alone.

Epinard went to the post with Haynes up, but on this occasion the rider did not lend to the horse that familiar buoyant feeling. There was buoyancy but a certain heaviness too, and the colt could not understand it. Nevertheless he went obediently to the line and stood waiting.

And this time the dazzling speed did not conquer as it always had. The antagonist also had speed and that same spirit of invincibility. He hung on, and they raced eye to eye. Epinard ran that day as he had never run before, and at length his superior endurance, built by the lime-fed grass of Medoc, began to tell. The other animal could not endure the pace, began to drop back; and in the end it was the same—Epinard in first by his usual five lengths.

Leigh followed the spent creature into his stable and privately removed from the saddle the twenty pounds of lead he had hung there before the race started. He had heavily weighted an untried colt against a successful campaigner, and the colt had won. That night he told M. Wertheimer that he had a great horse in Epinard.

This was in the spring of 1922—too late to enter him in any of the futurity classics—and just as well, too, for the expert scrutiny at the stable had already discovered that he was a horse who came into condition late. He was therefore written down for the "Prix Yacowlef" at the August meeting in Deauville.

Epinard might have read warnings that something unusual for him was at hand—the incessant gallopings tapering off to lighter work, the care in the grooming and in measuring his quantities of food, the blacksmith putting new featherweight circlets of iron on his hoofs.

On a memorable morning he was led, bandaged and blanketed, up a short ramp into the white padded motor van that was later to become so familiar to him. On the special car attached to the Nord express he was attended by his groom Dick and by a puppy of which he had grown fond, that he might not be lonesome.

He Makes His Début

DEAUVILLE in August—most deliriously gay of Continental summer resorts. Great hotels thronged with the rich, the fashionable, and the famous—kings, diplomats, millionaires, actresses, society leaders, demimondaines—on the beach bathing machines, striped marquees, and rainbow-hued parasols—casinos, theaters, and restaurants blazing with awnings by day and with lights at night.

Contests everywhere—contests of fashion among the women, contests of luck at the gambling tables, contests of skill at the golf and tennis championships—and at the track the contests of horseflesh. French Ascot Week.

Long before the hour of the race Epinard began to draw in the excitement of it—the strange smell of salt air in his sensitive nostrils, the even stranger smell of thousands of massed human beings in near proximity to his stall. Human skill had done all it could to put him in condition for his first test. He was living on sheer nerves now; he felt light as air.

The saddling—the lead walk to the paddock, where hot betting men crowded around the nine two-year-olds, all half mad with the excitement of what was a new experience for every one of them—"maidens"—untried and untested, but each the product of the last refinements of breeding, and each with the unconquerable air of eagles. This Yacowlef Prize is one of the most coveted of French racing stakes—winning it in 1913 started the great Sardanaple off on his victorious career—and the French stables send their choicest colts in for it.

Whispers had gone about that the Wertheimer entry was exceptional; but evidently the layers did not fancy Epinard's looks, for he was held at six to one.

Haynes appeared—a different Haynes than Epinard knew—no longer a little man in whipcord, but a slender youth clad tightly in flaming silks. Now the colt could no longer control his nerves. He jerked his bound-up stump of a tail, his head tossed, nostrils showed raw depths. At last the relief of falling into line behind the trumpeter on his ennuied hack—the parade before the throng walling off one side of the course.

At the barrier Epinard knew why he was there. He forgot the surroundings and stood nerving himself for the sprint. Just as it had been at the training track.

Those with glasses could see it—that queer, half-startled rush of his as the barrier fell—crouching, head out, ears flattened back, and speed so terrific it frightened all the contest out of the other colts—then, slowing up, and an easy gallop home five lengths ahead.

And They Crowned Him King

NO NEED to recount the details of his other French races. In this same fashion he won all of them, except one in which a maladroit starter sent them off while Epinard was faced in the wrong direction. By the end of his first season he was the idol of France. In his third race as a three-year-old the opposition was withdrawn except one horse that ran for place money, and the pari-mutuel canceled all bets.

Then the English conquest—the Steward's Cup—Epinard carrying a weight heavier than any ever borne by a winner in that classic, and never even pressed by the opposition. The Cambridgeshire, in which he was weighted more heavily than ever—beating back

(*Continued on page 27*)

A Prest-O-Lite PRODUCT

WORLDS LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ACETYLENE "THE GAS OF A THOUSAND USES"
◆
BATTERIES FOR AUTOMOBILES, FARM LIGHTING, RAILWAY SIGNALS AND RADIO

Prest-O-Lite BATTERY SERVICE

The Sign of "Friendly Service"

Service Stations Everywhere

For Radio Super-Service "B" Batteries

Prest-O-Lite wet "B" Batteries give years of constant, dependable service. An occasional recharge and they're as good as new. Their initial cost is surprisingly low.

"A" Batteries

Radio users without exception have found Prest-O-Lite "A" Batteries highly dependable and steady in their current out-put.

For Light and Power

Prest-O-Lite Batteries for light and power equipment have a national record of dependable performance.

For Automobiles

Prest-O-Lite Batteries are standard equipment on a large and ever-growing list of America's famous automobiles.

The Way to Know Good Batteries—

is not by their size, their color, or their shape, but by the name they bear.

The name Prest-O-Lite is not simply the name of the battery—nor is it there merely to tell who made it. Rather it is to tell you what the maker has built into the battery.

It is proof of in-built quality which assures lasting satisfaction and unfaltering performance; it is a mark of stamina insured by skill in craftsmanship and care in the selection and use of materials; it stands for an ideal of manufacture that prevents the production of anything short of the best—*and Prest-O-Lites cost no more.*

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
New York: 30 East 42nd Street
Pacific Coast: 599 Eighth Street, San Francisco
In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Prest-O-Lite

The Oldest Service to Motorists

Eleven Leaders Speak

On page 5 of this issue appears an invitation to readers of Collier's to send us their suggestions for a moral code suitable for use in the public schools. Collier's is taking this step with the heartiest approval of representative leaders of various religious beliefs. Here are some of their comments on the plan. From time to time others will follow.

Our Younger People Need It

I FOR one am glad to see this proposition of formal moral training of the children in the schools of America made a public question by a large publication.

While in schools throughout the country some sort of moral training is given, so far as my experience goes it is rather incidental and disconnected. There is a crying need, as police court statistics and the general evidence of a lack of clean-cut moral thinking among our younger people show, for the introduction and teaching of a definite moral standard, without any controversial religious implications, that will be acceptable to the parents of the children, regardless of denomination.

I am inclined to think that such procedure might have the effect of developing stronger principles and moral character in the teaching force of our schools.

I shall be willing to coöperate with Collier's in any way possible.

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND,
General Secretary, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

An Episcopalian's View

Your proposal is one of the highest importance and should have the support of all right-thinking people. Upon the moral training of our children, our life as a nation depends. The only sufficient basis for morality is religion. It is belief in the Living God, sense of responsibility to Him and to His Law, which makes the moral law a reality and a power in our lives.

For this indispensable religious foundation of morality we must depend chiefly upon our homes and our churches, but we should most certainly require our schools to inculcate those moral laws and principles of which religion is the foundation and support.

WILLIAM T. MANNING,
Bishop of New York.

Man Cannot Work Alone

It is an encouraging sign that the people of this country are now awakening to the vital need of moral training in education. Less than a century ago the present practice in American education was inaugurated. The advocates of the discontinuance of the teaching of religion did not foresee the inevitable consequences of the new policy. To-day the confidence of the past has become doubt and fear for the future. There is an insistent call that something be done at once to safeguard the moral sense of the youth of America.

The admission of an evil is half the cure. The general dissatisfaction, expressed frequently and publicly, with the character product of American schools and colleges shows a change of thought in the right direction. How wholesome and how promising is the present demand of honest and earnest men and women for more emphasis on moral training at every stage of the educational process! Let the hope be expressed that discussion, study, and experience will soon open the minds of all men of good will to the only solution of this fundamental problem of life.

The consideration of the question of moral training seems centered at present on the discovery within the individual himself of the secret of virtuous living. Each man is to use his active and latent powers of conscience and build unto himself a law of life. Human minds are to unite in this momentous investigation for the development of a form of conduct which can be applied effectively in the affairs of men.

This ambition is not new in the world. The philosophers of old reflected and pondered with the identical end and purpose. With superior intelligence and with admirable effort they sought an explanation of life, a motive for correct living, and a standard of honorable conduct. Where are their findings today?

What man constructs for his own satisfaction he tears down at his own convenience and pleasure. Human nature cannot be uplifted by its own boot-straps. Human nature rises only in the sublime realization of the fact that life is a gift of God and that faith, love, and obedience to God are the abiding obligations of this earthly pilgrimage. In this truth man finds motive, purpose, and objective which completely satisfy his soul. Nothing less suffices in the ordering of life's duties and responsibilities. There can be no morality without religion.

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL,
Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston.

The Movement Deserves Support

I believe that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Undoubtedly, the great lack in our public schools to-day is adequate instruction in fundamental morality. The fountain of true morality is the Bible. When, therefore, I advocate the teaching of morality, I mean the teaching of the Bible.

I recall the verses of the Scriptures which were written by our teacher across the blackboard of the little brick schoolhouse on the hillside. It is sad that these great statements of God's word have slowly been erased from the blackboards of our public schools.

Any effort which has for its purpose the reëstablishment of moral instruction, based on the Word of God, deserves the support and prayers of all good citizens. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

C. E. MACARTNEY,
Moderator, the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

The Idea is a Good One

I have received your letter of June 13th telling of your policy of calling attention to the need of moral training for the youth of America. I congratulate you on your interest in this matter and commend most heartily the project. It seems to me that you are working on a thoroughly sound basis in seeking for an agreement among all religious groups as to moral essentials on which we can all work.

FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL,
Bishop, Methodist Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Religion is Essential

In reply to your request that I make comment upon the proposed Moral Code Plan of Collier's, I wish to say that, while I regard the movement as very significant because of its purpose to awaken a need of moral training among our children, I cannot see how it will be at all successful if religion be not the basic principle of morality.

God is the source and the sanction of the moral law, in fact, of all just law. It would be well to remember that Washington in his Farewell Address lays down this important principle:

> Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in the Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

In various sections of this country to-day, the school children are sent after school hours once a week, with the encouragement of the school authorities, to their respective churches, so that each child may have the benefit of religious teaching as the basis of moral and civic virtue. I fear that, if some such plan is not followed out, the Moral Code Plan of Collier's would not have the power, nor the appeal, nor the urge to bring about what Collier's so earnestly desires. P. CARDINAL HAYES,
Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York.

A 12-Rule Code

I heartily endorse the proposition of teaching non-sectarian ethics to the pupils of public and private schools. It seems to me that some way can be found of teaching the science of ethics in the schools without stressing the theological sanction. As an indication of what I think is possible, I would suggest that the following code, framed on a placard, be hung in every classroom:

1. Seek the truth and defend it.
2. Execute Justice, tempered with Mercy.
3. Be humble and benevolent.
4. Do thy work, and do not prevent another from working.
5. Protect life and health.
6. Develop body and mind.
7. Be pure in thought and feeling.
8. Honor parents and teachers, and be civil to everyone.
9. Be loyal in friendship and love—to home and country.
10. Cherish liberality and tolerance.
11. Seek peace and pursue it.
12. Try to achieve the brotherhood of man.

I realize that these twelve declarations are subject to amendment and discussion, but I trust that out of this symposium will come forth a code that will be universally acceptable.

JOSEPH SILVERMAN,
Rabbi, Temple Emanu-El, New York.

Let's Stick to Fundamentals

There is no question but that there is a necessity for moral training in the schools. I believe that a very considerable amount of such training is now being given. I am not one of the unsparing critics of our public school system. All things considered, it is doing very well. Nevertheless, there is very clearly need for something still more effective.

A brief and well-worded moral code would be of real value. What success you may have in securing agreement upon such a code time only will tell. I certainly hope that certain factions may not be too insistent upon the inclusion of controversial points. If such a code is to have any value, it must be universally acceptable. It must therefore only deal with those great fundamentals upon which there can be no disagreement.

REV. J. PERCIVAL HUGET, D. D.
President, American Congregational Assembly.

We Should Go Even Further

It is commendable that one of our great papers like Collier's is at least taking serious note of the menacing moral status of the rising generation. The moral maxims which you propose for schoolrooms will certainly be helpful as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. Religion is the only real foundation for morals, and the parents, teachers, and preachers must lead our youth in the tried paths of revealed religion if we are to see the present unhappy and menacing conditions made right. JOHN ROACH STRATON,
Minister, Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.

Approved—With One Reservation

I approve of such a plan if the development of moral instruction in the public schools will not be considered a sufficient substitute for religious education, the need for which is now so widely recognized. F. H. KNUBEL,
President, United Lutheran Church in America.

The Code Must Be in Positive Terms

The plan of Collier's to secure from its readers suggestions from which can be formulated a School Moral Code will meet a real need of American life. I believe that moral integrity and practical idealism are best derived from the example and habit of parents and teachers and through the *indirect* influence of the home, the school, and the playground. There is, however, in addition, need of direct instruction, and the code or creed of the Boy Scouts and similar organizations has demonstrated the value of definite and formulated principles of conduct which can be committed to memory and serve as a standard.

While I heartily approve the plan of Collier's Weekly, that is not to be taken to include an endorsement of the Moral Code which may be the result of this movement. The value of the Code will depend upon its spirit and direction. It is, in my judgment, unwholesome to encourage introspection or a habit of self-criticism in a child. Moral teaching is too often negative in form. It too often consists of "Don't do this" and "Don't do that." Therefore it fails to make appeal to youth. Negative admonitions may produce cautious, calculating prigs, but we want to help in the development of self-reliant personalities, able to form sound moral judgments of their own and competent to think independently and to will nobly. Goodness is not just staying out of things, but getting into things and transforming them.

The Moral Code should be in positive terms. It must not ignore or forget the existing resources but seek to enrich all the natural opportunities and relationships of school life by giving them moral significance.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT,
President, American Unitarian Association.

Spinach

Continued from page 25

one after another twenty-one of the most celebrated horses in England only to be nosed out by the twenty-second, the invincible mare Verdict favored with a handicap of eighteen pounds over a frightening distance. Finally another glorious defeat—the rash match with Sir Galahad III at Longchamps in the spring of 1924 —Epinard giving away eleven pounds to a horse as game and almost as swift as he was, forced by the luck of the draw into the outside position, running neck and neck in that place, covering who knows how many extra yards at the curves, and finishing so closely that he never knew he was beaten.

To Dick He's Sacred

WHEN I saw Epinard, soon after his great struggle, he was having one of his frisky days. He likes visitors, and so he thrust against the mesh of his stall a mouse-colored blob of velvet nose, sparsely bewhiskered, for a stroking.

Like most young thoroughbreds, he is playful; and, like all horses, he does not know his own strength. He is a rough boy—one of the roughest in the Leigh stables.

He has one human familiar, however, whom he is permitted to bite, and even to kick, as much as he likes. This is old Dick, his groom. If Epinard were the divine Pegasus himself and Dick groom of the ambrosial stables, he could not regard the horse with more reverence. Dick has lived his life for horses, and he has cared for Epinard since he first came north from the château, and he is convinced that this animal stands at the top of creation.

And Epinard takes shameful advantage of such devotion. Long ago he learned that Dick exacts no physical reprisals for injuries received from teeth or hoofs, and so Epinard bites Dick whenever the spirit of play moves him and even gives him occasionally the horse equivalent for the short-arm jab. Dick accepts these necessary pains humbly, taking pride in his bruises as badges of his service as groom to the greatest horse in the world.

"This Epinard," confided Eugene Leigh, "is about as smart a horse as I ever knew. Let me tell you one thing he does. We feed our horses carrots here in the winter, and I've never known any horse except Epinard that wouldn't eat up all the carrots first and then turn to whatever else there is for him.

"Now Epinard, he takes first a carrot and then a bite of oats; and he keeps mixing them up all the way through. But for the last bite he always saves out one of his carrots, like a kid holding out the biggest strawberry. I call that right smart for a horse.

"His intelligence too is indicated in his smooth temper. Epinard likes people around him, and he behaves well in the paddock—never kicks, I mean. I've seen more than one man crippled who didn't realize that race horses in a paddock are excited and apt to lash out with their heels.

"From the standpoint of my business, one of Epinard's best qualities is his constitution. He has a big appetite—he eats so much it is hard to overtrain him. No change of water or food has ever upset him. Wherever he has gone, I have never known him to miss a meal. He likes to travel, too; but when he comes back we think he seems pleased to be home once more."

Epinard takes naps—always in the afternoon when he is not racing, and often in the morning. It is no mere dozing on his feet for him either, but he lies down in the straw and closes his eyes—a valuable habit for a high-strung race horse.

On these occasions his puppy used to be in the way. So Epinard would bend down and lift him out of danger, holding him gently with his teeth by the loose skin of the neck.

When Epinard was in England during his second racing season, the puppy died of distemper. Epinard returned with the Steward's Cup, and the men at the stables thought that he showed signs of missing the dead dog.

And now he has Peter, an Airedale terrier, who has succeeded in reaching adult-dog stature. Peter has his kennel just outside Epinard's stable door, and he travels with him everywhere. The horse shows his affection for Peter by licking him copiously, a familiarity which Peter does not resent, although it makes him look as if he had fallen into the water bucket.

There is something elemental about this breeding and racing of horses, a something near the roots of thought and instinct that may explain the fascination it exerts over thousands of human beings to-day.

The horse himself as we know him is the product of the earth's longest continued breeding effort. He existed even back in Eocene times—about as big as a rabbit then—and all the strange tribes of flying lizards, armored reptiles, and saber-toothed tigers arose subsequently, flourished, and died out.

They died out because, huge and formidable as they were, they were not specialized for survival. The horse lived on because, weak as he was, he possessed a specialty that saved him. His specialty was speed.

His increase in size through the ages, his present contours, his muscular and nerve systems are but improvements wrought by the tedious, cruel, but logical process of Nature in her development, through breeding, of an animal speed machine.

Along came man and found this specialty of nature—observed it, no doubt, first from the mouths of caves and admired its fleetness. And now, having acquired wealth, leisure, and the taste for amusement, he proceeds to make a plaything of it, refining and perfecting it with his breeding experiments, giving it the advantage of intelligent selection in its evolution.

And in the stable near Paris this sorrel animal—a paint-face with a white hind foot, knotty, ribby, not beautiful as thoroughbreds go, one you would never pick out of a pastureful of racers as anything superior—stands as the supreme achievement of Continental breeding in the development of this pre-glacial specialty.

"I have never seen a horse with such speed," says Eugene Leigh; and he owned La Belle Farm in Kentucky and has observed the best in American and European horseflesh over the past forty years.

How did Epinard happen?

"He is just one of those things that make horse-breeding such an uncertain but worth-while occupation," answers Leigh. "He has fast ancestry on both sides, but so have hundreds of horses not in his class. When he was born something went click and united in one animal in just the right proportions, just the right qualities of power, courage, brain coördination, and the rest. They were all there in the blood he drew from, and he got them."

Now for the Great Test!

EPINARD has come to America to find out by trial if he be not the world's highest development of the hippic specialty. He has been matched against the best that America has produced.

He made the trip from France with M. Pierre Wertheimer and his friends, with Eugene Leigh the trainer, with old Dick of the bitten arms and bruised thighs, and with Peter the Airedale. He crossed the ocean in luxury and he now stands on soil that gave his mother half her blood.

Soon will come the great test. And if Epinard wins or if he loses but tries his best, he will receive a reward. They will lead him back to the stable where knowing hands will draw the tautness out of his muscles and soothe his tired nerves.

And when he is cool and calm once more, they will bring to him a favorite delicacy—an armful of green toothsome—

You have guessed it—*Spinach.*

THE
BUCKMINSTER

Why *only* Nettleton Shoes have Nettleton *quality*

MEN oftentimes wonder how Nettleton Shoes can be made to wear so very much longer than others; why they hold their shape and their smart appearance so well; why they have that outstanding quality that other shoes strive so hard to simulate.

Would you like to know? Would you like to learn why *only* Nettleton Shoes can give the comfort and the style that you demand? Just write today for a pamphlet, "Men Like to Say They Wear Them."

A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY
H. W. COOK, PRESIDENT
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Nettleton

Gentlemen's Fine Shoes. Exclusively. Since 1879

Baseball Betty

Continued from page 7

"And that's the face that launched a thousand hits," said the "Tribune" man poetically.

"It's as good as a breeze off the Harlem River with the sun shining on Coogan's Bluff," said the "Globe" man.

"It's a sign," declared Hamilton Cain, superstitious like all ball players or ex-ball players, "we'll win sure."

THE first skirmish started with the Mastodon pitching staff wobbling according to form. But the Mastodon batting order got busy in the first inning and piled up a lead of three runs. In the third they made it four more.

When the Scarletinas are winning in a crucial series the Hard Losers go wild. But when their team is losing there is an ominous and brooding silence.

The Master Mind had to use four of the pitchers, but the Mastodons held that lead. It wound up seven to four. The crowd filtered out in funereal silence. There was repressed homicide in that still, muggy air. A silent mob is a fearsome thing.

There was nothing for the Master Mind to do on Saturday but to put in "Rosey" O'Doul, the collegian, and take his chance. It turned into an utter rout for the Mastodons. The Scarletinas got to "Rosey" early. They pounded him all over the field and into the roped off spaces where the overflow of Hard Losers squatted.

The noise in the stands was not unlike what might be made by a menagerie of 30,000 assorted carnivorous animals being simultaneously fed raw meat. While the Hard Losers take their sorrows with the silence of the tomb, they go to the other extreme when receiving their joys. Only one familiar with the human race indigenous to those parts can appreciate this scene.

They roared down into the pest box, "Thought you could buy a pennant, didn't you? Yah. Well, Wall Street can't butt into baseball."

All this time the portable typewriters were clicking. On Saturdays they must have "early copy." The Hard Losers lingered. There was no screen behind the pest box. They leaned on the shoulders of the correspondents, reading aloud and commenting caustically.

"Send that to the New York 'Tribune,' you four-eyed blankety-blank!" one of them shouted. At the same moment a cushion bounded from the head of the "Tribune" man. It was followed by a scattered volley of these missiles. One of the fans playfully poured some pop from a bottle over the typewriter being used by Mr. William J. Tanner.

There was nothing for the correspondents to do but to pretend that they were absolutely alone and to keep on writing. When the available supply of cushions was exhausted the crowd dwindled slowly.

"Wait till to-morrow," they shouted as a parting warning. "Our boys will knock you flat. We'll send you bums back to New York in freight cars.

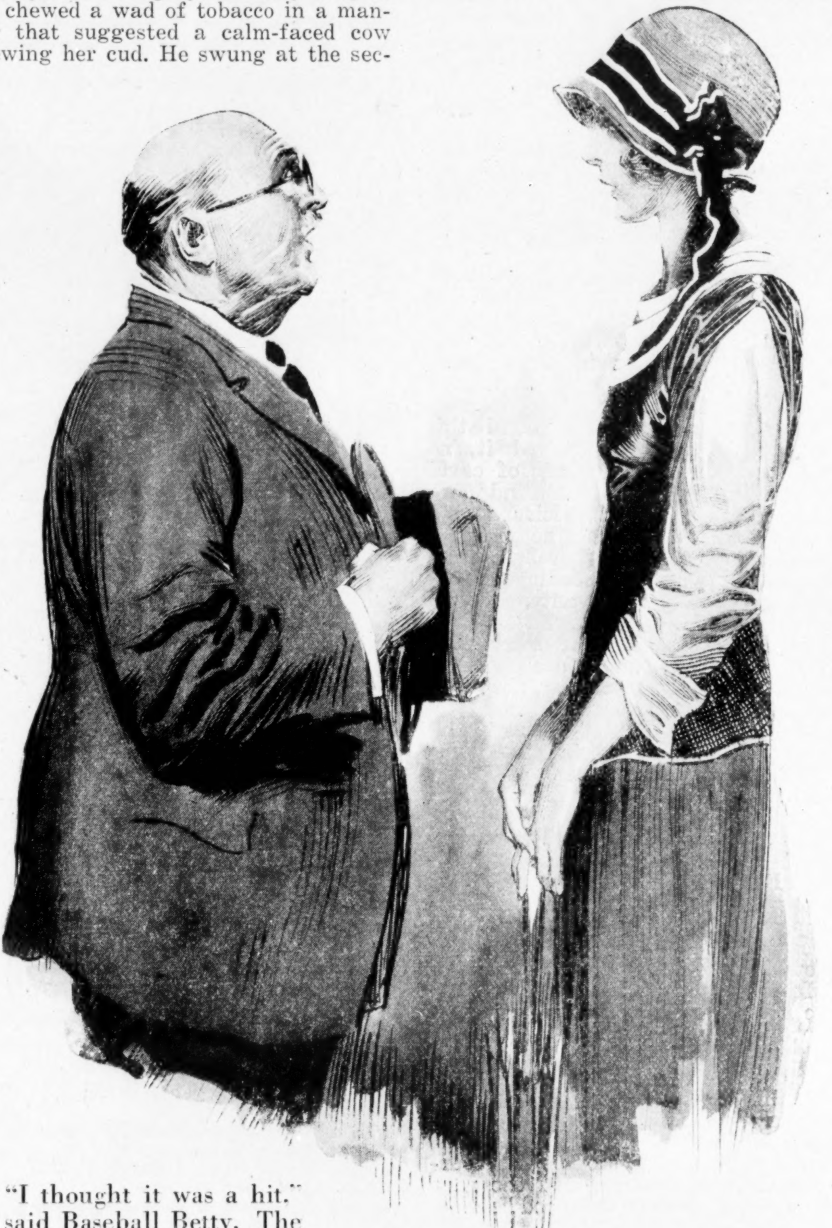
THE Master Mind was haggard that night. He went to his room early and had the Ace up with him for half an hour. It all depended on the weary soup bone of Arthur Nast. He would face Reb Harris and it would be a pitchers' duel.

The local papers had stirred those fans to the border of hysteria for that final game. They felt that their city would slide off into the river if they lost. Their homes and their hearths and their civic honor—all were at stake. Suspense and suffering had seamed even the faces of the women and children. Figuratively the city was in the state of a lady who did not know whether to scream, wail or faint or to do all three simultaneously.

The scream came first and it was a scream of triumph. Nast started badly. He walked the first one who got to second on the conventional sacrifice. Schmitz drove one through short and the Scarletinas had a run. With Reb Harris in the box it looked as large as six. The Master Mind came out of the dugout during the tumult. He put one arm around Nast's neck as he whispered to him. No need to plead with Nast. A share of the world's series meant that new sedan. No share meant that Mrs. Nast would have much to say of an irritating nature all winter.

The Ace steadied down and the pitchers' duel materialized. Up to the eighth the Mastodons twice had a man as far as third, but that steaming day was made to order for Reb Harris. There were two out in the eighth when Ryder, the Mastodon catcher, came to bat. Of all of the Mastodons, he was the most hated, for once he had been a member of the Scarletinas. He had been sold to New York. This could be nothing else but treason.

"Yah, Jumper. Yah, Double Crosser," they were screaming. Ryder was the most placid ball player in any league. He chewed a wad of tobacco in a manner that suggested a calm-faced cow chewing her cud. He swung at the second one and drove it into the left-field bleachers for a home run. He trotted slowly and ponderously around the bases, and as he crossed the plate he lifted his cap derisively.



"I thought it was a hit," said Baseball Betty. The official scorer sputtered

Tied in the eighth, it looked as though the game would last into the twilight. They did no shouting in the stands. They were hoarse and they were in an agony of suspense. The team began to show the tension. The Mastodons came up in the ninth with the head of the batting order.

Henessey rapped one down to second. It took a queer bound and went for a scratch hit as Mr. Hamilton Cain, plying his trade, dictated to the telegraph operator. Smith bunted toward third, and the Scarletina third baseman, in his eagerness to gather it up, fumbled. Smith was safe on first. Reb Harris became irritable and wild. Dugan got a base on balls. The bases were filled.

"Look," said the "Tribune" man—"look at Baseball Betty!"

She was perched there above the pest box, smiling eagerly, a wingless, well-tailored Victory.

"We win," said Hamilton Cain. "I see it in her face."

The Scarletinas' catcher went down to talk to Harris, who had begun to stir the dirt on the pitcher's mound irritably with his spike. In the deathlike silence the calling of Jimmy Burkett—Catfish, the hated umpire—behind the plate could be heard all over the field.

"Ball one."

"Strike one."

"Ball two."

"Ball three."

Harris was showing signs of wildness. He was heaving them wide, but up in the stands they began to scream "Robber!" Burkett did not even look around.

"Strike two."

IT WAS as though the stands were packed with dead people as Harris held that fateful ball a minute.

As he threw it there were some stifled moans. Allen at the plate stood motionless as the ball whizzed by. It was wide by an inch.

"Ball four," said Burkett without an instant's hesitation. Allen trotted toward first. Henessey trotted toward the plate with the run forced in.

Then the wrath of a baffled community broke loose. Some of the fans leaped out of the boxes. The crowd in the outfield tried to surge forward. One pop bottle hurtled into the field close to the umpire. He did not even deign to look around. His mask was off and he held it as a defensive weapon. Scarletinas flocked around him. The Mastodons in their dugout were waiting with bats in their hands for the mêlée to become general.

Squads of police mobilized around the plate. The only calm and unruffled figure was that of Catfish Burkett. The bottles descended in a shower. "Robber—thief!" The fans shouted. "He's been bought by Wall Street! Kill him!"

The Scarletinas went back to their positions growling. The police lined up against the wall. Burkett stood there with his back to the bottle throwers.

"Umpire or no umpire," said old Hamilton Cain, "he's a game guy. Give me a bat. Oh, somebody give me a bat."

One of the bottles struck Burkett a glancing blow on the head. He staggered, but pulled himself together and took out his watch. He did not look around. The police in the stands became active. The bottle shower subsided. Burkett rubbed his head and blood showed on his hands.

The field was cleared and the game went on. Harris had settled back into his pitching, and the next three Mastodons were out in order. The Scarletinas came to bat for the last time. Two pop flies for the first men up. The third struck out.

THE silence in the stands was oppressive. The clicking of the portable typewriters sounded like the rattle of musketry. Then the screams again. "Get that umpire! He robbed the team. He stole the pennant."

The contents of the stands sped into the field and surged like a tidal wave toward the dressing-rooms.

"There'll be murder sure," said Hamilton Cain. "Come on."

The police were guarding the room. Some of the Mastodons who had hurried through their showers had mobilized—and all of them were carrying bats.

"A game guy," said Henessey. "We'll stand by him."

Jimmy Burkett came out of the dressing-room. He was pale but composed despite the fact that a little blood was trickling down his cheek. "What are all the bats for?" he demanded. "Are you guys going to make some more squawks about my decisions? If you used those bats for what they're made for, we wouldn't have any troubles."

"We thought you might need some help," stammered Henessey.

"Not a bit," snapped Burkett.

He walked toward the players' gate a little dizzy, but with his head high, while that mob growled savagely. Once out on the sidewalk they started to close in on him.

"Kill him, the thief!" they screamed. His path was blocked. In another second he would be struck down and trampled under foot. A brick hurtled by, but the aim was wild, and it struck one of Burkett's persecutors on the chest.

Burkett took one step forward. As he did, a slim, well-tailored figure glided to his side. A girl put her hand lightly on his arm. It was Baseball Betty, as unruffled as when she saw the Mastodons through the crisis.

Burkett looked at her in utter bewilderment. The turmoil had not excited him. The snarling of the wolf pack did not seem to have quickened his pulse a beat. But now he looked puzzled.

"Why, you're late," said Baseball Betty. "We'll have to take a taxi."

From the astonishment of Burkett it was plain that she never had even talked to the Catfish before.

"I—I," he stammered.

"Hurry, dear," she said sweetly. "We'll be late for dinner."

The crowd made way. The dazed umpire found himself in a cab. Hamilton Cain slammed the door on them.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Mr. Cain. "If that wasn't magnificent inside baseball, I haven't been anywhere, and I haven't seen anything."

But from that moment Betty was no longer a member of the Mastodons. She became eventually Mrs. Catfish Burkett, the wife of an umpire, and, as such, the consort of a natural enemy of ball players. It was her social ruin; but if she ever realized this, none of the Mastodons or their camp followers ever heard about it.

As the nursery song says, "The lady bug flew away home."

Resurrection

Continued from page 14

feet, and a forgotten oath trembled on his lips. The butler came in, silent, smooth.

"Miss Marvin to see you, sir."

The men stood up, composed, behind a mask again. A woman came in. She was in white, mostly. She was tall and collected. Her eyes were coldly blue. Her skin was delicate and bleached-looking. She wore diamonds. She was thin and her voice was thin also, but somewhat sweet.

"Why, William," she cooed, putting out her hand. "Have you forgotten the dance? Not even dressed yet. I don't think I have met your—er—friend." Her glance was contempt itself. It was not in the order of things that a tanned, roughly dressed stranger should sit alone with William Derrick in his home.

"Mr. Ballard," the lumber man said. He hesitated, then added with a tinge of shame: "One of my old seafaring companions."

"Oh, a friend of your vagrant days. I see, William." She did not offer to shake hands. The sailor bent his head slightly. He looked steadily at the other man, who could not meet his eyes. There was a pause.

The sailor said: "Don't stop for me, Billy."

The woman stiffened at the use of such a familiar name. The lumber man flushed red, and his eyes lifted. For the split fraction of a second he was the old Derrick, the man who had pulled his friend from Funafuti lagoon with the gray nurse sharks circling round.

He started: "Won't you excuse me this evening, Margaret? I'll ask Jennings to take you, and I'll join you later. I have an important deal to discuss with —with Mr. Ballard."

"Oh, very well." She swept indignantly away, and the lumber man followed, apologetic, explaining. He returned after a while, still flushed.

He said: "I'm sorry, Joe. She's the daughter of old man Marvin, the lumber king round here. I'm going to marry her some day."

The sailor nodded. He crushed out his cigarette in a brass ash tray and rolled another. Then he said: "I understand, Billy. . . . But she's thin-lipped and narrow, and she ain't none too loving. You had better taste once."

The other saw the picture of Mary Owens dancing against the wall, a woman of flame and laughter, unashamed in her emotions of the man she liked. But he fought the vision down and said: "Well, she's old Marvin's daughter, and it'd mean a lot to me to marry her."

IN THE morning the sailor was up before his friend and walking about the grounds. He was called in to breakfast and found the lumber man sitting down in his bathrobe and reading the morning paper. Each nodded.

They walked down to the office, for the sake of exercise, the lumber man explained. Halfway they were accosted by a burly, unshaven man with liquor on his breath and sullen rage in his eyes.

He started hoarsely: "Look 'ere, Derrick, your foreman fired me this morning. See? An' I ain't standing for it. I worked faithful for you these five years an' it ain't right t' fire a man fer nothing at all—"

"That's my foreman's business. If you wish to go over his head, see the manager." Derrick's voice was curt, and he started to walk on. The drunken worker caught him by the shoulder and swung him round, shaking him.

"See here," he shouted thickly, "I ain't taking any lip from you. What I want is satisfaction. Your foreman—" The lumber man beckoned a policeman, and the officer took the workman in charge. The sailor and his friend walked on.

"I think," observed the sailor, his eyes narrowing, "I'll be leaving you this afternoon."

"So soon?" protected the other. "But you don't sail for two days."

The sailor's voice was harsh. "But it makes me sick to watch you, Billy. I'm sorry I came. I thought maybe you'd still want Mary and would like to know she was disengaged like. . . . An' you call a cop! I've seen you lick the tar out of four men on the poop of the Tiafara for saying less to you than that man did. But you ain't a man any more. The Billy I knew is dead—deader'n hell."

The sailor turned and started to walk away. For a long minute the lumber man stood irresolute, anger shaking him and shame reddening his face. Then he ran after the other and forced him back.

"Don't let's part bad friends, Joe," he pleaded. "I know I don't act the same. But this is different. This isn't at sea. I'd be arrested and fined for fighting. Besides, it would shock the Marvins."

"Oh, aye," muttered the sailor. He added, "When I saw that little room off your library, I thought—"

"I remember things sometimes and go in there," the lumber man explained. Then, awkwardly: "But don't let anyone know."

They reached the office. The sailor went off down-town with a promise he'd be at the hotel for lunch.

THE lumber man sat at his desk and read through his morning's mail, the sleek-haired secretary at his elbow.

But after the fifth letter William Derrick nodded to his secretary to go. And as soon as that young man was outside he reached down and unlocked a bottom drawer in the desk.

Then on the blotter before him he laid two photographs: one of two men, lean, tanned, laughing, dressed in white pants and cotton singlets, with a broad straw hat flopping on each one's head. They stood shoulder to shoulder, arms flung over broad backs, against a big ship's wheel. In the distance white surf creamed over whiter sand. A blur behind one man's head showed where a gull was diving. The two men looked astonishingly like William Derrick and Joseph Ballard, though the picture was fifteen years old.

The other photograph was of a slender girl, a laughing red-lipped girl in the flowing sarong of a Malay woman. Her breast swelled gently under the silk, her hips were wide, but not too wide, her eyes were cool and quiet and yet merry. She stood against a broad-verandaed house painted dazzling white, and behind her on the veranda men in sailor's clothes lounged and smoked and laughed. Now she kept a junk store off Malay Street, or so Joe Ballard had said.

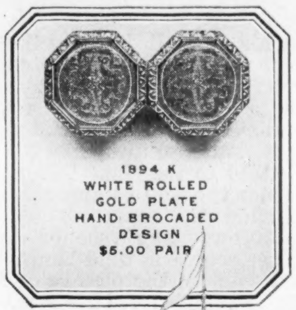
The lumber man closed his eyes and saw her again. And he saw other things, flickering and passing before him: ships and lagoons and cool, green islands under the tropic sun; wide-rimmed shores where the seals bellowed and tossed and fought and loved; bare rocks where the gulls wheeled by the hundred thousand and the million! Men standing before long bars, chesty men, deep-voiced, brown, level-eyed, reckoning the worth of each other by the muscled forearm and the brave face in the eye of death —men who spent when they had it and starved when they did not, and with never a whimper either way!

THAT was the life of the open road, of the shining paths, of the sea trails and the great game. He had come lately to lose sight of the game, thinking that men were of more import and money more than men. Yet the game was greater than the player. He knew it now; it had come back to him—soft and old, his stomach gone back on him, his days of eternal struggle to hold what he had wrested from other men.

Mary Owens kept a junk shop off Malay Street, did she? And had every damned schooner man in port making love to her, eh? Well, that ought to be stopped. . . .

The sailor was not at the hotel for lunch. Instead a note was handed to William Derrick as he sat at the table.

(Continued on page 30)


1994 K
WHITE ROLLED
GOLD PLATE
HAND BROCADED
DESIGN
$5.00 PAIR

What any man would think

"These Krementz links are handsome. They show a worth much greater than the price indicates. They are honest—and fine.

I could give these for a birthday or for any other gift and be proud of them always. If I bought a pair for myself, they would serve me all my life.

I could not choose a better gift as Krementz links are guaranteed to wear a lifetime."

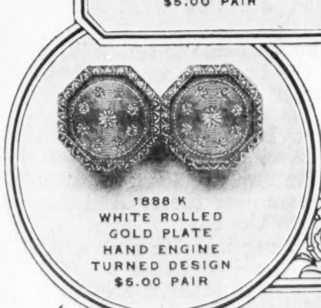
And any man who thought this would be right!

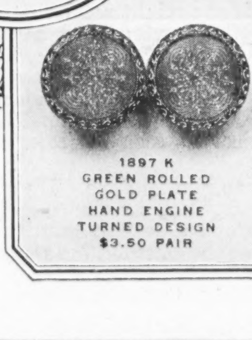
See them at your dealer's. Write us at Newark, N. J., for illustrated booklet.

Krementz

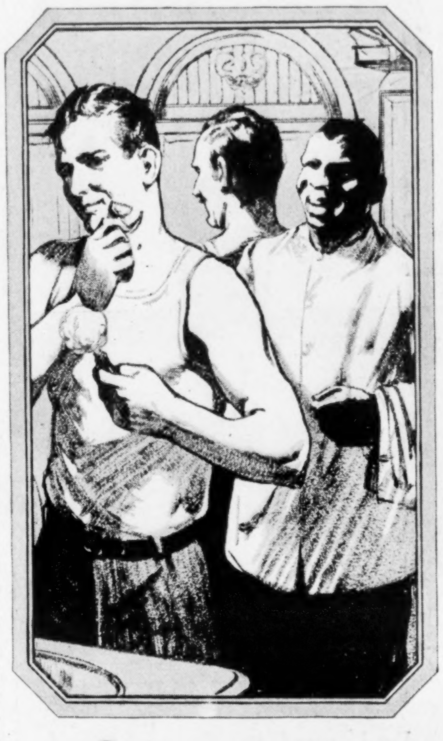
COLLAR BUTTON

1885 K
WHITE ROLLED
GOLD PLATE
HAND ENGINE
TURNED DESIGN
$5.00 PAIR


1888 K
WHITE ROLLED
GOLD PLATE
HAND ENGINE
TURNED DESIGN
$6.00 PAIR


1897 K
GREEN ROLLED
GOLD PLATE
HAND ENGINE
TURNED DESIGN
$3.50 PAIR

Williams
Shaving Cream



It's a boon to travelers

The cap cannot come off—it's *hinged on*, not rolling around loose with the cream getting chummy with your shirts and collars.

And when you try the shaving cream itself you will find that it has more and greater advantages than the Hinge-Cap.

The closer texture of the Williams lather holds the moisture in against the beard so that quicker softening results. This lather actually lubricates the skin while shaving so that irritating razor friction is absolutely eliminated. And finally, Williams contains a soothing ingredient which leaves your face smooth and flexible.

Try Williams tomorrow morning. Large size, 35 cents. Double size, 50 cents, containing almost twice as much cream.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.
The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick St. Montreal

WE'VE scored again! *Aqua Velva* is the new product—a *scientific* preparation for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 39-A

Patrick
DULUTH
SHIRTS
AND
SWEATERS

Milton Sills in Richard Walton Tully's "Flowing Gold"

HANDSOME SHIRTS

Real comfort, fit and good looks are happily combined in Patrick Shirts.

Made of rich Flannels and genuine Broadcloths,—different weights in checks, plaids and solid colors. Cut coat style, have "set in" sleeves and sateen-faced collars.

Look and fit like custom built. A shirt your friends will envy.

QUALITY AND STYLE

Quality is knit right into all Patrick Sweaters in Patrick mills, from choice yarns, noted for their life and springiness.

It's outstanding in their style and make and fit—their ample size, "set in" sleeves, hand-looped seams and hand-worked button holes. Insist on our green and black label as your assurance of quality.

At high class dealers everywhere. Send for interesting Shirt and Sweater booklets. (Address Desk 6).

F.A.PATRICK & CO. DULUTH
Makers of both Cloth and Garment

"PURE NORTHERN WOOL
from sheep that thrive in the snow"

Resurrection

Continued from page 29

It read: "I've gone back to the Tiafara. Sailing at dawn Saturday, or as soon as I can find a mate. I'll tell Mary you are getting married, and I know that she will wish you all happiness, as I do myself. Joe."

The neat waiter was astonished to hear the lumber man swear. He was still more astonished when William Derrick said: "There's no clock in this dining-room, is there?" He looked around and murmured: "Why, no, sir." The lumber man snapped: "Good!" Then he drew from his pocket an expensive gold watch and dropped it hard on the floor, picking it up and repeating the action until the thing was a wreck. The waiter wondered whether he ought to send for the police.

William Derrick ate slowly and deliberately. Halfway through the meal a boy informed him that two gentlemen were waiting to see him in the lobby. He growled at that and went on eating. The boy came back and repeated the message. The lumber man said: "I'll be there later on."

Then his agitated secretary arrived and sank into the opposite chair. "Your presence is absolutely necessary for the meeting with the Burns brothers. Will you be right along, sir."

WILLIAM DERRICK stirred his coffee deliberately and looked at him. For some reason the secretary dropped his eyes and felt uncomfortable.

The lumber man commenced: "I'm sick of being pulled and hauled around. I'll see people when I get good and ready. Now get out and don't show your face to me again to-day." The secretary got out with alarming speed, very certain that his employer had abruptly gone mad.

The lumber man returned slowly to the office. He could see, before he reached the door, the anxious faces of his secretary and general manager peering through the glass at him. He chuckled. Then his chuckle died as a man banged into him. He recognized the drunken intruder of the morning.

"Say," the man started belligerently, "you can't get rid of me thataway. Calling the cops, see? I aim t' get satisfaction fer gettin' fired. Your blasted foreman ain't got no right—"

"Get out of my way," said William Derrick calmly. The other leered and shook a huge fist under the older man's nose. Then something happened. The secretary and general manager, peering through the glass of the door, were never quite certain just what. But suddenly the drunken man was running up the street with a bruised and bleeding face, and the president of the Capitol City Lumber Company was brushing his hands together as though he had just dipped them in something sticky. He was even chuckling, though his breath was quick and hard and he could feel his heart pounding madly against his ribs.

But the temporary exhilaration died when he went into his office and found Karl Winslow and old man Marvin waiting for him, their faces as black as thunderclouds.

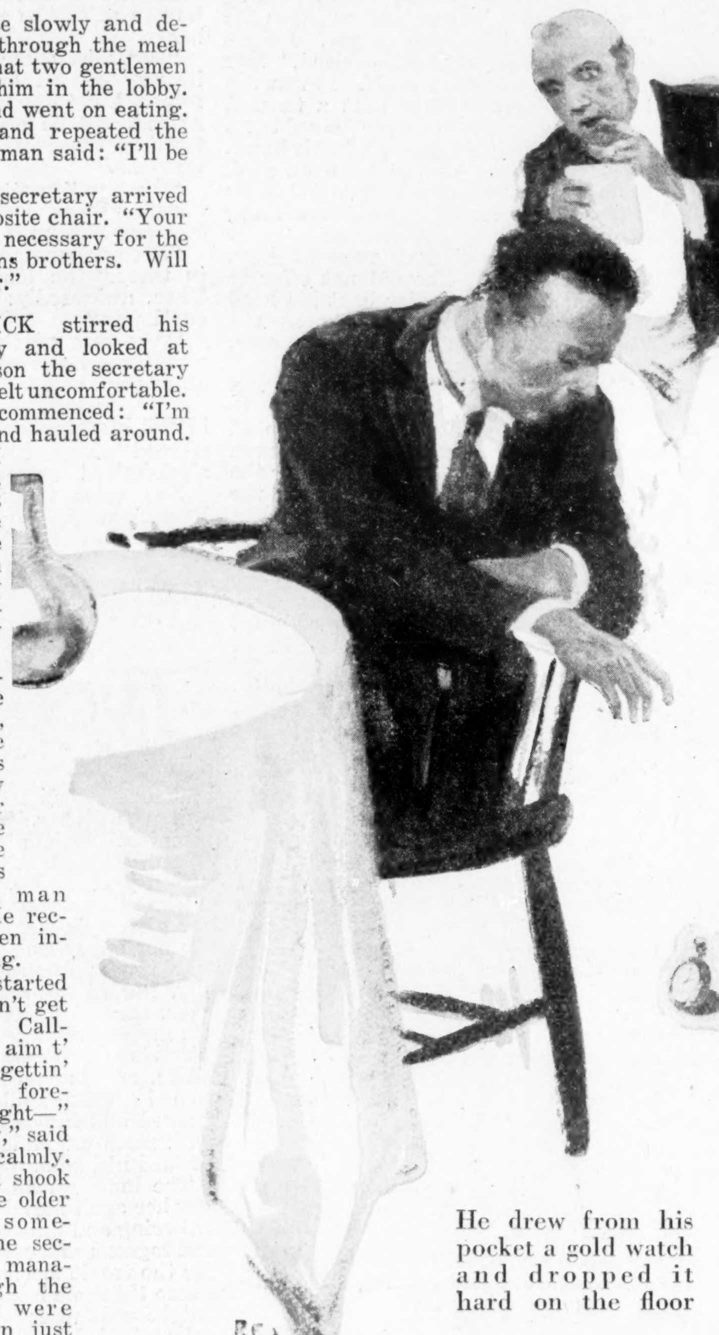
Old Marvin started in his thin whine: "Say, this is a damned fine way t' keep an appointment. Think I've got all afternoon to waste?"

Weariness came to William Derrick. His resistance wilted and died. He remembered he was to marry Margaret Marvin. And on Saturday he was to take a trip to 'Frisco and then, on Karl Winslow's yacht, up the coast to discuss the combine of their three companies.

Karl Winslow spoke now: "I just wanted to remind you, Derrick, to be on hand in 'Frisco Saturday. Marvin's coming. You might drive him down, in fact. . . . I'll be going along." He left the office with a wave of his hand. Old Marvin dropped to a chair. Derrick sat down facing him, and together they went into business session.

When the old man had gone William Derrick drew out the photographs from the bottom drawer and looked at them again. In two weeks, if the Winslow-Marvin-Derrick deal went through, he would be worth considerably more than a million and his future would be great and assured. He could retire and marry Margaret Marvin, own a yacht of his own, build a country house, perhaps even run for senator to keep him occupied.

On the other hand. . . . He started, very slowly, to tear across the picture of Mary Owens, who kept a junk shop off Malay Street.



He drew from his pocket a gold watch and dropped it hard on the floor

FRIDAY was an annoying day. It seemed impossible to get the mind fixed on work. The lumber man knew he should have started the previous night for San Francisco, but somehow he found one excuse after another and did not leave. To-night he would go for certain. Old Marvin was ringing up every hour or so and wanting to know when he was going to start. The old man threatened to go by train at last.

At the office William Derrick labored mechanically. Twice during the afternoon he looked at the half-torn picture of Mary Owens.

But in his ears all day was the song of the sea. And familiar objects of the office undertook weird transformations when he looked at them. The water cooler reminded him of Table Mountain with the mists blown away and the level plateau naked to the sun. The picture of the ship on the wall became alive, and he could view the foam curling back from her prow. The vase of flowers before him became a wind-blown palm and once he placed the picture of Mary beneath it and half closed his eyes. Yes, she looked alive then, and laughing. . . . But he frowned and put such things and thoughts away. He had to meet Marvin and Winslow in 'Frisco.

What was that Joe had said about wanting a mate? Wanted a mate who could navigate enough to keep the ship off the coral and at the same time handle Kanakas? Well, he could do that. Or he had been able to do that once . . . . But he had to meet Marvin and Winslow in 'Frisco. Must start right away. . . . And Mary Owens was still single and only thirty and kept a junk store off Malay Street. He lingered in the office when he should have been speeding south in his car.

HE WENT home at last to pack and stood about nervously watching his man folding clothes. After a while, as dusk was falling, he opened the door of the little room leading from the library. And he ran his eyes slowly over old objects: a sea bag, serges, rough and salty, hung from a nail, fids and marlinespikes on the bench, oilskins flung over the bunk. He had had this room built just like a cabin.

He picked up the sea bag and hefted it. He peered inside, and a musty odor greeted him. He hadn't unpacked the thing for years. He supposed all his old gear was in there. But it was a terrifically hard life, mate of a little schooner. It meant handling men, running the whole ship pretty near. But Joe had come to get him, to save him. The copra was only an excuse. . . . And Mary Owens liked men who drove their ships over the reef with their Kanakas hanging on for the fear of death—men who laughed and fought and found the blue sky good and did not want a million dollars.

When the butler came to tell William Derrick that the baggage was ready he found his master in a chair, rocking to and fro with his head in his hands, crying aloud: "Twelve years lost! Twelve years lost!" And when the butler had aroused him he said: "Pack that tin trunk in my room over there. And take the sea bag into the car."

Marvin had rung up. He was going by train, sick of waiting and very ill-tempered. Margaret Marvin wanted to know if she might see William before he left. He answered her savagely, jamming down the hook: "No, I don't want to see anybody!" Then he called his secretary at his home and said: "Find the general manager and send him to San Francisco to see Winslow. No! Good-by."

It was mostly done. He stood, trembling slightly, in the dim-lit hallway with the men carrying out the baggage. Perhaps he shouldn't do this.

He got into the car, and it purred along quiet streets. How could he do anything? He was involved in business. He stood to clear a million dollars. A man was a fool to give that all up. And Margaret Marvin might not be an ideal woman, but she would give her husband the power to control the lumber destinies of the state. He peered out of the window and saw a signpost wheel past. They were heading for San Francisco.

He looked dully at the baggage piled around his feet. Among the pigskin grips and hat boxes he could see the glimmer of an old canvas sea bag and the corner of a flat tin trunk. He choked, remembering things again. A mirror in front of him gave him a glimpse of hair white at the temples, framing a puffy white face. He had given away the world for a million dollars. He had put away youth, calling on it to wait for him, wait until he had made enough money. Now he was like Diego Valdez, looking from a height of power to find that youth had not waited:

> But I remembered comrades—
> Old playmates on new seas—
> When as we traded orpiment
> Among the savages—
> A thousand leagues to south'ard
> And thirty years removed—
> They knew not noble Valdez,
> But me they knew and loved.

Yes, Mary Owens might have loved the old Billy Derrick, who could sail his ship madly across the boiling reef. But now all he was good for was Margaret Marvin and power. He felt in his pocket and gazed for a long time at the half-torn photograph he had brought from the office. His jaw tightened. He laughed, once, very softly. He had been a man once and Joe Ballard was in Portland needing a mate, leaving at dawn for the Bismarcks, seven thousand miles of sweat and hard work and rotten grub. Good old Joe! He leaned forward and called to the chauffeur.

THE car slowed down. William Derrick flung open the door and, one by one, calmly pitched his pigskin grips and hat boxes out to the side of the highway. The chauffeur, unaware of what was going on and too well-trained to care, looked straight ahead. Then the lumber man called out again and the car quickened.

He looked out of the window and saw another signpost wheel by. Whereat he shouted, suddenly angry, and old, half-forgotten phrases coming back to him.

"Where you going to? Turn around and head for Portland. I've got to be in before dawn. And, by God, unless you make the old packet hum I'll pitch you out and sail her myself!" He wondered if Mary would be glad to see him. And he laughed.

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

Continued from page 16

who is the great protector of our people. We live on your favor; we perish if you frown."

"Oh, it isn't so bad as that, I assure you," said Brumbaugh, purring like a cat at this generous appreciation of his merit and power, but secretly relieved that she wasn't going to try to call him Ashton. For, as the inept Holliday had reminded him, there was Mrs. Brumbaugh, who was coming home from Washington on the overnight train.

"It must be so fascinating," said Olga, "to work there, to be in that office, to know that from those rooms such influence is being spread—"

"You've never seen our office, have you? I'd like to show it to you, some time—"

"But of course! I should be so happy to see the place where you have done such wonderful things for our cause. And because it is your office, where you can work and dream—"

Mr. Brumbaugh began to feel a strange excitement.

"Ah, my friend," she went on in a low, musical, monotonous undertone that had a curious hypnotic effect, "I do not like this club where I must so often entertain stupid people. It is not often that I have been so happy as I have been this past week; and now you say your work will keep you at home of evenings, after to-night. You have made this place endurable. For itself, I hate it. To spend an hour once more in the intellectual atmosphere that was my birthright—"

"You shall," he promised eagerly.

"But you are always so busy," she sighed. "Last week, next week—And to-night, when we sit here idly, the office is closed."

"So it is, but—" Brumbaugh's voice almost failed him, but he recovered gallantly— "But I have a key. We could go down and I could show you the place this evening, if you like. Perhaps it would be better that way. Mr. Folsom is—is an old man, you know; he might not like visitors during office hours. There's no one there now, but I could show you around. . . . Olga, you don't misunderstand me, do you?"

"No," she said, "I don't misunderstand you."

He sank back, relieved; for with his heart thumping like the big bass drum of the orchestra, and his breath coming in syncopated gasps, he didn't understand himself.

The Princess Araxine was a cosmopolitan lady who had known many men. Brumbaugh was a type new to her, but she could read his subconscious emotions so well that it never occurred to her to consider the conscious ones. She knew how things went in Dragovina, and she had a strong suspicion that human nature was the same the world over, the sense of duty to the contrary notwithstanding.

Whatever Brumbaugh thought he meant, when he got to the office, when they were secluded, he would try to make love to her. Well? Sixty million dollars . . . . Olga thought over that possibility and rejected it with an inward sigh. It wouldn't last. To-morrow his wife would come home, and he would repent. No, she'd have to play it the other way. He would try to make love to her; she would rebuke him with pathetic and weary disillusion—tell him she had thought he was the one man in the world who wasn't like that—throw herself on his chivalrous mercy—cry a little, if need be. And with Brumbaugh in the state of abject humiliation to which that procedure would reduce him, it ought to be easy to keep the relief fund story out of the "Balance."

"It—really they're rather unusual magazine offices," he broke in, feeling that further argument was needed. "They're quite well furnished. No one would be working there now, of course, but I could show you all the machinery of getting out the magazine—the library, the pneumatic tubes that take copy to the printer and bring the proofs back. I'd open up the safe and show you some of the manuscripts we're going to publish—"

"That would be so interesting," she said. "No, I need say nothing to anyone here. I go. The Superior Club must do without me for the rest of the evening. . . . "

Holliday looked once more at his watch: "Win, I hate to break up the party, but I've simply got to go down to the office and finish that article on the European situation. The printers will be waiting for it—"

"I didn't see anything in the 'Balance' that the world couldn't get along without."

"Granting that, I couldn't get along without my pay check. I don't like to spoil your evening—you could go somewhere—"

Rixey heaved a tremendous sigh and looked slowly around him. With the beginnings of dismay, Holliday noted that the red on his face was deeper; the eyes had changed from clear blue to opaque gray. All evening, Rixey had insisted that his copious drinking hadn't affected him, and indeed he had shown no outward signs of disturbance. But he looked—different.

(*Continued on page 32*)

Prevent the Minor Tragedies of Life

How exasperating it is to be caught unawares by inclement weather!

But how easy it is to lessen tailor bills, wet feet, and interrupted engagements when a Stormoguide is forecasting to-morrow's weather in your office or home!

With a Stormoguide, you can make your plans so that they will seldom be interrupted by the weather. Less broken engagements; less rainy golf games; less interrupted picnic lunches. The Stormoguide predicts the weather twelve to twenty-four hours in advance, with concise forecasts such as "generally fair," "very stormy," "fair and warmer, followed by wind and rain," "storm brewing in direction of wind."

Convenient, concise, decorative, decidedly a saver of time and money, the Stormoguide is used in thousands of offices, homes, clubs, and factories by those happy owners who thus profit instead of losing by the ever-changing and sometimes dangerous weather.

Taylor Instrument Companies
Rochester New York
Canadian Plant: Tycos Building, Toronto

There are Tycos Temperature Instruments for every need. Your dealer will show them to you. Ask us on a postal for booklets on any of the following:

Tycos Wall Thermometers
To help to maintain a temperature in your house conducive to good health.

Tycos Bath Thermometers
To enable you to get the most good from your bath.

Taylor Home Set
Bake Oven Thermometer. Candy Thermometer. Sugar Meter. The secret of accurate results in cooking.

Tycos Hygrometer
To enable you to keep the humidity of the atmosphere in your home correct at all times.

Tycos Stormoguide
Forecast the weather twenty-four hours ahead with dependable accuracy.

Taylor Quality Compasses
To show you the right way in unfamiliar country.

Tycos Fever Thermometers
A necessity in every home.

Tycos Office Thermometers
An aid in promoting human efficiency.

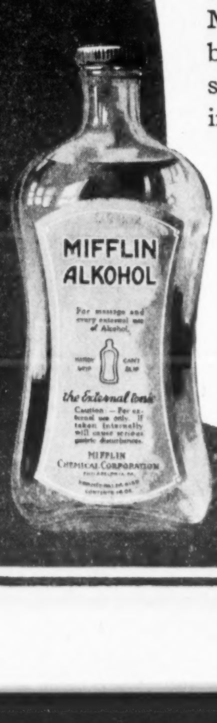
Tycos TEMPERATURE INSTRUMENTS
INDICATING - RECORDING - CONTROLLING
REG. U.S. TRADE MARK Tycos ROCHESTER, N.Y.

MIFFLIN ALKOHOL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Mifflin Alkohol deserves a place on your bathroom shelf and in your locker at the country club, because it has so many important uses. After golf or tennis, a Mifflin Alkohol Massage renews the bodily vigor. It is an excellent antiseptic; it is cooling, soothing and refreshing. It is delightful after shaving, giving the skin a pleasant, gentle glow. It takes the ache out of tired feet and relieves muscular fatigue.

At all good drug stores 75c In the handy-grip full pint bottle

MIFFLIN CHEMICAL CORPORATION
Philadelphia, Pa.
Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., INC.
171 Madison Ave., New York



the External tonic

DON'T GUESS
Buy the Coat with a Double Guarantee

For golf / *" radio* / *" outings* / *" hiking*
For motoring / *" traveling* / *" office or* / *" home wear*

2-Pocket Heather Coat
$7.50
value unequalled

Thermo REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
KNITTED
COATS & VESTS

Look before you buy

When you buy a knitted sport coat, here's something you should remember:

Thermo is guaranteed all virgin wool, free from shoddy or reclaimed wool from old rags, generally called "all wool."

Because Thermo is made of higher quality raw materials, it wears longest, retains its attractive appearance, stands repeated washing and gives the maximum of satisfaction. The Thermo double guarantee is sport coat insurance without extra cost. Thermo is worn the year 'round, indoors or outdoors, at work or play. Wrist strap allows loose or tight cuffs. Thermo cuffs slip on easily, do not crush shirt cuffs, and do not stretch out of shape.

Thermo Coats are obtainable in attractive Scotch Grains, Tartans and Heather Mixtures at $7.50 to $9.00; Vests $5.00 and $6.00.

Look for the Thermo Virgin Wool hanger in the neck.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

THERMO MILLS, Inc.
349 Broadway, Dept. C., New York

Thermo Vest, price $5.00

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

Continued from page 31

"There's no place else to go," Rixey grumbled, "except to some other place just like this one. This used to be a real live town, Ace, but there's nothing doing here now."

"Well," said Holliday, "I don't suppose you're sleepy yet. Come down to the office with me, if you feel like it, and sit around while I finish this article. It won't take long." (He said this with a sinking heart, remembering his vain beginnings of the early evening; but maybe ideas would flow more rapidly now.) "There won't be anything to do there, but you can sit in a comfortable chair while I write; and then when I'm through we can—we can—oh, go for a ride, or something, to get the cigar smoke out of our heads."

"Doesn't sound exciting," Rixey complained. "But I suppose there's nothing else to do. Waiter! The check."

The titled waitress laid it face down before them.

"Here!" said Holliday perfunctorily. "This is my—"

"We agreed we'd split it," Rixey interrupted, and then they drew their chairs together and looked at it in astonished disgust.

They hadn't agreed they'd split it; Holliday remembered with perfect clearness that it had been agreed that he should buy the food and Rixey should buy the drinks. The drinks cost fifty-two dollars and the food seven and a half; there was a ten-dollar cover charge, and a seven-dollar service charge had been added to spare the titled waitress the indignity of accepting a tip. Seventy-seven dollars; and Rixey was counting out thirty-eight and a half. Apparently they were going to split it. Holliday could only be thankful that he had cashed his pay check this week to buy some books instead of banking it as usual.

So they paid the account and started toward the door. Holliday, in the rear, looked at Rixey with increased misgiving. It was bad enough to have to explain what next in Europe without having a two-hundred-and-thirty-pound drunk on his hands while he did it.

Rixey paused on the threshold of the cloakroom, cast a backward glance at the chattering iridescent crowd of diners, and announced in a loud voice:

"Bah! Bah, I say! And again, bah! New York is the bunk."

"Now, Win, come along—"

"Of course I'll come along. Do you think I'd hang around in this crowd of degenerate parasites any longer? Here, Sasha, or Dmitri, or whatever your name is—my hat. No, that one—the iron hat—derby—bowler. There."

THE Cossack behind the counter handed it over to him, a derby big and black as a stew kettle. Rixey, swaying slightly like an elephant on tether, clapped it on his head, leaned to one side to get out of the way of a fur-coated fragrant girl just coming in—and with a slow tearing crash the hat jammed against the bracket of a wall lamp and tore wide open, wrecked and ruined beyond repair. Rixey took off the ruins and looked at them reflectively.

"Five years I've worn that hat, Ace, whenever I was in town—any town—Salt Lake—San Francisco—anywhere. But this was its first trip to New York. Look at it now. That's what your town does when a man tries to be polite. All because I tried to get out of somebody's way. Never try to get out of anybody's way in New York. Make the other people step out in the gutter. Put 'em in their place. Here! Sergei—Anatol—Vladimir! Get me another hat."

"Another hat?" The Cossack stared at Rixey in pained dismay.

"Another hat?" Holliday stuttered nervously. "Why, you can't—this isn't a hat store, Win. Come on—you can get another hat to-morrow."

He took hold of Rixey's arm, like a slender shoot of ivy twining itself around the limb of an oak.

"Come on, old-timer. Let's get out in the air."

Rixey stood immovable. "No, sir; I won't move till I get a hat. I wore a hat into New York, and it's up to this bloodsucking town to see that I wear a hat out of it. Look at them!"

HIS massive arm waved slowly, like a swinging crane, toward the row of hats—shiny silk hats, soft velours—that surmounted the row of coats on the racks.

"Look at those hats, Ace. Plenty of hats. Fine hats. Who do they belong to? War profiteers, bucket-shop brokers, bootleggers, real-estate speculators. That's what this mob is, in the so-called Superior Club. Parasites. Bloody parasites. Bloodsuckers on the body of the nation. Think they can't spare a hat? Why, you could buy two hats for the price of a quart of that rotten champagne they sell here. Come on, Alexander—Mikhailo—whatever your name is. There's just one hat in sight that's big enough for me, and I want it. That silk hat over there in the corner—the nice shiny one, that looks as if it had been oiled just before it came out to-night."

"You want the silk hat, sir?" The Cossack was properly dismayed.

"Certainly I want it, and I want it quick. You wouldn't turn me out bareheaded in the snow? Here!"

His hand thrust across the counter, waving a two-dollar bill. The Cossack hesitated; but he was a stranger in a strange land, and he had been there long enough to know that while it is bad luck to take a two-dollar bill, it is worse luck not to take it when you get the chance.

"Very good, sir," he said softly. "I mix the checks and it comes right. If the other gentleman asks for his hat, well"—he shrugged, with a sidewise glance at Holliday—"well, probably he is drunk too."

Rixey canted the silk hat on the back of his head and put on his overcoat. "What did I tell you, Ace? The way to beat this town is to reach out and take what you want. Now where's your office, and how do we get there?"

"Down on Fourth Avenue," Holliday told him as they came out into the glass-fronted vestibule with a nod to the red-coated major general. "We take a taxi."

"I don't like your taxis," Rixey announced. "Let's get a real car."

They came out on the street; the chill raw night air was grateful to Holliday, his face hot and dry from the stuffy atmosphere inside. He hoped it would have a sobering effect on Rixey; but he didn't like this delay, when every moment might bring an excited guest out upon them, looking for his hat.

Rixey waved aside half a dozen eager taxi drivers and strolled down along the line of cars parked at the curb.

"Here! This one looks pretty good."

He had paused beside a coupe, its radiator cap decorated with the image of a winged girl poised for swooping flight.

"Nice car, Ace," he said reflectively. "Let's borrow it."

"But, Win!" Holliday groaned, shaking his friend's shoulder with no more effect than if he had tried to shake Pike's Peak. "But, Win, you can't get away with that. It's larceny. We'll go to jail."

"Now look here, Ace, you've been on a desk for years. I know more about what people can get away with than you do. You never get anywhere by saying 'Yes, sir, beg your pardon, sir.' You never get anywhere by keeping your place. What you want to do is to look around and find some other fellow's place that suits you, and then push him out of it. This is a competitive world, and the way to get ahead is to compete.

"Now, I like this car. I'm going to borrow it for a few hours. I'll borrow a chauffeur too, just for luck, and when we get through we'll send him back with the car to the guy that brought it here. Is that straight?"

"It's lunacy," said Holliday despairingly, but Rixey was already striding back to the red-coated major general.

"Chief," he said with the ring of ducal authority in his voice, "I—I don't quite feel like driving my car this evening. I've had—well, I've dined well. Do you think one of these chauffeurs might run it for me, for an hour or so? There's twenty berries in it."

BEFORE the porter could reply three chauffeurs had run forward from the club. Rixey reached for the nearest and took him by the arm.

"Here, boy. You'll do. The porter will watch your taxi till you come back, eh?"

"Certainly, sir." The major general saluted; Holliday, despite his qualms, couldn't help observing that Rixey's method seemed to work.

"200 Fourth Avenue," he told the driver.

"Yes, sir. Which car?"

"Right here," said Rixey; and all three of them saw, then, that its radiator was adorned with the magic brazen letters "P. D."

"This one?" the driver repeated.

"Certainly, this one," said Rixey severely. The driver looked him over; the face was strange, but he looked like somebody who might be a special deputy police commissioner.

"200 Fourth Avenue," he repeated. "Awright, commissioner."

They climbed in; there was a purr, a hum; the car backed out of line, swung around, and headed eastward. Rixey leaned back against the cushion and closed his eyes. Holliday bent forward, eager and nervous, as they came down toward Fifth Avenue. Here was traffic—much traffic, up and down; but at sight of the letters on their car the traffic policeman blew his whistle and halted it to let them pass. Holliday too leaned back with a sigh. If he had wanted something pernicious and dread,

Speaking of Milk Bottles

IN CINCINNATI, a city of 400,000 people, the milk companies lose 5,000,000 milk bottles each year. That's 12 bottles for each person in the city! No doubt similar conditions exist in other cities—and in the handling of other commodities.

We do a lot of talking about high cost of living. It would help if we were to try to coöperate a bit instead of cussing the grocer, meat man, and milk man.

It's a fine idea that we are entitled to do anything we can get away with. That's liberty, and if we are sticklers on anything it is in maintaining our liberty. But we should not forget that we pay the fiddlers for all of the dancing we do. And fiddling bills run up surprisingly high when we dance carelessly.

he seemed likely to get it now; but it certainly did pay to look and act like a Man Higher Up.

Yet Rixey had complained that there was nothing doing!

AT THAT moment, for example, there was a good deal of activity in the Firdausi Building. The only inactive person in it was Sheehan, the watchman, who lay in a dark alcove of the third-floor corridor. He was bound and gagged for safety's sake, though the sticky lump on the back of his head, where a blackjack had struck him down as he went up to investigate the prowler who had interrupted Holliday, seemed enough to guarantee that he would be motionless and silent for the rest of the night.

Clad in Sheehan's cap and coat, a genial-faced man dozed, or seemed to doze, in Sheehan's chair beside the visitors' register, where the elevator had come to rest on the ground floor. To strangers he would seem a regular and legitimate watchman; to denizens of the building who knew Sheehan, if any chanced to come in at this unlikely hour of the night, he could explain that he was a substitute, filling in on Sheehan's night off. He sat back, hands thrust in his coat pockets, and one hand was clasped around a gun, in case anyone came along who was too inquisitive about Sheehan.

Meanwhile, in the storerooms of the Firdausi Silk Company on the third floor, the green blinds had been drawn down over the windows, fitted tightly at the edge so that no light would escape to attract the notice of passers-by; and behind the shades a group of men worked busily. They were taking down those bolts of silk whose rippling splendors had once dazzled the eyes of Asaph Holliday—taking them down and carrying them out to the freight elevator, which one of the group ran steadily up and down, loaded with fabrics worth many dollars a yard.

Backed up to the curb of the freight entrance at the side of the building, a truck stood ready to receive the silk as it came down. When it was full, and on its way to parts unknown, another took its place. It was an elaborately organized business enterprise, this robbery, from the clerk in the Firdausi offices who had marked off the location of the most valuable goods, and had seen that the burglar alarm was silent, to the distant confederates who disposed of the stolen property. A considerable task, but it promised considerable profit. To-morrow was Lincoln's Birthday; the silk company's offices would be empty. The work could safely go on till daylight, with another twenty-four hours for the get-away.

And while this gilt-edged robbery was going on across the court from the offices of the "Balance," the financial backer of the "Balance" was speeding downtown in a taxicab with the furs of a beautiful woman brushing his cheek; the associate editor of the "Balance" was lugubriously following his drunken friend into a stolen automobile; and the editor of the "Balance," the aged and reputable Frederic Folsom, was just leaving the Bar Association library, where he had spent a profitable evening stuffing into his mind some of the few facts which it didn't already contain.

He took the elevated down to South Ferry, got on his Staten Island boat, and sank down on the hard bench with a sigh of weariness. He had had a long and tiring day, yet there persisted in his mind a disturbing recollection of something important which he must still read on the way home.

In the overcoat pocket, if he remembered rightly— He thrust in a hand and brought out an evening paper. Perhaps there was some news story on which he had meant to write an editorial comment. As the ferryboat left the dock and pushed out cautiously through the snowsqualls into the bay, Folsom ran over the headlines, but none of them called anything to mind. He put the paper back in his pocket and tried to focus the recollection that was becoming harder and harder to focus. It was a thick document, in some pocket—

Then he remembered. It was in the inner pocket of his overcoat, that bulky manuscript of close-typed pages that he had picked off his desk while talking with Holliday. It had come in the afternoon's mail, addressed to him personally in an unknown foreign-looking hand—a day late, for it had been sent to the American Academy of Arts and Letters and readdressed to the magazine office. He had had barely time to glance at it on the subway, but even that hurried glance had shown him that the document was important—even dangerous. Now he settled down to read it more thoroughly, and as he read he clucked disconsolately and shook his head.

"Dear, dear! I am afraid Mr. Brumbaugh has been imposed upon . . . . Dear, dear! He seems to have fallen into the hands of scalawags . . . . Dreadfully imposed upon. Yes, Mr. Brumbaugh must be told."

But must he? Folsom took off his glasses, when he had finished, and thoughtfully tapped his knee. It wasn't so easy as it used to be to tell Mr. Brumbaugh. Gone were the golden days when Brumbaugh was content to write a check for the deficit, with no questions asked. He no longer bowed before Folsom's experience and fame; he had begun to want things his own way, and to get them.

Now it appeared that Brumbaugh's own pet crusade, undertaken despite Folsom's expressed misgivings, had been based on a delusion—in fact, on a swindle—Brumbaugh would be angry. And, like most people, he would be angry not at those who had swindled him, but at Folsom who had discovered the imposition—at Folsom who had turned out to be right when he was wrong. The young man who was finding more and more pleasure in being his own editor would be shown up as one who was better at covering deficits than at editing, and Folsom conjectured that Brumbaugh might very well throw the "Balance" over in disgust, leaving it to sink in the bottomless pit of uncoverable deficits.

Nevertheless, Brumbaugh must be told. Frederic Folsom had lived on the principle that the truth must be told no matter who was hurt by it, which was perhaps the reason why he was still working for a living at the age of seventy-seven. He would telephone to Brumbaugh to-night.

BUT as the ferryboat came into the landing at St. George and Folsom left the warm and lighted interior to take his stand amid the snow and slush on the prow, ready to get off and hurry for his trolley, he remembered that Brumbaugh was dining out to-night and had been rather secretive about it. Never mind; this would keep till tomorrow.

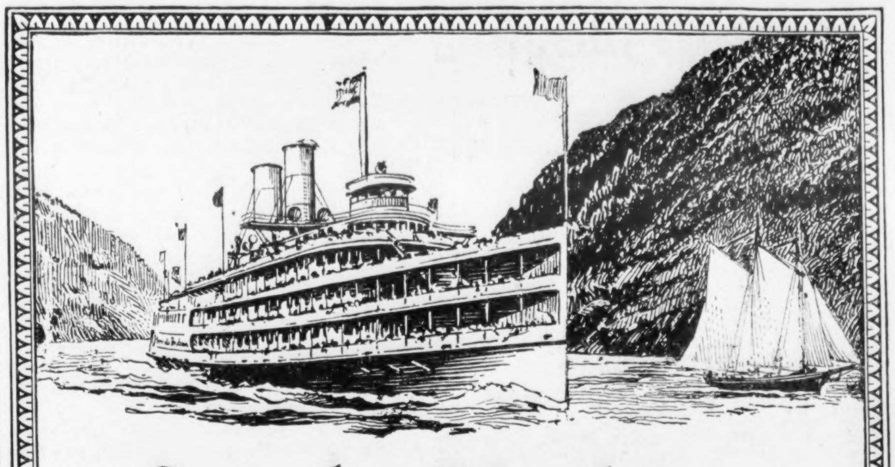
Folsom thrust the documents back into his overcoat pocket, tossed the evening paper overboard into the black cold water churning in front of the ferryboat as it pressed into the dock, turned up his collar, and plodded slowly up the gangplank. In all likelihood, this would be the end of the "Balance;" a magazine that might have been great if Brumbaugh had had the editorial knack or Folsom had had money, but had fallen between the two. The circulation had been sinking steadily; it might be as well, thought Folsom gloomily, to end it now.

At any rate, this document had been sent to him personally, and it was his personal duty to lay it before the public. The fraud must be exposed, and its perpetrators punished.

That at least could be done, Folsom reflected as he climbed aboard his trolley. Whether the "Balance" lived or died, the documents were his own personal property, a sacred trust put in his hands by a dying man; Brumbaugh couldn't have them. Any paper would be glad to print them, and then—

He reached for them once more, felt that thick comfortable mass in his overcoat pocket, took it out—and stared in growing horror at the evening paper, the disregarded evening paper which he thought he had thrown overboard from the ferryboat into the churning water of the bay.

(*To be continued next week*)



See the Hudson

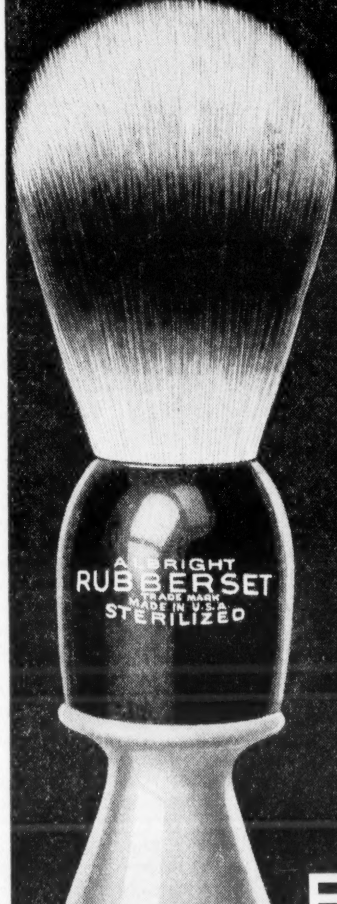
Autumn Service until October 19th

SEE the Hudson's wooded shores, now brilliant in the reds and browns of early autumn. Those who have traveled the world over say that there is nothing finer, nothing more majestic, than the Hudson in September and October.

Daily between New York and Albany
150 Miles of Nature's Most Alluring Scenery

Six Splendid Steamers. Luxurious Day Parlors. Salaried Orchestras. Superior Restaurants. Rail tickets accepted New York to Albany and Albany to New York. Delightful One-Day Outings. Write for illustrated literature.

Hudson River Day Line
Desbrosses Street Pier, New York



Don't Let Them Take *You* In

MANY imitators are reproducing Rubberset *appearance*—but not Rubberset *quality*. That superlative quality is the result of 50 years' fine brush-making by the inventors themselves—and no overnight imitations can equal it.

It is *beneath-the-surface* quality, which has made many millions of shavers *permanently contented*. If you want to share their *lasting* satisfaction, make sure the name—Albright Rubberset—is on the handle of the brush you buy. The bristles are gripped *everlastingly* in hard rubber. Every Rubberset is guaranteed *unconditionally*. Made by Rubberset Co., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

Look for the Bull Dog Tag attached to every brush.

ALBRIGHT
RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
the world's standard
SHAVING BRUSH

How to judge tobacco

The true test lies inside the pipe—not in the pedigree, says Mr. Krob

In the following letter Mr. Krob points out that once we are past the infantile stage of "taking the watch apart to see what makes it run," we learn that true happiness is a matter of appreciation rather than of analysis. How do you feel about it?

Lorain, Ohio

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Most people who are buying Better Light look up at the fixtures we install and say, "That's wonderful," when they should not even be interested in the fixtures. They should look down at their desk-top or counter or work-bench, where they actually use the light. They always want to consider it "F.O.B." the lighting fixture, instead of "Delivered" to the working plane, where it is to be utilized.

Personally, that's the way I look at tobacco. Many manufacturers go into detail telling us where their product is raised, how it is blended, how long it is aged and how well it is packed, and place this information before the public in their advertisements.

Why should we care whether tobacco is raised in the Sahara or on an iceberg, whether it is a blend of "57 Varieties" or run-of-the-mine, or whether it comes packed in cork or cast-iron containers? I buy my tobacco because of the way it tastes in the pipe. That's why I use Edgeworth.

Sincerely yours,
K. M. Krob

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY RUBBED
EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
PLUG SLICE
EDGEWORTH

As the producers of Edgeworth we are of course vitally interested in its pedigree. We are absorbed in the blend of Edgeworth and in its curing—in every detail of its development.

But all our work and experiment and study has but *one object*—that Edgeworth may prove its worth "Delivered—Pipe."

And that's all we expect you to be interested in.

A great many men like Edgeworth and have written to tell us so, but it doesn't necessarily follow that *all* men will like it. Perhaps you will find something in Edgeworth to dislike—we'd be glad to know about it.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the one and only test that counts. If you like it, so much the better for us both. If you don't—well, that's *that!*

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Ghost in the Headlight

Continued from page 11

jobbery afoot in the other office to-night, where Ballard of the Gold Core has been awaiting O'Hanon, who is expected in on the local."

"I know what you mean," said Tam. "Why is he waiting and what is the jobbery?"

"Far be it from me to gossip, but special information delivered in the right quarter is a different matter," replied Jones. "If you are interested" in those mine people you mentioned, at Gold Core Siding, you should know that they have sent an order by a freight conductor for three box cars to be set for loading."

"Then they must have struck pay ore," said Tam, delighted.

"'Tis not for me to say," replied Jones, being cautious of gossip. "But I will add that Ballard, who is thick as thieves with O'Hanon, came in a while ago and asked that the cars be not sent at all. Of course, I referred him to the superintendent, and am sending the cars out on 36 while Ballard is waiting for O'Hanon to arrive.

"Now, not another word," said Jones, "except that Ballard has before this waited till a prospector has found gold and then jumped his claim with a court order."

Tam considered all this and a little later walked into O'Hanon's office as if looking for the latter and took stock of the big red-haired, pale man who was there waiting with his feet on the desk and examining a chunk of ore.

Ballard scowled and blinked his white eyelashes at the intruder, but Tam, longing to gnash his teeth, waited craftily till he got outside. Even then he gnashed them as he was hurrying down to the yard where 36 was made up and loaded himself into an empty box.

When the train slowed for the switch at the siding, he dropped off and climbed the starlit path to the cabin.

The cabin was dark, and he stood trembling a moment at the threshold, when a spark deep in the hillside caught his eye and he heard faintly the sound of a pick. He turned into the tunnel, announcing himself with a pleasant word, and came on the old man working by the spark of candle.

"I am a friend and came to warn you," said Tam, and repeated all he had heard from Jones. To explain his interest, he told him of his friendship with the young lady. "I am the one who whistles when he goes by," said Tam.

The miner shook hands. "My name is Kearney," he said, and led the way toward the entrance, saying a powwow was necessary to decide what he would do in the Ballard matter.

IN a minute they stood before the cabin, and Tam halted in his tracks as one who has raised his eyes to a sweetheart's face and sees a death's head. There was an air of desolation about the place, and he felt the warning that if he passed the black door now swinging to old Kearney's touch it would be to dwell among the ghosts. Still he pressed on, though whispering at the threshold: "Will we not disturb the young lady?"

"Biddy, my granddaughter? She has gone to Joshua Tree City in Arizony," said Kearney, "where lives Ferguson, my friend of early days. A saving man was Ferguson," went on Kearney, seating himself, "and I figured the habit would grow on him as he grew older, so that he must still have all he has made since I left him twenty years ago, come April."

He told of having struck pay in the mine and his need of capital to work it, so he had sent Biddy to borrow it from Ferguson. But she had hardly started a week before, when the vein grew so rich he thought to load two or three cars and cash them in at the smelter thirty miles down the line. Already he had begun carting the ore down to the siding in his wheelbarrow.

"There is where Ballard picked up his sample," said Tam.

The cabin had two rooms; in this, the larger one, were the stove and eating table and the old man's cot, above which was a photograph tacked to the wall. "Faith, the place seems as big and empty as a haunted castle," Tam was thinking; he went up to the photograph, studying it closely and even holding the lamp to it.

"'Tis Miss Biddy," he said, and Kearney nodded.

"I DID not suspect how necessary and important she was in the world, till now I find how empty it is without her," said Tam, still looking at the photograph of the young lady in awe.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said old Kearney, slapping his thigh. "I'll just put it up to you to see us through. If you're a friend o' Biddy's, I'll trust you." And lighting his pipe he troubled himself no further.

Next Week

BILLY DONLON trained his son from the cradle to be a sprinter. But the boy never showed his real form until one day he raced with death. Then, for one swift minute, he was what his father had always wanted him to be "The Fastest Man in the World." Read the story next week by

George S. Brooks

"Do you put it up to me to cross the scheme of the scoundrel, Ballard?" Tam said to Kearney. "Then I will run into Barlow on the first freight and arrange a lay-off and be back in the morning. After that, 'tis night and day work for us with pick and wheelbarrow till the cars are loaded. We will get them out by means of a friendship I have with the chief dispatcher, before Ballard can tie us up with a court order."

"Once into the smelter bins and the ore will give us money to fight with," said Kearney, smoking with enthusiasm. "The vein is running hundreds of dollars a ton."

After their early breakfast next morning, Tam Calloway addressed Nora Hennesy with an air of mystery:

"Listen," he said, and told of his visit to the cabin the night before. "And even though Miss Biddy was not there," he concluded, "what else was there for me to do but swear myself to her service? Faith, I could worship the ground she walked on, only a ghost does not walk on the ground."

'Twas astonishing the shadow of trouble which overcast the countenance of Nora as she listened to this. "Ghosts!" she exclaimed softly, and, clasping her hands, looked at him with entreaty. "I have lived among them all my life, my friend. I have pursued them and fought for them, and then they have vanished—love and fortune and success and friendship they called themselves. But yourself, Tam Calloway—beware of the ghosts before it is too late."

"Not me," Tam laughed after her up the stairs; "with a blue-eyed, pink-cheeked spook to beckon on, I am bound to the world's end." So he committed himself, which is all very well for a man educated in black magic who can raise up spooks or chase them off at will!

When Tam asked a week's lay-off for the purpose of visiting Sundown, his former headquarters, on personal business, O'Hanon nodded permission. He even smiled and said he hoped that Tam had seen no more strange headlights to shatter his nerve. But in spite of his joking tone, he kept his eyes on Tam's face with a queer, uneasy watchfulness.

Now, Tam, instead of taking the warning of Mrs. Hennesy seriously—that he was falling in love with a phantom who was not Biddy Kearney at all—was very much pleased with the circumstance. "Biddy darlint," he would say, "I am the one who whistled to you and will wheel the ore, and protect you against scoundrels; yours truly, Tam Calloway." And it gave him all the more pleasure that she was only a shade with blue eyes and bright hair, because he was too big a coward to talk to a flesh-and-blood sweetheart at all.

Carrying his working clothes in a bundle, he returned to the mine on a freight train, and all that morning, while old man Kearney swung his pick, he wheeled the ore down the hillside and up a runway into a car. 'Twas hard work, but Tam was used to that, and, counting every load as dollars in Biddy's pockets, trundled away whistling. When Kearney said that the vein was liable to pinch out, Tam answered that it was the more reason for haste. About dusk, when one car was loaded and there was no more ore mined, Tam took a turn with the pick, but there was room for only one to work at a time and his strength and awkwardness were no match for old Kearney's skill. Then he turned to the problem of wheeling his barrow loads down the rough, narrow trail in the black dark where a stumble would mean disaster.

"Where do the Gold Core people keep their engine?" he asked, and learned that it was in a shed about five miles up the line. The velocipede car which Ballard used was left on the rails at the foot of the hill during his visits to town, so that Tam had an easy means of making the trip.

There was no watchman at the engine shed, such property being safe enough in the hills, and the mines which had been worked lately were some distance beyond. So Tam took down the headlight unmolested and half an hour later had it mounted inside one of the box cars on the siding and throwing its beam up the hillside. Then he went to the cabin, where dinner was waiting him, and for half an hour ate and rested with the content of a man who has a hard job so well in hand that only the most blackguardly fate can set him back.

MEANTIME, Kearney, being fascinated by the lighting scheme, went down to inspect it, and, believing the light would give better results if set on top of the car, managed by standing on the gangplank to lift it up on the roof. The broad beam of it shot along the line, and in another instant Tam Calloway's peace of mind as well as the peace of all that country was shattered by the crazy squawking of a whistle half a mile away. Even at that distance, Tam heard the crash as the engineer of the freight train dropped his brakes and sent a shock like a collision into the cars behind him. But his panic was no greater than Kearney's. In an instant he swung the light down and into the car; he even closed the door and remained hidden while the engineer, exploring for that mysterious locomotive which he had glimpsed bearing down on him, took his train ahead under control.

Though Tam in privacy put a curse on Kearney, he said nothing except a word of caution. "You will stand by to drop your coat over the reflector," he said, "when you hear a train coming. And I can set down my wheelbarrow till it's passed. If the hill is seen lighted, Ballard might hear of it and hurry his injunction."

Kearney had put in a little shot before dinner, and Tam, breaking up the rotten mass into chunks that sparkled with gold, wheeled away far into the night. At last his sturdy back broke, and he paused for a conference.

"Sure, we have several tons of the stuff in the two cars," he said, "and my hunch is strong that we move it without waiting to load another." So he locked the cars and carted the headlight up to the cabin, and changed out of his work clothes. Then he prowled at the water tank below till a train pulled up. In the corner of an empty coal car he huddled down, wearied but grinning to himself. "Lead on, you blue-eyed ghost," he said, and, thinking of Biddy, found himself in Barlow just before daylight.

There was no time for sleep, and after a breakfast with many cups of coffee at the lunch counter, he waylaid Jones on the way to his office. "The miner we were speaking of has two cars loaded," he said, and produced Kearney's request to the superintendent that they be picked up that day and forwarded to the smelter at Sundown.

"Hard luck," said Jones; "last evening Ballard notified us that he had the court order tying up Kearney's operations. Why didn't you help the old man load his cars?"

"I never thought of it," replied Tam, clenching his fists. But he was so stiff and sore that he felt he had only one good blow left in him and that might be needed elsewhere.

"Ballard said an officer would serve notice on Kearney," went on Jones. "Now, if you understand me, I don't believe he has that court order yet. But he and O'Hanon have had their ugly heads together since those cars for the siding got away from 'em, and with the superintendent refusing to accept Kearney's shipment, Ballard can afford to wait on the law. I'm under direct orders now and can't side step."

TAM turned homeward and, chill as it was on a November morning, he sat down on the porch step with his chin in his hands. So Nora Hennesy, on her way out to the schoolhouse, found him.

"I see disappointment has seized you already," she said, and she was not smiling, but grim, if a woman as sweet as Nora could have been grim at all.

"Yes," answered Tam bitterly, "but not because the ghost girl has come home and I am disappointed in her."

"Well, then, you may walk with me as far as the school, and I will hear what causes it," said Nora, "and maybe give advice as a person of experience."

"You mean well, and that is your influence over me," said Tam, as if speaking to a man friend; "but your advice will only be to drop the affair that already concerns me more than any which ever came up in my whole life." Yet he walked along of her and told what he had done at the Kearney mine, and the situation as it stood this morning.

"You have been kind to poor, unlucky people," said Nora, then; for an instant the clear dark eyes shone on him softly and a little frightened. But as she turned them away she spoke in her queer grim tone: "That is all very well and it's a pity your efforts won't save them."

"I'd do more for Biddy Kearney," said Tam, with defiance.

"You can do nothing more."

But Tam whistled. "I have been overlooking a counterplay," he said. "Yourself, Mrs. Hennesy, has brought it to mind unbeknown. If I win out with Biddy, I will have you to thank."

With a little gesture of resignation she washed her hands of him and turned away, though glancing back from the school yard to see the effect of him.

But Tam Calloway, intent on the counterplay in the mine business, was already hurrying from the scene.

At headquarters he spied O'Hanon on the platform and drifted toward him, intending to reopen the discussion of superstition, but it was O'Hanon who led Tam aside and broached the subject himself. "'Tis the devil's own luck I am having," he explained; "as if there was not grief enough already on the Foothills Division, here comes Engineer Clancy doubling in from Sundown and reports a strange headlight last night near Wreckers' Gulch."

"As between man and man," admitted Tam, "I had seen it myself a week agone, which is why I laid off till it left the division."

Many's the whisper we hear on a railroad of trains going through not always on their orders; of signals that flash to the mind if not the eye, with the approach of danger. But these bits of railroad history are not common talk among us for the reason that no man cares to say what he has done or what he might do under presentiment. Hard-headed old O'Hanon had lived too long among the perils of the rail to deny that special providence sometimes took a turn as engineer or conductor or dispatcher. Now, with a guilty conscience in the Dan Hennesy matter, the memory of his threat to come back and the appearance of the phantom locomotive, O'Hanon himself had a presentiment of disaster. The supernatural he could not believe in, and yet he did not know what to make of it.

As he turned away with a haggard look, Tam laughed in his sleeve, thinking: "When I touched the rusty lever in the cab of 16 that dusky afternoon, I raised up a ghost for O'Hanon that will not down." He could laugh at the superintendent, and in that he was far the bigger fool of the two; after all, Tam was only an agent working out retribution for Dan Hennesy, and O'Hanon, who knew when to be afraid, must have felt something of this, though he could not explain it. But Tam Calloway did not recognize the wish of Hennesy in what he was doing. "I raised up a ghost for O'Hanon," he said, and made light of the creature, forgetting that a shadow of imagination which he called Biddy Kearney had him at its mercy. What cautious man courting one spook would poke humor at another, and the creatures always ready to stand together against ridicule and frighten you out of your senses?

However, Tam carried his laughter and tale of all that had happened to Jones, with a reminder that the dispatcher had promised to help balk O'Hanon and Ballard.

But Jones did not smile. "This meddling with sacred and superstitious things," he said, "is not to the liking of me; I would not care to draw the attention of anything that would haunt me, because being a free thinker I would have no means to exorcise it whatever. But as an enemy of old Juggernaut, if you get me, I can't resist your appeal to do my worst. What is it?"

"This is Wednesday," said Tam. "On Friday night I want an unwritten order from the mine siding to the smelter spur this side of Sundown, thirty-six miles. Give me the leaving time, and I will make my own schedule, not to be less than an hour for the run. The train will have no number and will not show on your sheet. I will want two hours at Smelter Spur and then one hour back to the mine."

"Here goes my head on the P. D.," replied Jones, "if you don't keep your schedule for the run. But the cause is a good one, to hand O'Hanon a haymaker, and I am devoted to it. Eleven o'clock Friday night will be the best time out of the siding; three o'clock, leaving Smelter Spur. Business is light, and if such a thing as an extra should show up, I'll delay it. Everything will be in siding ahead of you," he said calculating, "but once you are started I may have to let something in behind you. So watch your indicator."

TAM looked at him with admiration. "I see you rely on my word; but haven't you any question to ask about the make-up of my train?"

"Not a question. The whole business is in the realm of the supernatural—this run of a train which has no number or orders, with a locomotive which shows a headlight and vanishes. For the reason I have stated," said Jones, "I will have a clear track at those hours, but for the other reasons I have stated, I will entertain no knowledge of a goblin special." It was arranged that should Tam stall on the line he would rear-flag; and if delayed at the smelter would request new leaving time through the Sundown operator by three code words which would not arouse suspicion.

Tam caught a glimpse of Ballard on the platform, but avoided him, and as it was necessary his whereabouts should not be suspected during the rest

(*Continued on page 36*)

To-morrow's Telephones

So vital a factor has the telephone become in American life that the demand for it would undoubtedly grow even without increases in population. New businesses are founded; others expand. New homes are established in town and city, in suburban dwellings and apartment houses.

To meet the needs of America, to-day and to-morrow, with the best and cheapest telephone service, is the responsibility of the Bell System. The telephone will grow with the population and prosperity of the country, and the plans of to-day must anticipate the growth of to-morrow.

The service which is given to-day was anticipated and provision was made for it, long in advance. Money was provided, new developments were undertaken, construction work was carried through on a large scale. The Bell System, that is, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies, has continuously met these requirements. It has enlisted the genius of technical development and the savings of investors for investment in plant construction.

Over 315,000 men and women are owners of the American Company's stock and over half a million are investors in the securities of the System. With a sound financial structure, a management which is reflected in a high quality of telephone service, the Bell System is enabled to serve the increasing requirements of the American public.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

A GENUINE SELF STARTING REMINGTON No10

CUT TO $38^{65}

LIKE NEW

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

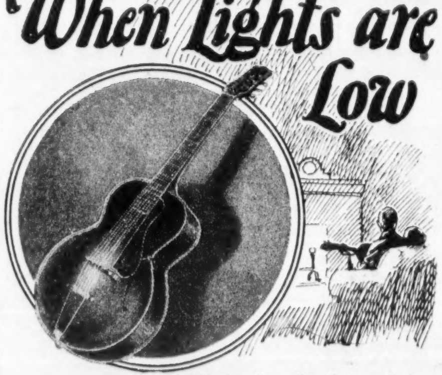
Save more than half your cost on a machine rebuilt literally like new! This is the latest Model No. 10, with the exclusive Remington "Self-starting" feature—the most popular typewriter ever built.

The best buy of the year—the biggest typewriter value ever offered. Actual cash saving, $64 on new machine—$10 to $25 on rebuilt. Like new; perfect appearance and working condition. All late improvements: column selector, 2-color ribbon (automatic reverse), back spacer, variable platen release, late style paper fingers and guide.

Standard keyboard; 84 characters. All visible. Will write on a postage stamp. Guaranteed 5 years. 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Satisfaction or money back. Write for details. A postcard will do.

Cut Prices on All Standard Makes

LINCOLN TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
America's Leading Independent Typewriter House
Dept. 47 298 Broadway, New York City



When Lights are Low

WHEN the time, the place and the mood suggest music, bring out the Gibson. There's fascination in this music—the sweet strains of the guitar accompanying voices or blending with other instruments—that warms the heart, brings cheer and joy. Best of all, with a Gibson string instrument you learn to play easily and quickly, the kind of music you like best.

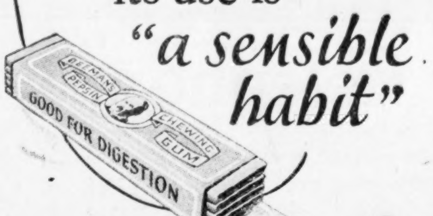
Send for details of **Free Trial; Easy Payments** on any Gibson guitar, mandolin or banjo. Gibsons are recognized as supreme in tone and easy playing qualities.

GIBSON, Inc.
916 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Carson Robison, Victor guitar soloist, uses a Gibson. Hear the sweet yet powerful Gibson tone on his records.

Gibson
STRINGED INSTRUMENTS
World's Leading Manufacturers

Let the children have all the Beeman's they want—it's healthful and tasty—its use is *"a sensible habit"*



BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

HANDS UP!

Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing your cigarettes. **Lots of fun** scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. **PAY POSTMAN $1.79 on delivery plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.** **Pat. Pending**

PATHFINDER CO., Dept. JE10B, 534 Sixth Ave., N.Y.

LAW **STUDY AT HOME**

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Lawyers earn **$3,000 to $10,000 Annually** We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Let us send you records and letters from LaSalle students admitted to the bar in various states. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them—NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 940-L, Chicago

BIG MONEY
Selling Shoes

The Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co. want representatives: Men and women to sell the famous Tanners Shoes direct to consumer. Over 70 latest styles for men, women, and children. Sell on sight, commissions in advance. Experience unnecessary as we train men and women who are honest, industrious and ambitious. Write

TANNERS SHOE MFG. CO., 2077 C St., Boston, Mass.

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, **"Its Cause and Cure."** It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 years. **B. N. BOGUE, 4324 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.**

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $18 to $60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. **ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. B 5, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago.**

INVENTORS Write for free guide book "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch for Examination and Instructions.

RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 156, Washington, D. C.

Are YOU missing this Fun?

The Conn Saxophone, easiest of all wind instruments to play because of its exclusive features, opens great opportunities for pleasure and profit to you. Write for details of *Free Trial*; *Easy Payment* plan on any Conn instrument. Used by world-famous artists; Conns cost no more than others.

C. G. Conn, Ltd., 909 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

CONN
BAND INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

Ghost in the Headlight

Continued from page 35

of his lay-off, he rode the bumpers out of town and dropped off at the upgrade beyond the mile siding.

Old Kearney, awaiting him patiently, fell in with his new plans without question. "All you have to do," explained Tam, "is to flag yourself down to the smelter and have a dozen laborers there for quick unloading at midnight Friday. The superintendent will be glad to get the stuff and keep his mouth shut." Tam, when running out of Sundown, had known the superintendent well enough to have confidence in him, and Kearney carried a note to him when he left on the local freight that afternoon.

The farewell words of Kearney were: "Biddy ought to be getting back from Joshua Tree City. It don't make any difference whether Ferguson staked us, though." He had been busy at the mine again that day, and believed that about all the pay ore was already loaded in the cars.

Tam did not worry over this. "They'll be a few thousand ahead," he thought, "and Biddy is gold enough for me."

That afternoon he rested his tired bones and during the night took the headlight ten miles toward Sundown, balancing it on the edge of the velocipede with one hand and working the handle bar with the other. There he concealed the car and, setting the headlight on the bank at a curve facing a long tangent, lighted the lamp. When, presently, a locomotive pounding along with a freight began its squawking, he put out the light and had a smoke till the train passed. Five miles back, he repeated that signal of head-on collision. The next night he showed it once to advantage up the line toward Barlow.

During the day he was busy, and on the third evening observed with humor: "You and I, Hennesy, have been handing them a will-o'-the-wisp; now we will give them an engine which will not be whistled away."

The little Atlantic in its shed on the Gold Core track was in good repair, its tender filled with coal. Tam had gone over it carefully and pumped its boiler full from the well, which had been the reason for stalling the engine there. With steam up at nine o'clock Friday night, he sent it gliding down the curves of the narrow valley till within two hundred yards of the siding and let it stand behind the last high ground that would screen its fire from view on the main line.

At 10.30 on this drizzly November night, he had glanced at his watch and walked to the P. D. track to look up and down. A train was approaching from Barlow and, to the consternation of him, slowed down so that a man dropped off the caboose. "Ballard," he thought.

WHETHER the Gold Core superintendent was bound home to his own mine or had come to see what was doing at Kearney's made no difference. If he saw that locomotive in ambush, the great countermove of Tam Calloway was stopped.

Ballard had lighted a match to put it to the dark lantern he carried in his overcoat pocket, when it was struck from his hand. The spot was now as black as the pit, y'understand, with the two men straining their eyes to see each other.

"No lights," said Tam. "Our business is best settled in the dark."

"Do you know who I am?" asked Ballard.

"Devil a bit do I care," answered Tam. "You are in bad here with only one chance to save yourself—and that is to climb into the empty car on the siding to stay till I let you out."

Now Tam, on the instant, understood that he had no sure means of keeping Ballard a prisoner unless he took him along. He could not tie him up in the cabin and involve the Kearneys, or be sure that the floundering and pounding of him in the car would not be heard by some crew stopping at the bank.

Suddenly Ballard, finding he had only one man holding him up, struck his hardest, but was handicapped by his overcoat and Tam was too close. Still, Tam thought his neck had cracked and hung on, taking jolts. Then he heard as if the ghost of Hennesy muttered in his ear: "Eleven o'clock!" The minutes were fleeting with the two struggling like mad—and the Gold Train of Biddy Kearney must leave on the dot or not at all. Five minutes, two minutes late and the time would be taken over by trains of regular schedule. He thought of Jones clearing the track that minute; as though calling up new strength with every blow he was muttering: "Kearney, Biddy," but whoever Ballard was calling on understood the business of fighting. Across the track and back again, on the ground and up, the overcoat was a handicap to Ballard, but it kept Tam from a hold that would throw him. The latter rocked with blood filling his eyes.

"Eleven o'clock," said the voice. And with an ease he could never explain Tam walked into assault and battery, through it, and beat Ballard back, down, out. Then he loaded him into the empty car, heard him curse feebly, and locked the door. Five minutes later he had coupled on his engine, run out of the siding and closed the switch.

AS THE little Atlantic spit like a cat, Tam looked at his watch—11:05—and behind him several miles, but storming along, he saw the spark of a mogul with its thousand tons and train which would be into and over him if the Atlantic failed. He had decided he did not need the headlight, it having been arranged that a westbound train in siding, if there was one, would wait for the train following Tam to pass. But his tail light, tied to the brake rod of the second car, was now hidden by the car used as Ballard's prison. There had been no time to shift it; his throttle wide open, the ragged blood-spotted man sprinkled the gate with a sprained wrist, and, leaning out, studied the spark of the mogul's headlight with one good eye.

"The light is growing larger," he said; "it is a pity that Ballard should miss the cream of the excitement."

Veteran though he was, the cab seemed a strange place to Tam as the train tore its way into the solid dark; without the light he had to do some guessing on the track, and several times, when the engine, crowding lurch into lurch, seemed to hold itself shivering in the air, he overran a piece of straight track and the swing of a curve drove the breath out of him. In one deep cut the train seemed to explode. "Another scare like that and Hennesy will have nothing on me," he said grinning.

It seemed that the thirty-odd miles would never end, but when the light of Sundown appeared, Tam had held his lead over the mogul all the way—and needed it. Though the smelter superintendent was at the spur switch, Tam had to slow down to make sure of it, and he had hardly pulled inside with the switch closed behind him when the mogul thundered by.

He cut off the car that the now noisy Ballard was in, with a word of explanation to the superintendent, and ran the others down to the chute, where a gang was waiting. In less than an hour the ore was safe in the bins.

As though fate was pleased with him for the fight he had put up, she made no further difficulties; the return run was made on easy time, the three cars set where they had been on the mine siding, and the engine restored to its shed. The four-mile walk back to the mine siding was the dreariest part of the whole business, the excitement being over, Hennesy's ghost laid forever, and Tam Calloway facing the arrival of Biddy Kearney in all the terror of bashfulness.

Ballard heard the door of his prison unlock and shoved back a foot. Presently he came out, at first suspicious, then raising his voice in defiance. But he received no answer then or ever. He stumbled around in the darkness till he found his velocipede, but after such a strange and wild experience as he had just gone through he did not relish the lonely trip into the hills, and in the end caught a train at the tank for Barlow.

Early next morning he was at the office of O'Hanon, who came out and examined the train orders and dispatcher's sheets of the night before. "'Tis as I expected," he said.

There was a long and angry conversation in O'Hanon's office, where the superintendent told of the strange engine that had been abroad on the Foothills Division for three nights. "But that it is a locomotive of iron and last night was running a train of solid cars up and down this division with yourself as passenger—'tis monstrous. Bah!" said O'Hanon.

But Ballard pointed to his black eye: "I suppose it was a ghost that gave me this."

"You were devil-ridden," said O'Hanon, "or tight. For that matter," he added with desperation, "I believe I will get tight myself"—which he proceeded to do, and was never thereafter quite sober.

Tam Calloway sat back in the darkness till Ballard took his train, and then dragged himself up the hillside, where he stumbled over the headlight. "I will have to take that home to-morrow," he thought.

Remembering his grim ride on the plunging engine into the solid dark, he had a queer wish to see the friendly beam and, lighting the lamp, faced it into the tunnel. . . .

And the young woman standing just within gave him the fright of his life. "There is no such place as Joshua Tree City and hasn't been for years; but I pretended to go there to please poor old granddad; and, besides, I had to earn some money," she said.

"I don't wonder at the silence and disappointment and disgust of you," she went on with a sigh: "but I warned and begged you not to create a Biddy Kearney of beauty. Oh, 'tis too bad! I want to thank and bless you too for what you've done—and yet bring you only disappointment, so it's hard on me too. Mercy!—your face is bruised and your clothes are torn," she exclaimed, as the silent Tam stepped along the edge of the beam of light. "Were you wrecked?"

"Fight," answered Tam. From his pocket he took a photograph and handed her.

"Mine," said the young woman, "and how did you come by that?"

TAM took back the photograph as he pointed toward the cabin.

"You knew that Biddy Kearney was Nora Hennesy? All this time?"

Tam nodded and moved uneasily. "How did you know what was going on to-night?" he asked.

"My old friend Mr. Jones told me."

"The scoundrel knew the girl of mine too, then," thought Tam, "and thought he was tricking me."

"But the blond hair and blue eyes of Biddy—"

"That was to keep you guessing," said Tam, and Nora laughed, as she was bound to, but it was a trembling little laugh at that.

"'Tis an awfully good joke on me," she said. "So I am the ghost. No wonder you were not afraid—" But she paused, for it was now Tam Calloway who trembled, and in place of the blush of bashfulness a dreadful paleness spread over his face.

"Yes—I am afraid," he whispered.

"Of me?"

He nodded again, and they both stood with half-lifted faces as if, finding no words of their own, they expected a voice to answer their thoughts out of the black stillness of the mountain night.

And the voice came, though a silent one, and, listening closely, Tam Calloway raised the photograph and with reverence pressed it to his lips. Only to have it drawn away and a face, whose dark eyes glittered tears in the full beam of the headlight, raised to him instead.

RADIO
BY
JACK BINNS

THIS week I hit the treasury pretty hard. I thought the editor would fire me when I sent in vouchers aggregating $120 for letters from readers suitable for publication. His only comment was: "Let 'em all come. You can't make me sore."

Hunting for Static!

STATIC is the abominable pest of radio! Can you imagine any sane person actually hunting for it? Yet that's what the scientists of the Bell System are now doing. They have erected an automatic recording station on the Atlantic Coast for the special purpose of receiving the discordant crashes of static discharge.

They are doing it with this purpose in view: the more they learn about the habits of static, whence it comes, the hours it keeps, and such-like dope—the better able they will be to design some means to eliminate its effects. The idea is not so silly after all. Anyway they deserve credit for putting the horse in front of the cart at last. Everybody else has been trying to eliminate static without knowing what it is.

Discriminating Waves!

SENATOR MARCONI, analyzing his success in transmitting the human voice from England to Australia, makes a very interesting statement. He says that waves sent from England in the morning travel to Australia by way of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, a distance of 22,000 kilometers. Those sent out in the afternoon go by way of Europe and Asia, a distance of 17,000 kilometers. Here is a puzzle indeed for the scientists to explain.

Watch Your Step

TELEVISION is the name which has been applied to the transmission of visible events over distances. In other words, moving pictures by radio. Scientists assure us that it is only a matter of time before such transmission will be possible. When it comes, it can be applied equally as well to telephone or telegraph wires, as radio. Will life be worth living when that day arrives. Imagine forgetting yourself by calling up the wife and telling her you are detained at the office!

Home-Built Sets

WOULD you go to your tailor and ask him to build you a watch? Of course not! Then why ask your blacksmith to build you a radio set? One is just as crazy as the other.

Ever since broadcasting took the public fancy, the butcher, baker, and candlestickmaker have increased their incomes by making radio sets. Their activities are more detrimental to the future of the radio art than any other single factor.

The result of their efforts is generally imperfect reception and dissatisfaction. Their work cannot possibly compete with sets built in factories under the supervision of competent engineers. The reason is very simple. No matter how good the parts used in the set may be, their value can be destroyed if the wiring is not correctly done.

Electricity is such a peculiar thing that almost anything can happen to a badly wired set. One misplaced wire will cause it to howl and squeal worse than a baby cutting its teeth. Even the metal hinge on the cabinet may cause such a protest from the set that a baby's cry would be sweet music in comparison. Therefore what was apparent economy and saving in the first instance—the purchase of "less expensive" sets—is actually an utter waste of money.

I realize of course that there are many men in the country clever enough to build a successful set irrespective of its type or system. There is no doubt about this, but—they form a very small portion of the population. Far less indeed than the percentage declared legal by Mr. Volstead.

The Silver Lining

JUST as we were beginning to wonder what we could do with the six hundred broadcast stations in this country, along comes the statement from England that a single station may serve the entire world in the near future. The prediction is sponsored by Dr. Easton of the Westinghouse Co., and a number of reputable British engineers. The only drawback to this plan would be the tremendous distance some of the artists would have to travel to reach the studio. Perhaps, after all, this would not be such a very great disadvantage. It might discourage a good many of those who now agitate the ether with alleged music.

No, Never

Q. E. D. inquires if it is a good plan to buy second hand or repaired tubes. The correct answer to this question is: Always buy new ones of reliable make.

A New-Old Amplifier

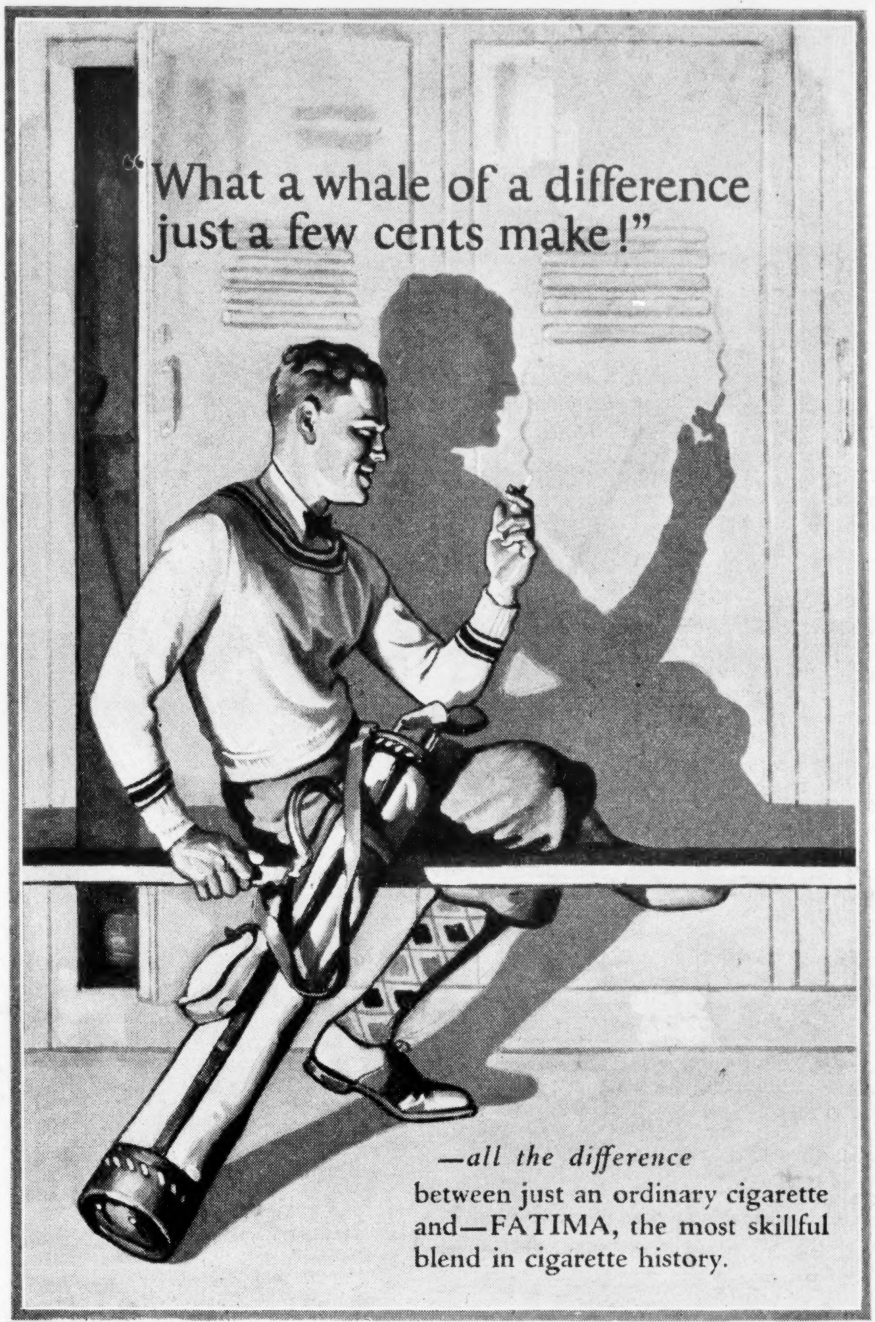
THERE has recently been considerable discussion of the merits of a resistance-coupled audio frequency amplifier. This is a system where resistances are used in place of transformers. Thousands of words have been written praising the quality and results to be obtained from it. In fact to read some of the articles one would think a marvelous discovery had been made.

The resistance-coupled amplifier is as old as the hills. It was one of the very first means employed to couple vacuum tube stages together. There is no doubt of the quality to be obtained from such a system, but it is no better than that produced by some of the modern transformers.

A single stage of audio frequency amplification with a well-designed transformer will give more volume than three resistance-coupled stages. The economy of the former needs no emphasis, because it will be readily seen that two tubes are saved. Moreover the resistance coupling uses more "B" battery current, and is therefore costlier. The resistance-coupled amplifier is all right for the experimental fan to play with, but you mustn't expect wonders from it.

Turn On the Gas

A CORRESPONDENT in Atlanta suggests that science, particularly radio, is going to make life so uniform and efficient that it will take the joy out of living. He pictures everybody in the same time belt rising simultaneously, doing a daily dozen in unity, bathing at one time (separately), receiving painless and painful knowledge and canned entertainment! Not a chance, Fred, not a chance.


"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

Salesmen Sell virgin wool tailored-to-order suits and overcoats direct to wearer—at $31.50, none higher. Rich fabric assortment. World's greatest values. Easy to sell—$50.00 to $100 00 a week earned by hundreds of men. Commissions daily. We train you. Protected territory for hustlers. Write for new sales plan.
J. B. SIMPSON, Inc., 843 W. Adams St., Dept. 862, Chicago

DISTRICT REPRESENTATIVES
Money-making opportunity selling Radiolite system of charging batteries. Sells to battery stations, garages, auto-owners Write for information and free demonstration offer.
RADIOLITE CO., Dept. E, St. Paul, Minn.

An Extra Pay Day Every Month

IN addition to the many thousands of dollars in commissions that are earned each month by Crowell subscription representatives, hundreds of them also receive EXTRA PAY in the shape of Bonus Checks, Cash Rebates, Cash Prizes, etc.

There's Room for You

among those who earn from $30 to $50 or more extra per month by looking after the subscription interests of *Collier's*, The National Weekly, *Woman's Home Companion*, *The American Magazine*, *The Mentor*, and *Farm and Fireside*. Your profits start as soon as you start. Write to-day for full particulars.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C1
The Crowell Publishing Company
416 W. 13th St., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me, without obligation, how I can get some EXTRA PAY as your representative.

Name ....

Address ....

....

City ....

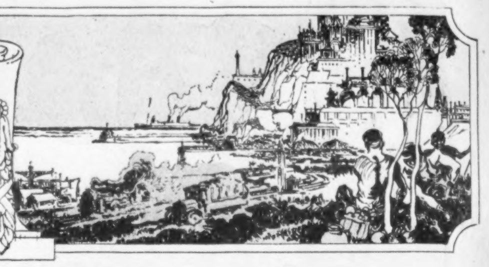
....

State ....

Commission
BONUS

THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise



OF THE causes that Collier's in its policy has made especially its own, child welfare is just now most pressing because the Children's Amendment is before the states. A long letter about it has the floor this week, with some other letters crowded into what floor space that one doesn't take up.

In Which We Stand Pat

To the Editor of Collier's:

In your editorial of July 26th you undertake to denounce all who will not accept your statement of the issue concerning the so-called (but miscalled) Child Labor Amendment as either liars or dupes.

Senator Bruce of Maryland, Senator Bayard of Delaware, Senator Reed of Missouri, Senator Wadsworth of New York, entirely disagree with your statement of the issue, and denounced this radical proposal on the floor of the Senate as a grave attack upon our American system of government. Are they all liars and dupes in your almighty opinion? In all, nineteen Democratic and six Republican senators voted against it. Do you consider them all liars and dupes?

The Louisiana legislature recently after a full debate rejected it practically unanimously. Were its members all liars or dupes? The Georgia legislature recently rejected it by a nearly unanimous resolution denouncing it as an attempt to destroy our American system of government. Were they liars or dupes?

Bay State Folks Will Vote on It

The Massachusetts legislature received it before adjournment but refused to railroad it through without first consulting the people of Massachusetts by an advisory referendum to be held on it next November. Were they all liars or dupes?

In the only state where a ratification has been obtained, Arkansas, the vote was very close. Were its opponents there either liars or dupes?

This is the third recent attempt to wreck the Constitution and is much more drastic, dangerous, and far-reaching than the other two.

WHAT'S MEXICO? Oh, says the man in the street, very likely, it's that God-forsaken country down there where Americans are always having trouble. Well, what goes on there? Oh, revolutions and bullfights and rows over oil concessions. Would you sell any goods there on credit? Not on your life!

But Samuel M. Vauclain would and does, or rather the great locomotive works of which he is the head does. He has been down there many times, and within the last few years he has done business with the Obregon government and dealt with President Obregon himself. In consequence his judgment of Mexico and Mexican conditions is worth backing. In Porfirio Diaz's time we used to hear of Mexico as already enlightened and progressive, with a wonderful future. Now, as Mr. Vauclain shows in next week's Collier's, it is high time we were taking that view again.

The American people are evidently afraid to grant this congressional request for more power over "the labor of all persons under eighteen years of age," and after recent experiences are also afraid to trust Congress to exercise it so beneficently as you claim or believe they will and only use a part of the power you wish to grant them.

And I must say you are not going to convince the American people by blackguarding all who disagree with you. Are you good sport enough to print this letter?

GEORGE STEWART BURR,
Manomet, Mass.

In the editorial referred to, Collier's said: "The Children's Amendment is going to pass because the American tradition, that every youngster ought to help his folks and learn what work is and what money is for has been made a cloak for the vicious practice of putting children to work at hard labor . . . every day, denying them their right to health and play and schooling. That is the real issue. Those who are trying to hide it are either liars or dupes." This is not quite the same thing as saying that every opponent of the amendment is either a liar *or* (Mr. Burr will please note the *or*) a dupe.

But Collier's has no desire to take cover behind the distinction. Every opponent of the amendment is at best a dupe, even though he may be merely the dupe of his own mistaken conceptions of American government and constitutionality.

The plain truth is, as Collier's has said before, that there are states that cannot be trusted in the matter of child labor laws, because important industries in those states use child labor, which is cheap, and will use it (and damn the consequences to the child!) as long as they are suffered to. The Supreme Court knocked out the last national child labor law on the ground that it was an unconstitutional invasion of the police power of the states. In the opinion of experts the constitutionality of the amendment now up is Supreme-Court-proof, so to speak. Hence all this hullaballoo from the pro-child-laborites; and honest men like Mr. Burr (and, for aught we know, the senators he mentions) who are lending their voices to it are in bad company.

Referred to Mr. Norris

To the Editor of Collier's:

Assuming that Senator Norris believes all he said in his article, "My Party, Right or Wrong," why is it that he runs for office time after time under a Republican label? Why is it that he doesn't partake of his own prescription and run as an Independent?

Why? There are a lot of us in Nebraska, of all political complexions, who would really like to know.

PENN P. FODREA, Omaha, Neb.

He Remains to Praise

To the Editor of Collier's:

One man says, "I begin at the front page of Collier's and read it through." I don't. I begin at the editorial page, for there I find the gems. I have written two letters criticizing Collier's, one accusing you of being mistaken when you say you do not try to mold public opinion, and one asking you to look up the facts before writing editorials intended to mold public opinion against railroad employees. Perhaps it is time I wrote something in praise of Collier's. I find many good things on the editorial page, among them *everything* on page 18 of the issue of July 5.

JOHN H. GOODSPEED, Chicago, Ill.

Water, Water Nowhere?

To the Editor of Collier's:

With regard to the letter from a bluejacket's mother, making mention of the shortage of fresh water on board the U. S. S. Nevada when she made a certain trip from Brazil: I do not question the letter in its entirety, yet as to that one point, what became of the condensers and filters that are aboard every modern man-of-war in the navies of the world? These days fresh water is made aboard. Did every darned thing break down aboard this craft, the pride of the U. S. Navy?

I am afraid, too, that the Nevada had more than two engines, the number the letter made it appear she had.

C. N. HENBURY,
Ex-Bluejacket, Ex-Marine, Ex-Soldier, Tulsa, Okla.

He Goes Sherlock One Better

Continued from page 12

postcard. Heinrich discovered his identity with the help of bits of fiber off the coat sleeve that had been caught in the glue as the man brushed his arm across the card. Part of this fiber was a dark hair of the Asiatic type, which, when compared with the chart, gave the man's age as between twenty-five and thirty.

One day the authorities handed Heinrich two revolvers and a bullet taken from a dead man with instructions to tell from which weapon the fatal shot had been fired. Microscopic examination of the bullet disclosed a ridge, which the expert knew was made by a corresponding scar in the revolver barrel. Examination of the interior of the barrel by looking at it through the stereoscopic microscope revealed the scar so clearly that the sheriff who had brought in the case could readily discern it. However, he wanted something to present to a jury.

"I'll make you a photograph of the interior of the barrel," Heinrich proposed. And he did.

First he washed out the barrels of both guns and analyzed the smudge. Sulphur compounds indicated that the revolver had been fired within the last few hours. The photograph of the barrel was made by reflecting the interior on a dentist's mirror, throwing this reflection on two large mirrors and taking the picture with a low-power microscopic lens.

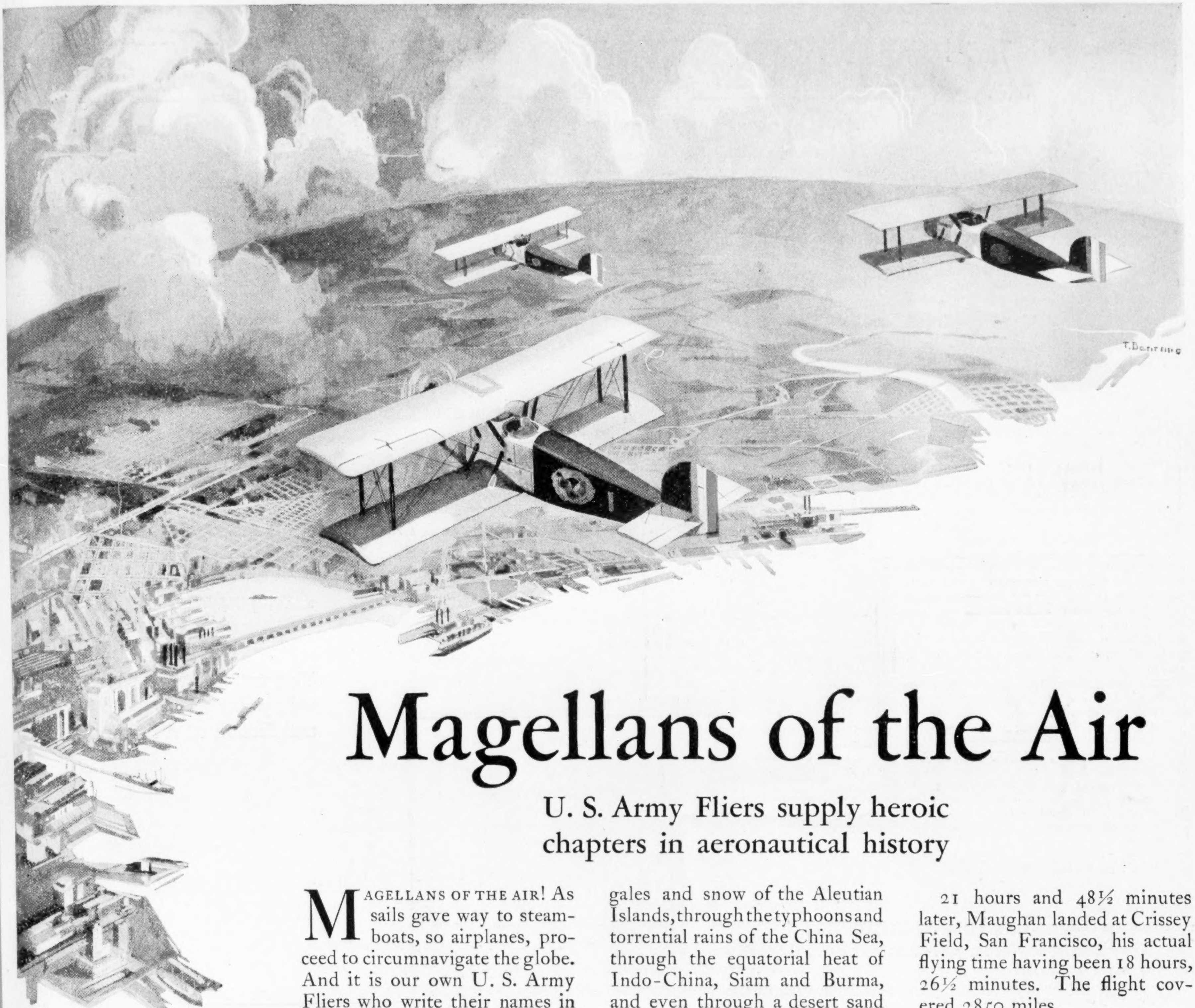
Heinrich used another method in a similar case. By rolling the fatal bullet in tinfoil he got an impression of the rifling. Then he forced a test plug of soft metal into the barrel of one of the guns which gave him the impression of raised lines in the rifling, called "lands," and the depressions, "grooves." Next he made a cast in tinfoil of the imprint left on the test plug and compared it with the tinfoil replica of the bullet. Even to the naked eye it was apparent that they were different. The same test of another gun was made. The tinfoil casts of bullet and test plug again proved decidedly different. Apparently neither gun had fired the bullet that had been taken from the murdered man.

Heinrich next set about to verify his conclusions by measuring the lands and grooves. A man's life was at stake. A suspect would be held for murder or released, according to the results he obtained. With the filar micrometer, which he calls the microscopist's surveying instrument, he surveyed the barrel in terms of 10-1,000 of an inch, with a device that magnified it 500 times. He measured the bullet in the same way. Comparing the two measurements, he verified his conclusion that neither gun had been used. The owner of the suspected weapon was freed from jail.

Summoned as an expert in a suit to recover $8,000 from a real estate firm, charged with swindling an old couple by false bookkeeping entries, Heinrich examined the books. By long training he has developed his eyes so that they are sensitive to the slightest color differences, and although he had no magnifying instruments with him he immediately suspected that erasures had been made. There were distinct discolorations in the books. Applying his chemicals, Heinrich caused the erased figures to come up like a photographic plate in the course of development, before the astounded eyes of the jury, counsel for the defense, and the court. The figures proved conclusively that false entries had been made and judgment for $8,000 was awarded the old couple.

A few days after my midnight visit to the laboratory, I saw Heinrich and asked him about the sheriff to whom he had given the telephonic lesson in finger printing.

"Oh, that case was quickly solved," the expert answered. "He sent me the shotgun and finger prints. I found prints of the dead man on the stock of the gun. Microscopic examination of the entire gun revealed minute particles of green hazel leaf on the trigger. It was invisible to the naked eye but showed very plainly under the microscope. With this information I went to the scene of the killing and discovered the exact hazelnut bush where the man had caught the trigger on a twig and accidentally shot himself."



Magellans of the Air

U. S. Army Fliers supply heroic chapters in aeronautical history

MAGELLANS OF THE AIR! As sails gave way to steamboats, so airplanes, proceed to circumnavigate the globe. And it is our own U. S. Army Fliers who write their names in undying letters upon the pages of aeronautical history.

Early in March they left. Theirs was the first timetable and itinerary of its kind in history.

Seattle, Cordova, Chignik, Yokohama, Shanghai, Bangkok, Rangoon, Delhi, Bagdad, Bucharest, Belgrade, Paris, London, Scapa Flow and Reykjavik,—were but a few of the many points they touched. A 25,000 mile adventure.

But the Round-the-World-Flight was even more than a great adventure. It proved that both the planes and the fliers of the United States Army could operate in any climate on the face of the globe—through the gales and snow of the Aleutian Islands, through the typhoons and torrential rains of the China Sea, through the equatorial heat of Indo-China, Siam and Burma, and even through a desert sand storm encountered after leaving Umballa.

The-Dawn-to-Dusk-Flight

While the Round-the-World-Flight Fliers were somewhere in Asia, another U. S. Army plane in the hands of Lieut. Russell L. Maughan left Mitchel Field, Long Island at 3:59 on the morning of June 23rd, 1924. 21 hours and 48½ minutes later, Maughan landed at Crissey Field, San Francisco, his actual flying time having been 18 hours, 26½ minutes. The flight covered 2850 miles.

For both the Round-the-World trip and the Dawn-to-Dusk Flight, Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" was the oil officially selected and supplied by the U. S. Army Air Service.

This Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" differed in no way from the Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" which is used every day by so many of your own friends who own motorcycles, farm tractors, or certain types of automobiles for which this Mobiloil is recommended.

To use the grade of Mobiloil recommended for *your* car is to secure the same dependability of engine performance that was demanded in the U. S. Army World Flight.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches:

New York
(Main Office)
Albany
Boston
Buffalo
Chicago
Dallas
Des Moines
Detroit
Indianapolis
Kansas City, Mo.
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
New Haven
Oklahoma City
Peoria
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Portland, Me.
Rochester
St. Louis
Springfield, Mass.

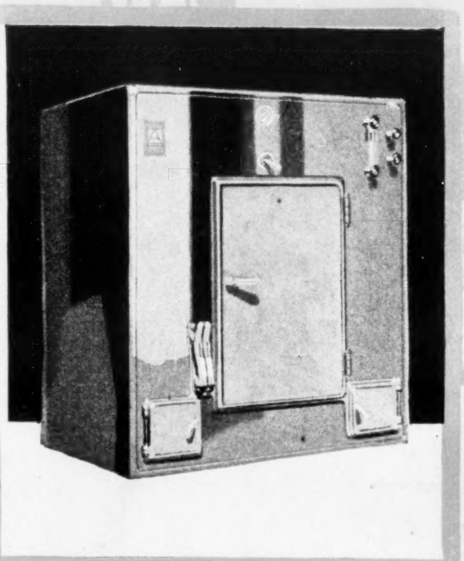
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

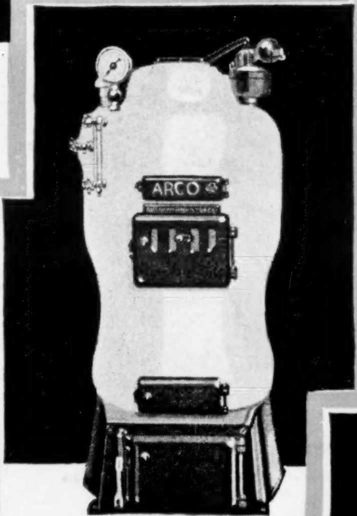
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
presents
four new IDEAL Boilers

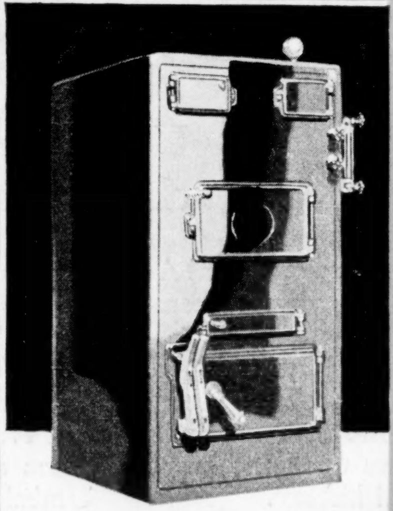
THESE new boilers—which burn effectively any kind of fuel—are the product of years of experience and study in our Institute of Thermal Research. In these laboratories every IDEAL Boiler must pass tests far more exacting than the warming of your home can ever demand.

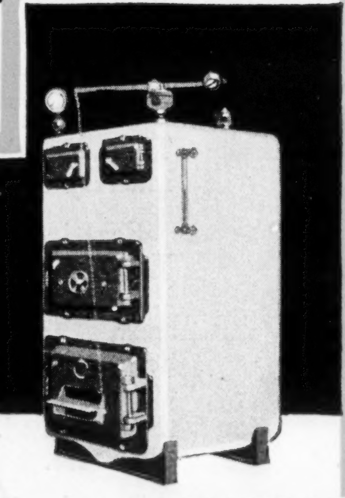
Are you planning a home?
Clip the coupon.
Have you an old-fashioned boiler?
Clip the coupon.
Are you wasting fuel?
Clip the coupon.

You will receive a book which will point the way to heating satisfaction at a minimum cost.


IDEAL TYPE A
HEAT MACHINE


IDEAL ARCO
ROUND BOILER


IDEAL ARCO
SECTIONAL BOILER


IDEAL ASSEMBLED
SECTIONAL BOILER

IDEAL TYPE A HEAT MACHINE

No other boiler for larger homes combines these distinctive features:

Automatic damper control, adjusted by a turn of the heat-valve at the front. Fuel-saving revertible flues. Water-surrounded, air-tight ash-pit. Lock-safe, machined-finish door. Asbestos-lined metallic insulating jacket.

So efficient is the operation of the IDEAL TYPE A that it does, in fact, "pay for itself in the fuel it saves."

IDEAL ARCO ROUND BOILER

Without sacrificing any of the features which have made this a standard in the heating industry for medium-sized homes, the new IDEAL ARCO has more direct heating surface than ever. And its simplified construction makes it lower priced.

IDEAL ARCO SECTIONAL BOILER

For the average home, the automatic regulator on this new boiler insures even, comfortable temperature in every room with a minimum of attention. You will be surprised when your Heating Contractor tells you how inexpensively this boiler can be installed in your home.

IDEAL ASSEMBLED SECTIONAL BOILER

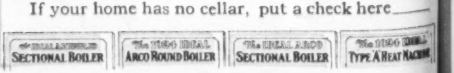
The small home with a basement can now enjoy radiator-warmth (hot-water or steam) from this boiler. It is designed in very small sizes. It can be installed comfortably even where the ceiling is low.

Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor

Home Owners
Home Builders
Home Planners
Send for this book

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Dept. 172, 1803 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

My home has_____rooms. Mail me the book describing the IDEAL Boiler that will increase comfort and save money in a home of this size.

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*Town, State*____________________
If your home has no cellar, put a check here____